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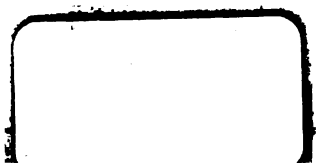
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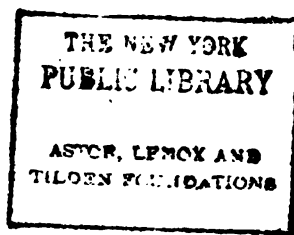
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11





BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

From a Bust by Powers.

In Memoriam

BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE



WASHINGTON.

1872.

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PUBLIC
LIBRARY

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TO OUR CHILDREN,

This Memorial

OF

THEIR FATHER

IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR MOTHER

PHÆBE WARREN TAYLOR.

This Memorial of the late Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, compiled from his papers, note-books and contributions to the press, is privately printed for the gratification of his family and friends.

WINSLOW M. WATSON.

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BIOGRAPHY.





BIOGRAPHY.

1796

Birth.

BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE was born at Annapolis, Maryland, in the house of his maternal grandfather, Governor Benjamin Ogle, on the twenty-first of May, 1796. He was the second son of Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, in Virginia, and Ann Ogle, his wife. The early years of his life were passed at Mount Airy and in Washington City, the winter residence of Colonel Tayloe from the year 1801. As a child he was amiable, affectionate, and intelligent. Colonel Tayloe, who was twenty-five years of age at the time of his son's birth, had been educated at Eton and Cambridge, in England, where his associates were of the highest rank among the English nobility and gentry, and had recently succeeded to the largest estate in Virginia. His manners were refined and elegant. He was distinguished for his nice sense of honor, and a scrupulous regard to his word and all his obligations. His wife was admired and esteemed for sincerity and kindness of heart, graceful and dignified manners, and true and unaffected piety.

Mount Airy, the residence of Colonel Tayloe, was at this time the most superb mansion in Virginia. It had been erected in

1796
Family connections.

Hospitality.

Social relations.

Education.

1758 by his father, on a scale of magnificence unsurpassed at that period in this country. Descended from the Corbins, Fauntleroyes, Gwynnes, and Platers, and connected by the marriage of his sisters with the Lloyds of Maryland, the Wormeleys, Lees, Pages, Washingtons, Carters, Beverleys, and Lomaxes, of Virginia, and through his wife with the Bladens, Taskers, and Ogles, of Maryland, Colonel Tayloe entered upon life under advantages which very few men in this country have possessed. He was remarkable for the unrivalled splendor of his household and equipages, for his unbounded and elegant hospitality at Mount Airy and in Washington, for his ardent patriotism, and the admirable management of his great estates. Thorough-going, and of indomitable energy in all his affairs, he went upon the turf in 1791, and soon rose to the head of it in his native State; maintaining his position with great brilliancy until his retirement in 1810.

In such a household, and with such an *entourage*, Ogle Tayloe passed the days of his early youth; in frequent intercourse with the most polished and refined society in America; with gentlemen of the old school who had stood shoulder to shoulder with Washington in the war of the Revolution, and with Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, and Pinckney, in the councils of the nation. Within the circle of his own family were the venerable Governor Ogle, of Maryland, a patriarch of unsullied honor; the Honorable Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill, distinguished even in England for his profound and elegant scholarship, and Francis Corbin, of the Reeds, a gentleman who would have been an ornament to any court in Europe. His education was commenced under a private tutor, Mr. Samuel Hoar, of Massachusetts, a distinguished graduate of Harvard, and subsequently one of the most eminent jurists in his native State. At the age of

thirteen years he was sent to Phillips Academy at Exeter, in New Hampshire, then the most celebrated school in the country. From Exeter, where he was a room-mate of John A. Dix, late Minister to France, he was transferred, in 1811, to Harvard University. From Harvard he was graduated in 1815, in a very distinguished class; comprising, among others, the late Chief Justice Eustis, of Louisiana; Jared Sparks, the historian and biographer of Washington and Franklin; Theophilus Parsons, Professor of Law at Cambridge, and son of the great Chief Justice; John Gorham Palfrey, and Convers Francis, learned professors of theology; William Havard Eliot, an elegant and accomplished gentleman; John Amory Lowell, John Temple Winthrop, Jonathan Mason, Jr., Dr. John Jeffries, Thomas Aston Coffin, of South Carolina; Arthur M. Henderson, of Virginia; Professor George Otis, a distinguished Latin scholar, and Theodoric Tudor Randolph, of Virginia, a nephew and adopted son of John Randolph, and the first scholar of the class. William H. Prescott, the historian, was of the class of 1814; with him Mr. Tayloe was very intimate, as well as with that accomplished classical scholar, William H. Gardiner, of the class of 1816, the son of Dr. Gardiner, of Trinity Church, Boston. During his residence at Cambridge, Mr. Tayloe went often into society in Boston and its environs. The hospitalities extended by his father to all distinguished Bostonians who visited Washington in that day, were reciprocated by them to his son. The visiting list of the latter, which is still preserved, is an evidence that he was received on terms of intimacy by the Winthrops, Amorys, Derbys, Gores, Otises, Scollays, Dexters, Brimmers, Inches, Welles, Sullivans, Elwells, Thorndikes, Tudors, Masons, Lowells, Eliots, Quincys, and other families distinguished for refinement and intelligence.

1811

Harvard University.

Classmates.

Boston.

Boston at that time was renowned for the high tone of its society, for elegance of manners, a refined taste in literature, and a noble and generous hospitality. Notwithstanding the ultra Federalism which pervaded its political atmosphere, there was no city of the North in which the Southerner was more warmly welcomed. In Boston, Mr. Tayloe formed, during his university days, friendships which terminated only with his life; and which neither sectional hatred nor the horrors of a civil war could disturb.

**Capt. Lawrence of
the Chesapeake.**

The naval engagement between the Chesapeake and Shannon occurred while Mr. Tayloe was a student at Cambridge, and he preserved in his note-book the following reminiscence of CAPTAIN LAWRENCE, OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

“At the last dinner Lawrence took on shore, the day preceding his death in the contest with the Shannon, I was one of the company. No one then imagined the Shannon was anywhere near Boston. The Chesapeake was not ready for sea. The evening I spent in Captain Lawrence’s company, the officers and men on board his ship were indulging themselves in revelry. The ship presented a disgusting scene of intoxication, and was filled with women. They were sent on shore when the Shannon was descried in the offing on the morning of the first of June, 1813, and Captain Lawrence went on board to order the ship to be put in fighting trim. History describes the fatal consequences of an overweening confidence, of fighting with a crew not yet recovered from the effects of drunkenness, and of fighting at close quarters against time, to win a battle like a prize-fight or a horse-race. All the chances were against the chivalric Lawrence. His being shot down cost the loss of the ship. Decatur, who knew him well, his second officer in his glorious affair at Tripoli, said, ‘Lawrence had no more dodge in him

than the mainmast.' While we were sipping our wine after dinner, Captain Hull came in to visit Lawrence, who bantered him on his recent marriage to a beautiful and youthful bride, and said, 'You are an old fellow, Hull; some of us will have a chance for your widow.' 'I have a better chance for yours, as the Shannon is on the coast and may knock your head off,' was Hull's reply.

1813

"Captain Lawrence and my elder brother were shipmates on board the Hornet, and went to London together,—my brother the bearer of dispatches, the response to which brought on the war of 1812."

During Mr. Tayloe's residence at Cambridge, Dr. Kirkland filled the presidential chair with a grace, dignity, and scholarship, that have become proverbial. He was ably assisted by Professors McKean, Farrar, Henry and Ashur Ware, and Gorham, and by Edward Everett, Andrews Norton, Willard Phillips, and Joseph G. Cogswell, as tutors.

Dr. Kirkland.

Mr. Tayloe left the University with a high reputation as a classical and belles-lettres scholar, and with a large fund of information acquired by diligent reading of the best authors. He returned to Mount Airy, where and in Washington he spent the next two years, with occasional visits to Kentucky and the North. While in Kentucky in 1816 he visited General James Taylor at Newport (an uncle of President Taylor), who related to him the following anecdote of General Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, and her first husband, Mr. Robards: After General Jackson's marriage, Mr. Robards went to his house and claimed Mrs. Jackson as his wife. The General mildly said, "We will leave that to Mrs. Jackson." She was sent for; the case was laid before her and she gave an emphatic answer in favor of the General, who then said to Mr. Robards, "The case is *settled*." The other

Leaves the University.

General Jackson and Mr. Robards.

6	BIOGRAPHY.
<p data-bbox="286 309 340 339"><u>1816</u></p> <p data-bbox="245 578 380 617">Commences the study of law.</p> <p data-bbox="245 925 380 964">Private Secretary to Mr. Rush.</p>	<p data-bbox="396 309 1232 554">demurred, and used language the General would not hear. He desired Robards to quit the house. As the latter was about to pass the door, he returned and made an insulting remark ; General Jackson seized a pistol and fired as Robards passed out through the doorway, the ball lodging in the door-frame. Mr. Robards never returned.</p> <p data-bbox="396 568 1232 897">A few months after leaving the University, Mr. Tayloe commenced the study of the law in the office of the Hon. Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, then Attorney-General of the United States ; an event which resulted in a warm and uninterrupted friendship between them. Mr. Rush had long been on terms of intimacy with Colonel Tayloe, while Mrs. Rush, a very beautiful and accomplished woman, <i>née</i> Murray, of Annapolis, was a dear and valued friend of his wife.</p> <p data-bbox="396 911 1232 1626">In the year 1817, Mr. Rush was appointed by Mr. Monroe Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. From Mr. Rush, Mr. Tayloe received the appointment of Private Secretary, and <i>attaché</i> to the Legation, and embarked with him and his family on board the Franklin, 74, at Annapolis, for England, on the 19th of November of that year. The Secretary of the Legation was Mr. John Adams Smith, a grandson of President John Adams, and an amiable and accomplished gentleman. The Franklin was a new ship, and was commanded by that distinguished officer, the late Admiral Charles Stewart. Captain Ballard, Lieutenants Gallagher, Page, and Levy, Purser Harris, and Surgeons Heap and Kearney, were among the officers, and the late Admiral Dupont and the present Admiral Goldsborough among the midshipmen. After a prosperous voyage of twenty-five days the minister and his suite landed at Portsmouth, and proceeded to the George Inn. While awaiting, on the evening of their arrival, the announcement of</p>

1817

their first English dinner, they heard the sound of bells chiming in the frosty air, and Mr. Rush was informed that it was in honor of his arrival. They dined to the music of these pealing bells, and after dinner the "waits" were announced,—eight men, with long coats down to their heels, the master of whom presented Mr. Rush with his book, many centuries old, in which were inscribed the gratuities of foreign ambassadors on similar occasions to a remote period in English history. Mr. Rush added his name to the list, and paid the master of the waits his fee, and with this pleasant incident passed the first evening in England.

The next day the minister and his suite set off in post-chaises for London. The first night they slept at Godalming, and on the following day, Sunday, pursued their journey to London, passing by Cobham, the beautiful country-seat of Lord Carhampton; Claremont, the residence of the Princess Charlotte, then recently deceased, and Hampton Court,—entering the city at Hyde Park Corner, and passing through Piccadilly, the Haymarket, and the Strand, to the American Legation in Craven Street.

Mr. Tayloe took up his residence at No. 15 King Street, Portman Square, and was very soon overwhelmed with the civilities of his father's friends and other gentlemen to whom he bore letters from their friends in America. His visiting list in his journal of that date contains the names of the Dukes of Devonshire and Grafton, Marquis of Waterford, Countess Beauchamp, the Bishop of Llandaff, Washington Shirley, Esq., brother of Earl Ferrars, Sir Samuel Shepherd the Attorney-General, Sir Grey Skipwith, of Hampton Lucy, a native of Virginia; the great Lord Erskine, and his son, the Hon. David Erskine, afterwards Earl of Buchan, who married the beautiful Miss Cadwalader, of Philadelphia; Sir Edward Wade Thornton, aid to the Prince Regent; Mrs. Wellesley Pole, Sir Edmund Antrobus, Lord and Lady

Arrives in London.

Residence.

Visiting list.

1817

Admiral Worme-
ley.Americans in
England.

Europe.

Castlereagh, and his kinswomen, Lady Essex, and the Ladies St. John, of the Bolingbroke family. His relative, Captain Ralph Randolph Wormeley, of the Royal Navy, afterwards Admiral Wormeley (son of James Wormeley, of Virginia, an American loyalist), a gentleman of the very highest character, and greatly esteemed in America as well as in England, was assiduous in his attentions to Mr. Tayloe while in London.

There were at this period many Americans in England with whom Mr. Tayloe's relations were intimate, and of whom also a list is preserved among his papers. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Harper, and Mr. Alex. Lorman, of Baltimore; Mr. Allston and the Messrs. Gibbes, of South Carolina; Messrs. Brooks, Eustis, Everett, Lyman, Eliot, Peabody, Tudor, Aspinwall, Coolidge, Dexter, Derby, Otis, and Perkins, of Boston; Messrs. Gouverneur, Gracie, Delafield, and Livingston, of New York; Mr. Wickham, Mr. R. D. Shepherd, and Mr. Allan, of Virginia; and Mr. Latimer, Mr. Waln, and Mr. Ralston, of Philadelphia, were all in London in 1818. Resident in that city in the same year were also four young Americans, whom Mr. Tayloe often met in society, all destined to achieve the highest excellence in art and literature,—Washington Allston, Washington Irving, Charles J. Leslie, and Stuart Newton—all closely allied in the bonds of friendship, and contributing by their genius to confer lustre upon their common country, and an imperishable renown upon their own names.

Mr. Tayloe visited Europe at a time when the civilized world was subsiding into peace after the long and sanguinary wars of Napoleon. The Russian campaign, Leipsic, the return from Elba, Waterloo, and the entry of the allied sovereigns into Paris, and their subsequent visit to England, were still fresh in the minds of all. Napoleon had just been incarcerated at St. Helena,

and Wellington, Blucher, Bulow, and Scharnhorst were the heroes of the hour. In a thousand years events so astounding, or so pregnant with weal or woe to Europe, had not occurred. From Egypt, in the south, to Denmark, in the north, the earth and its inhabitants had been shaken and convulsed. Thrones which had stood for centuries had been overturned, and institutions coeval with Christianity itself had been subverted or crushed out.

Great Britain alone, insular, self-sustaining, and self-contained, had been able to resist the shock which overwhelmed the other nations of Europe, and to Great Britain mainly were they indebted for the restoration of the old order of affairs. Hence London at this period was a city of surpassing interest, concentrating within her walls whatever was famous in the British Empire, in warfare by land or sea, in statesmanship, diplomacy, or literature. The heroes of the Nile, Trafalgar, the Basque Roads, and Copenhagen, companions with Nelson, Cochrane, and Sir Sidney Smith—the heroes of Talavera, Torres Vedras, St. Sebastian, and Waterloo, companions with Moore, Picton, Burrard, and Wellington, were there. Canning and Castlereagh, Brougham, Huskisson, the great brothers Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell, Copley, the American, afterwards Lord Lyndhurst, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Humphry Davy, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Gifford, Walter Scott, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Campbell, Southey, Keats, Shelley, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, and other great lights of English statesmanship, science, law, and letters, were then at the height of their fame.

Mr. Tayloe was presented to the Prince Regent at Carlton House, February 12th, 1818. The king was at this time in a condition of mental imbecility, and his eldest son, afterwards George the Fourth, was Regent. He was then in the fifty-sixth year of

1817

Great Britain.

Presented to the
Prince Regent.

10	BIOGRAPHY.
<p data-bbox="287 295 341 335"><u>1818</u></p> <p data-bbox="247 570 373 609">Brilliant assemblage.</p> <p data-bbox="247 864 387 883">Diplomatic corps.</p> <p data-bbox="247 1246 346 1266">The Catons.</p> <p data-bbox="247 1540 387 1579">Scotland and Ireland.</p>	<p data-bbox="400 295 1231 844">his age, and remarkable for the elegance of his person, his accomplished manner, and power of conversation. On the day of his presentation, Mr. Tayloe remained with Mr. Rush to the general levee. In the language of the latter, "All were in rich costume. Men of genius and science were there; the nobility were numerous; so were the military. There were from forty to fifty generals; perhaps as many admirals; with throngs of officers of rank inferior. Many were wounded. Some in Spain, others at Waterloo, as Colonel Ponsonby and Lord Anglesea; some in India, some in Egypt, and some in America. There were those who had received scars on the deck with Nelson; others who carried them from the days of Howe, and one had fought at Saratoga."</p> <p data-bbox="400 854 1231 1226">The diplomatic corps at the court of St. James comprised at this time many persons of great eminence. From France there was the Marquis d'Osmond, among the best specimens of the old French court; from Russia, Prince Lieven; from Austria, Prince Esterhazy; from Prussia, Baron William Humboldt, brother and rival in genius to the great philosopher; from the Netherlands, Baron Fagel, well known in his country's history; from Spain, the Duke of San Carlos; from Portugal, the Marquis Palmella, a man of great abilities.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1236 1231 1530">The three beautiful granddaughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Mrs. Patterson, afterwards Marchioness of Wellesley, Lady Harvey, afterwards Marchioness of Caermarthen and Duchess of Leeds, and Miss Caton, afterwards Lady Stafford, all daughters of Richard Caton, Esq., of Baltimore, were in London during Mr. Tayloe's residence there, and were often met by him in society.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1540 1231 1618">After spending several months in London, Mr. Tayloe made excursions to Scotland and Ireland, visiting <i>en route</i> the houses</p>

of many English gentlemen, by whom he was entertained with great kindness and the hospitality which characterizes the nation.

In Edinburgh, he breakfasted with Dr. Brown, the eminent Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was highly gratified with the conversation at table, which happened to turn upon Walter Scott's novels, and other literary topics.

On the 29th of July, Mr. Tayloe paid a visit to the venerable Earl of Buchan, the elder brother of the great Lord Erskine, and the enthusiastic admirer of Washington. The Earl resided at Dryburgh Abbey, and conducted his American guest in person through that interesting ruin and the most picturesque portion of his estate. On taking leave, the Earl presented Mr. Tayloe with a copy of his Essays as a testimonial of his regard.

While in London Mr. Tayloe was invited, through Sir Edward Wade Thornton (a Virginian, and a friend of Colonel Tayloe), equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, afterwards King of Hanover, to a birthday party at that nobleman's house. Of this party Mr. Tayloe in his diary relates the following incidents:

"The Royal Family had dined with the Duke. The Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, was seated in an arm-chair at the head of the grand receiving-room, evidently so intoxicated that, as if by design, he was left unnoticed. I was there presented to the celebrated Lord Erskine, who inquired about *his* 'friend Monroe,' and informed me that when a Lieutenant of the Navy he 'took soundings from the Mississippi to the Chesapeake.' I was told that in these days his lordship was apt to shoot with a long bow."

At the close of the summer of the year 1818, Mr. Tayloe, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Augustus Peabody, of Massachusetts, left England for Brussels, then a point of unusual attraction in consequence of the arrival there of many distinguished

1818

Dr. Brown.

Earl of Buchan.

Duke of Cumberland.

Prince Regent.

Brussels.

1818

persons from all parts of Europe to await the opening of the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. Among them was the Empress Dowager of Russia, the mother of the Emperor Alexander and of the Princess of Orange, whose guest she was while at Brussels. The Empress was a woman of great generosity, and brought with her 400,000 francs, which she informed her daughter she intended to spend before she left the city. On the morning after her arrival, she rose early and went all over the house, from ground-floor to attic, and in the nursery rummaged through all the drawers of her grandchildren, to see if they were well provided with proper clothing.

Emperor Alexander.

On the road to Aix-la-Chapelle, Mr. Tayloe's carriage was passed by that of the Emperor Alexander, on his way to attend the Congress, and by many other carriages of the Imperial *cortège*. The Emperor wore a green uniform, and courteously saluted the Americans as he passed.

Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In the autumn of 1818, the allied sovereigns called a Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle, to deliberate upon the withdrawal of the army of occupation from France. The Congress assembled in the latter part of September, but for weeks previous the city and the neighboring towns and villages were crowded with visitors from all parts of Europe. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, with their families and suites of aides-de-camp and courtiers, were present, and Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon and commander of the grand army of occupation, with the great masters of diplomacy, Metternich, Nesselrode, Hardenberg, Bernstorff, Castlereagh, Richelieu, and Capo d'Istria. Nearly all the celebrities of Europe were there, and the old mediæval city resounded by day and night for two months with festal ceremonies and banquets on a scale of imperial magnificence. The termination of the Congress was celebrated by a grand ball, which

Mr. Tayloe attended, through his good fortune in securing the ticket of Prince Metternich, who was unable to be present. This ball was distinguished perhaps beyond any similar assemblage in the world by the attendance of so many illustrious members of the royal families and the titled aristocracy of Europe. As an American, Mr. Tayloe was highly gratified by the marked attention of the Emperor Alexander to his beautiful countrywomen, Mrs. Patterson, Lady Harvey, and Miss Caton, of Maryland, who, amid the extraordinary constellation of European beauty there assembled, attracted universal admiration.

1818
Grand ball.

Mr. Tayloe left Aix-la-Chapelle in October with his friend, Augustus Peabody, for Switzerland and Italy, travelling post in their own carriage. On his arrival in Italy he made the tour of that country with Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Harper, of Maryland. Mr. Harper was one of the most illustrious orators and statesmen of his day, and married a daughter of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. In private life he was distinguished for many estimable qualities, and to the Federal party, of which he was a leader, was an object of the greatest admiration.

Switzerland and Italy.

When presented to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, at Florence, in company with Mr. Harper, his chamberlain said to the latter, "I have a relative in America." "Where?" asked Mr. Harper. "At Calcutta." Mr. H. not very graciously answered, "That is on the other side of the globe."

Grand Duke of Tuscany.

In Rome, Mr. Tayloe was presented to the venerable prelate, Pope Pius the Seventh, who had crowned Napoleon. His premier was the distinguished Cardinal Gonsalvi. In Rome, also, he had the honor of visiting several members of the Bonaparte family,—Lucien, with whom he dined, and King Louis, whose son, the late Emperor of France, and his brother, he remembered in after years as "handsome and well-dressed boys." At the

Presented to Pius VII.

14	BIOGRAPHY.
<p data-bbox="232 295 377 374">1818 Princess Pauline.</p> <p data-bbox="232 913 377 942">Lord Brougham.</p> <p data-bbox="232 1128 377 1197">Edward Everett and Theodore Lyman.</p>	<p data-bbox="377 295 1245 678">Princess Borghese's (Pauline), a beautiful woman then, though time-worn and in delicate health, he met the most distinguished and agreeable society. The Princess received with great grace, amiability, and dignity. "On one occasion," says Mr. Tayloe, "I saw a fat German Prince kneel to the Princess in a room full of company, and in this posture, at a loss what to do, he took his snuff-box from his pocket and tendered the Princess a pinch, who graciously declined with a smile. There was a general laugh, and the fat Prince with difficulty rose."</p> <p data-bbox="377 687 1245 815">Among the cards on the Princess Pauline's table, Mr. Tayloe observed, on his first visit, that of Mr. Edward Everett, then on a tour through Italy.</p> <p data-bbox="377 825 1245 1109">The Princess was accustomed to receive visitors in her dressing-room. One day Mr. Tayloe met there the distinguished English barrister, Henry Brougham, afterwards Lord Chancellor, and assisted with him at the toilet of the Princess, by handing her pins and other requisites as she desired them. Brougham, although of a saturnine temper, appeared to enjoy the service immensely.</p> <p data-bbox="377 1119 1245 1638">Edward Everett and Theodore Lyman, of Boston, were in Rome at this time, and in their company Mr. Tayloe attended the grand masquerade during the Carnival. He also met there his friend and relative, Admiral Wormeley, of the British Navy, a gentleman endowed with the hereditary talents and graces of his family, and always a welcome guest in the most refined society at home and abroad. The Admiral married Miss Preble, a niece of Commodore Preble, and daughter of an eminent merchant of Boston, whose country-seat was that beautiful estate in Watertown, now known as Belmont, the residence for many years of the late John P. Cushing. Miss Wormeley (now Mrs. Randolph Latimer, of Baltimore), the author of those delightful novels,</p>

"Amabel" and "Our Cousin Veronica," is a daughter of Admiral Wormeley.

1819

After a residence in Italy of several months, Mr. Tayloe went in the spring of 1819 to Paris, by the way of Marseilles and the south of France. The American Minister in Paris at this time was the distinguished statesman and financier, Albert Gallatin, with whom, when Secretary of the Treasury, the relations of Colonel John Tayloe had been close and intimate. To Mr. Ogle Tayloe, while in Paris, the attentions of Mr. Gallatin were marked by the utmost courtesy, and the kindest consideration.

Paris.

When presented to Louis the Eighteenth by Mr. Gallatin, Prince Talleyrand was standing near the throne. Mr. Gallatin called Mr. Tayloe's attention to him, and remarked, "He is a humbug, unworthy of his reputation, but the world thinks otherwise, and you must not speak of my opinion."

Presented to
Louis XVIII.

Apropos of Talleyrand, the following characteristic anecdote of that extraordinary personage is here inserted, as related to Mr. Tayloe by the Hon. Wm. A. Duer, of New York: "Judge Duer dined with Alexander Hamilton one day when Talleyrand was a guest. On entering the dining-room, Talleyrand stopped to look at Hamilton's bust by Ceracchi. 'Is it like?' asked Hamilton. 'Marc Tulle?' (Cicero) inquired the other. The compliment seemed to please Hamilton."

Talleyrand.

While in Paris, Mr. Tayloe dined at Mr. Gallatin's in company with several persons of great celebrity. To this dinner he thus alludes: "The most distinguished dinner I ever attended, and, at the same time, to me one of the most agreeable, was one given by our Minister, Mr. Gallatin, in 1819, at which were La Fayette, the Duke de Broglie, and his brother-in-law, De Stael, son of the famous Madame de Stael, Lord and Lady Ashburton, and the illustrious Baron Humboldt. My friend Mr.

Dinner at Mr.
Gallatin's.

1819

Humboldt.

Peabody and myself, then young men, were the only Americans invited. Humboldt talked nearly all the time in good English, and I was a gratified listener, as I sat near him." Mr. Tayloe dined also with the Duke d'Alberg, of historical fame, especially during the Hundred Days, and he placed him next the Prince Staremberg, of Austria, who had been ambassador to England during the time of William Pitt, of whom he talked on this occasion.

Mr. Beverley.

While Mr. Tayloe was in Paris he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Beverley, a native of Virginia, but long resident abroad. He was of the Beverleys of Blandfield in Essex, and a brother of Robert Beverley, who married a sister of Colonel Tayloe. He related to Mr. Tayloe the following anecdote: Mr. Beverley visited Eton when Colonel Tayloe was a boy at school there and invited him and another Virginian, young Wormeley, to dine with him at the hotel. They accepted the invitation, but requested to be permitted to bring with them "a friend of theirs, one of the finest fellows in the whole school, little George Canning." Mr. Beverley assented, and the two Virginians brought their friend, the future Prime Minister of Great Britain, who by his agreeable manners and conversation fully justified, in Mr. Beverley's opinion, the character ascribed to him by his youthful admirers.

Mr. Canning.

Letter of Hon.
Richard Rush.

The following letter from the Hon. Richard Rush, was received by Mr. Tayloe in Paris:

LONDON, May 1, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR:

It afforded me great pleasure to learn from your favor of the 17th of last month that you were well, and had been passing your time so agreeably since you left England. I have no doubt that you have also passed it profitably. You have now seen enough of Europe, especially of this country, France, and Italy, to have filled your mind with rich and delightful materials of reflection, and to enable you henceforth to give locality to a great portion of what is to the last degree interesting in literature and history. Hence, while you dwell upon the past pleasures of your tour,

you will at the same time always look to it as the source of new ones in prospect. Your residence in Paris for a few months longer will give you the French language perfectly. This will open further enjoyments and advantages to you. It was a remark of Charles the Fifth that every language a man acquired rendered him a new man.

We have no very late accounts from home. In the department of agreeable chit-chat news from Washington we have experienced a sad chasm since you left us, having scarcely heard anything.

* * * * *

Make my compliments to the young Mr. Gallatins, and believe me, my dear sir, with entire esteem,

Your sincere friend,

RICHARD RUSH.

B. O. TAYLOR, Esq.

When Mr. Tayloe was on the eve of embarkation for his native land, he received the following letter from his friend and relative, Admiral Wormeley, R. N.:

Admiral Wormeley.

PORTSMOUTH, Sept. 24th, 1819.

MY DEAR OGLE:

Before I left Brighton yesterday, I happened to call at the post-office and found your delightful letter. Immediately on my return to England I went to town in search of you, and through Mr. Murdoch, found you were still on the Continent. My father, being now settled at Danbury, in Essex, was most desirous of offering all the comforts and attentions of his house, but your speedy return to America will deprive him of that greatest of pleasures. Perhaps you will write him a short letter, and direct to him, Hill House, Danbury, Essex.

No young man ever visited England under such advantageous circumstances as yourself, and none have returned to their native land, or will return, having more benefited by their good fortune.

You cannot say too much on your return, to your worthy father and family, as you well know I fully appreciate their kindness to myself.

God bless you, my dear Ogle, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

R. R. WORMELEY.

OGLE TAYLOR, Esq., London.

Mr. Tayloe, on his return to America in November, 1819, brought the intelligence of the death of Colonel Sir Felton

1819

Robt. G. Harper.

Harvey, who had married Miss Caton, of Baltimore. This intelligence he communicated by note to Mr. Harper as he passed through that city on his way to Washington, from whom he afterwards received the following letter :

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5th, 1819.

MY DEAR SIR :

I received, with the feeling which it was so well calculated to excite, the melancholy communication contained in your note of yesterday. It is a most afflicting stroke to us all. Mrs. Harper and I, having personally known Colonel Harvey, are fully able to appreciate his loss. She is in the country, where she will receive the intelligence before I can reach her. She will much regret, as I do, that we could not see you on your way to Washington; but knowing how strong your motives were for hastening your journey, I could not expect you to stop.

I am glad to learn Mr. Canning is appointed to this mission; he will, no doubt, give great satisfaction.

Believe me, my dear sir, with the best wishes,

Your friend and obedient servant,

ROBT. G. HARPER.

B. O. TAYLOR, Esq.

Col. Sir Felton
Harvey.

Of Colonel Sir Felton Harvey, who was a gallant officer of the British army and an aide-de-camp of Wellington, the following interesting anecdote is related. Colonel Harvey had lost his right arm in one of the battles of the Peninsular war. In a subsequent battle, as he was riding rapidly across the field with an order from the commander-in-chief, he was intercepted by a French officer, who with drawn sword menaced his life; but on perceiving as he drew near him that Colonel Harvey had but one arm, he gracefully brought his sword to a salute and allowed him to pass on unmolested.

Visit to the elder
Adams.

In the summer of 1822, Mr. Tayloe made a visit to Boston, and with his brother, Edward Thornton Tayloe, then a student at Cambridge, called upon the venerable ex-President John Adams, at his residence in Quincy. They were accompanied by

1822

Mr. John Howard, of Baltimore, Major Somerville, of Maryland, and Judge Winston, of Louisiana, and were presented to the old statesman by the Hon. Josiah Quincy. Mr. Adams was gracious and affable, and invited them to dine with him; the invitation was accepted, and the conversation, as reported by Mr. Tayloe, turned chiefly on the distinguished men of the Revolution, and more particularly on the members of the first Congress. Judge Winston, a relative of the great Virginia orator, inquired of Mr. Adams if he had ever heard such an orator as Patrick Henry. Mr. Adams tried to avoid a direct answer; at last he said, with a significant smile, "Virginia geese are all swans;" and pointing to Mr. Quincy, said: "I have heard a hundred speeches from the father of that gentleman much more eloquent than I ever heard from Patrick Henry." He said further that, "on the meeting of the first Congress it appeared the Southern gentlemen were the best speakers, and it was expected they would lead in everything, but at last the Northern members did the work."

In allusion to this assertion Mr. Tayloe remarks in his notebook, "I am not disposed to regard Mr. Adams as an impartial witness. He corrected a person who said, 'General Washington and you.' 'No, sir; *I* and General Washington. *I made* General Washington.'"

The year before Mr. Adams's death, Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, presented to him a foreign gentleman, with the understanding that nothing should be said on political or other subjects that could excite him, as he was in his ninetieth year, and very feeble. They found him, as Mr. Ticknor informed Mr. Tayloe, "reposing on a sofa, propped up by pillows." He asked to be excused for not rising on account of his great debility. After a pleasant chat, and a sufficiently lengthened visit, the gentlemen

George Ticknor.

20	BIOGRAPHY.
<div data-bbox="283 301 341 329">1823</div> <hr data-bbox="283 343 341 348"/> <div data-bbox="243 697 337 740">Eclipse and Henry.</div> <div data-bbox="243 1125 377 1168">Contributions to turf literature.</div> <div data-bbox="243 1466 377 1509">Windsor, on the Potomac.</div>	<div data-bbox="395 301 1233 682"> <p>rose to depart; on which Mr. Adams inquired the prospect of the pending Presidential election in the House—his son a candidate (a topic to be avoided)—and the <i>last</i> news in regard to it. Mr. Ticknor, to get clear of the discussion, merely remarked: “It is understood to depend on the vote of New York.” The pillows were at once thrown down, and Mr. Adams rose and said: “Then God help us! As boy and man, I have known New York for seventy years, and her politics have always been to me among the devil’s incomprehensibilities.”</p> </div> <div data-bbox="395 691 1233 1113"> <p>In the autumn of 1823 the great match race between Eclipse and Henry, the North against the South, was run over the Long Island course. In this race Mr. Tayloe was deeply interested, both Eclipse and Henry being descended from horses imported or bred by his father, Colonel Tayloe. Of this celebrated contest Mr. Tayloe wrote a report, which was printed in all the leading journals of America and Great Britain, and which Mr. Herbert, in his book on the Horse, erroneously attributes to the pen of Cadwallader D. Colden, of New York, a distinguished writer on matters pertaining to the turf.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="395 1123 1233 1456"> <p>From this time to the close of his life, Mr. Tayloe wrote voluminously for the American Turf Register, the Spirit of the Times, and the Turf, Field, and Farm, on the race-horse and his performances in England and America, and came to be regarded as the highest authority on turf matters on this side of the Atlantic. His extraordinary memory enabled him at any time to give the details of all noted races at home or abroad, without reference to books or papers, and with unfailing accuracy.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="395 1466 1233 1632"> <p>Soon after his return from Europe, Mr. Tayloe became the possessor of Windsor, a beautiful estate in King George County, Virginia, on the Potomac, and here he began the life of an agriculturist. Before his marriage, Windsor was his bachelor resi-</p> </div>

dence for the greater part of the year—his winters being spent at the Octagon, the residence of his father, in Washington.

On the 8th of November, 1824, Mr. Tayloe was married, in Troy, New York, to Miss Julia Maria Dickinson, a young lady of charming manners, high culture, and an amiable temper. Miss Dickinson was the only child of the Hon. John D. Dickinson, a native of Middletown, Connecticut, and the son of a highly respectable physician of that place. He was born in 1767, and was graduated at Yale College in 1785. From Connecticut he emigrated to Lansingburg, New York, where he commenced the practice of the law, and where he married Miss Ann E. Tillman, a lady of great beauty and superior intellect. A few years after his marriage, Mr. Dickinson removed to Troy, of which city he subsequently became one of the most influential citizens, renowned for his elegant and refined hospitality, his integrity, courtesy, and dignified manners. He represented the Rensselaer district in the United States House of Representatives from 1819 to 1823, and again from 1827 to 1831. Originally a Federalist, he supported the administrations of Mr. Monroe and Mr. Adams, and was warmly attached to Mr. Clay, whose election to the Presidency in after years he endeavored to promote with all the influence he could command.

After his marriage, Mr. Tayloe continued his residence at Windsor, and devoted himself to agriculture and the duties of a country gentleman. He was an active member of the vestry of St. Paul's Church, one of the old colonial churches of Virginia, its vestry list comprising, among others, the names of Richard Bernard, Colonel Henry Fitzhugh, Francis Thornton, John Washington, Lawrence Washington, and many other members of the families of Fitzhugh, Washington, Stuart, Hooe, Grymes, Stith, and Dade.

1824

Marriage.

Life at Windsor.

1824

Death of Lieut.
John Tayloe.

On the 15th of May, 1824, Mr. Tayloe's elder brother, Lieutenant John Tayloe, late of the United States Navy, died at Mount Airy, at the age of thirty-one. He had entered the Navy as a midshipman in his youth, and was distinguished in the battles of the Constitution with the *Guérriere* and with the *Cyane* and *Levant*. After the first action, the State of Virginia presented him with a sword. During the war of 1812 he was actively in service, and was captured in the *Levant* by a British squadron while lying at Porto Praya in the Cape de Verde Islands. His only child, Colonel John Tayloe, resides at Chatterton, in King George.

Brilliant winter.

The winter of 1824-25, one of the most brilliant ever known in Washington, was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe at the Octagon. It was the period of the exciting election in the House of Representatives, when Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay, and General Jackson were candidates for the Presidency. It was also signalized by the visit of the Marquis de La Fayette as the guest of Congress. Rufus King, Governor Gore, Harrison Gray Otis, General Stephen Van Rensselaer the Patroon, Mr. Gorham, and Mr. Lowell, of Boston, Mr. Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, Mr. Clay, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Webster, Mr. Everett, Mr. Hayne, Mr. Poinsett, Mr. R. H. Wilde, of Georgia, General Jackson, and many other distinguished persons in public and private life, were residents in Washington during that memorable winter, with the ladies of their households, forming together a galaxy of talent, beauty, and accomplishment which has never been surpassed, if equalled, at any subsequent period of Washington society. There were also among the Diplomatic Corps many persons of great distinction for high breeding, elegance of manners, and scientific and literary attainment.

Agricultural life.

The life of a country gentleman was in every respect congenial to Mr. Tayloe's tastes and habits. His ancestors, for several

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The Octagon.

generations, had been eminent among the landholders and planters of Virginia. While abroad, he had observed with a careful eye, as his journal shows, the agriculture of Great Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. He was also familiar with the modes of culture pursued in the best agricultural districts of his own country. As a country gentleman he could indulge his fondness for the turf, inherited from the Taskers and the Ogles, as well as from the Tayloes of Mount Airy, and for the breeding of cattle, for which he had at Windsor a high reputation.

His wife, however, who had been accustomed from her early years to the pleasures and excitements of society, was not altogether contented with a life in the country, and at her request he erected the house in Washington, on La Fayette Square, which subsequently became his permanent residence. This house was finished in 1828, but in consequence of the somewhat distasteful associations of the incoming administration of General Jackson, was not then occupied by Mr. Tayloe. He leased it for a short term to Thomas Swann, Esq., an eminent lawyer of Washington, and one of its most worthy and distinguished citizens; the father of the present member of Congress from Maryland, ex-Governor Swann. Mr. Swann was the owner of the house which is now the elegant residence of Mr. Corcoran, which he had leased to Baron Krudener, the Russian Minister. At the expiration of his lease, Mr. Swann gave up the house, in November, 1829, at which time Mr. Tayloe commenced his residence within its walls. His father, Colonel John Tayloe, had died in 1828, and by his death terminated, to a certain extent, the splendid hospitalities of the Octagon, which had covered a period of nearly thirty years. For nearly forty years more Mr. Ogle Tayloe dispensed in his house on La Fayette Square a liberal and elegant hospitality to the most distinguished for-

1829

Residence in
Washington.

24	BIOGRAPHY.
<p data-bbox="292 290 346 319">1832</p> <hr data-bbox="292 329 346 339"/> <p data-bbox="252 388 387 456">Favors the election of Henry Clay.</p> <p data-bbox="252 770 360 819">Miss Rebecca Dulany.</p> <p data-bbox="252 1495 366 1544">Cotton plantation.</p>	<p data-bbox="400 290 1241 368">eigners, and to the most eminent Americans in public or private life, who visited Washington from year to year.</p> <p data-bbox="400 378 1241 760">In the movement in favor of the election of Henry Clay to the Presidency, in 1832, Mr. Tayloe manifested a deep interest, and from that time until the day of its final dissolution was regarded as one of the most influential and active members of the Whig party in the District of Columbia. To Mr. Clay, personally, he was warmly attached. That great statesman and true patriot was his frequent guest, and he regarded his election to the Presidency as of incalculable value to the best interests of the country.</p> <p data-bbox="400 770 1241 1485">In the year 1836, the wife of Sir John Hunter, a London physician, died, and bequeathed her large fortune to her relative, Miss Rebecca Dulany, of Shuter's Hill, near Alexandria, in Virginia, a young girl of nine years. The Marquis of Caermarthen and Mr. Tayloe were appointed by Lady Hunter executors of her will and guardians of Miss Dulany. Lady Hunter was the daughter of Daniel Dulany, Esq., of London, a son of the distinguished Maryland lawyer of that name, who left America for England on the outbreak of the Revolution. The Dulanys were descended maternally from the Bladens and the Taskers, of Maryland, and through this descent were relatives of Mr. Tayloe. The fortune inherited by Miss Dulany from her distant relative abroad, amounted, when she came of age, to over a million of dollars. Miss Dulany married her cousin, Lieutenant Dulany, of the United States Navy, and resided for many years on an elegant estate in Fauquier, near the Blue Ridge. Her death occurred several years since.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1495 1241 1613">In 1836, Mr. Tayloe established a cotton plantation in the cane-brake region of Alabama, near Selma, which became after the lapse of a few years the most valuable portion of his estate.</p>

To this plantation he gave the name of Windsor, after that of his favorite estate in Virginia, and, to augment its value and develop its resources, gradually withdrew his servants and capital from that state; with wise forecast anticipating the future importance of the cotton product and the injury about to be inflicted on slave labor in the Border States, by the political agitation of the slavery question.

1837

In the summer of 1837, Mr. Tayloe, accompanied by his wife, embarked for Europe. In Paris they were frequent guests of Baron Hyde de Neuville, in the Faubourg St. Germain, ex-minister to Charles the Tenth, and one of the most estimable and distinguished members of the *vieille cour*. In the Faubourg St. Germain they were delighted with the grace and brilliancy of the old aristocracy of France, who, amid so many revolutions and so much adversity, were still faithful to their old traditions, and unwilling to give in their adhesion to the government of Louis, Philippe, the reigning king.

Revisits Europe.

From France they travelled into Switzerland, where they remained several weeks; then passed by way of the Rhine through Germany and Belgium, and thence crossed the Channel to England, in which country many old friends accorded them a hearty welcome, and contributed in every manner to render their visit agreeable and delightful. After an absence of more than a year they returned to America in the summer of 1838.

Return home.

Although in common with a great majority of the Whig party, Mr. Tayloe regretted that Mr. Clay did not secure the Presidential nomination in 1840, he accorded to General Harrison his warmest support. Of the character and abilities of General Harrison he was thoroughly informed, through his brother, Mr. Edward T. Tayloe, who had been his Secretary of Legation when General Harrison was United States Minister to Colombia, and

Gen. Harrison.

26	BIOGRAPHY.
<p data-bbox="266 280 326 329"><u>1840</u></p> <p data-bbox="225 789 342 838">Note from Mr. Clay.</p> <p data-bbox="225 1534 356 1583">Letter from Mr. Botts.</p>	<p data-bbox="380 280 1216 446">never doubted that, had his life been spared, his administration would have been eminently useful to the country, then greatly depressed in its finances and its most important branches of industry.</p> <p data-bbox="380 456 1216 750">On the nomination of General Harrison for the Presidency, the Hon. John D. Dickinson, of Troy, New York, the father-in-law of Mr. Tayloe, addressed him a letter, which Mr. Tayloe transmitted to Mr. Clay. The following note from Mr. Clay, in allusion to this letter and to the nomination of General Harrison, will be read with interest by all who remember the exciting canvass of 1840:</p> <p data-bbox="380 789 1216 887">Mr. Clay's best respects to Mr. Tayloe, with his thanks for the opportunity of perusing the letter from his good friend Mr. Dickinson, to whom he is under so many obligations.</p> <p data-bbox="380 887 1216 1132">Mr. Tayloe knows how promptly H. Clay acquiesced in the nomination of Harrisburg. This he did, not at all ignorant of the means by which it was brought about. However exceptionable these means were in respect to some persons, they did not absolve Mr. Clay from the duty of conforming to the dictates of honor, good faith, and patriotism. That duty, it appeared to him, was to support the nomination, and he most anxiously wishes it success. He will add, that if confidence is to be placed in encouraging accounts which reach him from all quarters, it will be successful.</p> <p data-bbox="380 1132 1216 1201">He requests Mr. Tayloe to communicate to his friend Mr. Dickinson his warmest regards.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1211 729 1240">WASHINGTON, 2d February, 1840.</p> <p data-bbox="380 1279 1216 1495">During the canvass of 1840 Mr. Tayloe was in correspondence with the Hon. John M. Botts, of Virginia, a distinguished leader of the Whig party, and a confidential friend of Mr. Clay. The following letters, written by Mr. Botts, at this period, to Mr. Tayloe, have been preserved:</p> <p data-bbox="904 1515 1186 1544" style="text-align: right;">RICHMOND, August 29, 1840.</p> <p data-bbox="380 1544 555 1573">MY DEAR SIR:</p> <p data-bbox="407 1573 1216 1613">I have received your two letters, for which I return you my thanks, as</p>

everything relating to the politics of the country is, at this time, particularly interesting.

Your last letter I shall take the liberty of having published, without the mention of names, of course, as it contains matter well calculated to open the eyes of the less obstinate and bigoted of the Southern Locofocos.

My impression is, that whilst there is an unparalleled degree of excitement and enthusiasm in the Whig ranks, extending itself to every individual of the party, each one of whom is alive to the importance of the questions involved in the contest, that the zeal of the Administration party is confined almost entirely to the leaders and politicians—and that cannot stir up the rank and file—and consequently they will not be able to get them to the polls for Mr. Van Buren. If this should be realized there is no knowing how large our majority may be.

I have now before me no less than twelve appointments to speak in other districts than my own, to address the people; besides what I have already gone through, I mean to go as far, and as long as I can.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

JOHN M. BOTTS.

RICHMOND, September 15th, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your esteemed favor of the 7th was duly received, and you are entitled to my thanks for your kindness in giving me such news as you are enabled to pick up during your travels, which has been not only interesting to me individually, but which, I hope, may prove advantageous to our cause.

You have seen that I have had your first letter published, to which I hope you did not object, as the name was withheld. I shall give Pleasant extracts also from your last. Let me ask you to continue the correspondence.

My letter to my constituents in truth was intended for the whole country, but addressed to them as an apology for writing it. Mr. Poinsett has written another, which I have briefly answered.

Was any party ever so whipped as we shall whip this Locofoco party?

Yours faithfully,

JOHN M. BOTTS.

The last house in Washington visited by General Harrison before the commencement of his final illness was that of Mr. Tayloe, to whom he announced his intention of conferring upon his brother Edward the highly honorable appointment of Treas-

1840

Gen. Harrison.

28	BIOGRAPHY.
<p>1841</p> <p>President Tyler.</p> <p>Smithson legacy.</p> <p>Letter of Mr. Rush.</p>	<p>urer of the United States. He also inquired the address of Mr. Tayloe's family physician, as he was not as well as usual.</p> <p>For Mr. Tayloe's relations with Mr. Tyler and his successors in the Presidency, the reader is referred to Mr. Tayloe's own reminiscences, in another part of this volume, under the title, "Our Neighbors on La Fayette Square."</p> <p>Mr. Rush was the agent employed by the United States Government to receive in London the legacy of Hugh Smithson. The following letter contains an allusion to the Smithsonian Institution, and the investment of the legacy in Arkansas stocks:</p> <div style="text-align: right; margin-right: 100px;"> <p>SYDENHAM, NEAR PHILADELPHIA, November 26th, 1841.</p> </div> <p>MY DEAR SIR:</p> <p>I have many thanks to return for your letter of the 22d.</p> <p>I have given up faith in Washington property, probably because I have less knowledge of it at present than others, and therefore for the very little remaining stake that I have there, have for some time struck it from the list of property on which I count as of any value at all. What little it brings now, comes to me in the shape of an agreeable surprise, rather than any disappointment; and so I may say of the sale of the two lots on the 17th instant, one of which you purchased. May it turn out better in your hands than mine. Your presence near the spot may enable you, perhaps, to turn it to some better account at a future day. Your friendly offer to relinquish it at my wish, assures me, had I needed any proof, that the sale was no sacrifice as times go, and I am well content to let it stand. Equally so shall I be to receive the payments as they fall due, and shall be glad if in these days of general faithlessness others will do as you do, meet the terms, for I lately sold four other small lots.</p> <p>Alas! for the Smithsonian Institution! I labored anxiously and hard for the <i>fund</i>, and after receiving the full gold on the other side of the water, more in value than the original bequest, through the fortunate sale I made of the English Government stock, in which the testator's money stood, never lost sight of it until it was all safely deposited in the United States Mint; little dreaming, however, that there the matter was to rest for years. But so it seems,—so it was; and fortunate will it be if the fund itself, at an era of such dishonesty and hocus-pocus, is not made way with, or dilapidated, before any public use whatever is made of the beneficent bequest. Congress has slept over the subject, and the Executive too, in Mr. Van Buren's time. Both neglected their duty, I think, except Mr.</p>

Poinsett, who was full of an enlightened zeal about it, and, I believe, Mr. Woodbury. For me to write in the manner you intimate would be labor lost, but I will turn the subject in my thoughts, and try if I can in any other way do anything that may give any possible hope of usefulness towards a public national object so full of usefulness.

It would afford me great pleasure to send the autographs alluded to if in my power, but I have long since parted with all the disposable ones that were in my possession. I will send that of my grandfather, Stockton, as soon as I can see our friend and kinsman, Captain Stockton, who is heir to his home and papers, and I will take care to add one of my father's.

Mrs. Rush, who, I am glad to say, is quite well, begs me to make all her kindest remembrances to Mrs. Tayloe and yourself, and I must be included in the former. We write in the hope that her health may be better when you receive this.

We are living here on a patrimony of a few acres, a miniature farm when I came to it seven years ago, but now almost within hearing of the mason's trowel, as the city advances towards us, and where it will always afford us both sincere pleasure to see Mrs. Tayloe and yourself.

I am glad to think that our midshipman son called upon you, and gratified at your kind mention of what Captain Bolton said of him.

With our renewed remembrances, and we must ask to include in them your mother and Miss Virginia, when you have the opportunity,

I remain, my dear sir,

Ever faithfully yours,

RICHARD RUSH.

BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE, Esq., Washington, D. C.

In the Presidential election of 1844, Mr. Clay was once more the candidate of the Whig party. Mr. Tayloe took a very active part in the canvass, and through the press, both in Virginia and New York, labored strenuously for his election. The defeat of Mr. Clay by Mr. Polk was to him an intense disappointment, from both public and private considerations.

In 1843 and 1844 Mr. Tayloe enlarged and improved the hotel now known as Willards, which he had inherited from his father, and thus materially promoted the prosperity of that section of Washington by which it is environed. From that day this hotel became the fashionable hotel of the city, and was annually thronged with visitors from every section of the country.

1841

Presidential election of 1844.

Willards.

1846Mrs. Tayloe's
death.

In the summer of 1846 a severe and unexpected blow fell upon Mr. Tayloe. His wife, with whom he had lived happily for more than twenty years, died suddenly on the 4th of July. Although Mrs. Tayloe had been an invalid for a long time, her medical advisers and friends never regarded her illness with serious apprehensions. Mrs. Tayloe left five children, two sons and three daughters, who by her death were thrown entirely upon the care of their father. How faithfully he discharged this trust their estimable characters in after-life fully attest.

Mrs. Dickinson, the mother of Mrs. Tayloe, died in the winter of 1847, at an advanced age, having survived her daughter about six months.

Letter from
Henry Clay.

On the death, at Buena Vista, of Henry Clay, Jr., Mr. Tayloe addressed his father a letter of condolence, and received from him the following reply :

ASHLAND, 17th April, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR :

I received and cordially thank you for your kind and friendly letter, with its inclosures, relating to the death of my beloved son. It is one of the severest afflictions which have befallen me during my life, which has been full of domestic afflictions. It is some consolation to me to know that if he was to be thus prematurely taken from us, he preferred to all other forms, a death on the field of battle, in the service of his country.

I think it probable that your memory is correct in the recollection which it preserves of a conversation at your house respecting my dear son; for the remark you make about his qualities and virtues is perfectly true.

My poor wife has suffered so much on account of the loss of our children that she finds it difficult to bear this last calamity, and she has to put in requisition all her religious resources to sustain herself.

I offer you, my dear friend, sincere condolence in your heavy affliction. Mrs. Clay and I heard all the circumstances minutely, attending the death of Mrs. Tayloe, and felt for your bereavement all the sympathy which such an event could excite in the bosoms of those who entertained an affectionate regard for both her and you. Of the lamented death of Mrs. Dickinson, I had not heard until I received your letter.

The father, the mother, and the daughter were among the friends whom
I have most esteemed in life. I remain ever faithfully,

Your friend,

H. CLAY.

BENJAMIN OGLE TAYLOE, Esq, Troy, N. Y.

1847

From a very large number of contributions to the album of
Mrs. Tayloe, by the most distinguished statesmen and official
personages of her day, the following selections are made :

Album of Mrs.
Tayloe.

BY JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

President of the United States.

Doth not this volume to the mind portray
Of human life an emblem just and true?
Departed Time the written sheets display,
The spotless pages future' days foreshew.

When first the book, fair Julia, met thy view,
All was unsullied—every page was fair,
Soon—as their flowerets, Love and Friendship strew,
Its leaves their blended essences shall bear.

But only love and friendship here are found,
No noisome weed with baleful blossom blows,
No plant exhales the pestilence around,
No deadly nightshade overspreads the rose.

Not such is life! with friendship and with love
Fierce and foul passions share our short career;
Skim the same skies the vulture and the dove,
Range the same wilds the tiger and the deer.

Old Ocean's caverns in their stormy tides,
The shark and dolphin indiscriminating feed—
And the same thorny thicket's tangled sides
The serpent's poison with his wisdom breed.

John Quincy
Adams.

Earth, air, and sea, throughout their broad domain,
In deeds of joy and wretchedness abound,
Alternate love and enmity maintain,
And teem with life and scatter death around.

Yet, as in human life, its tinge Time past
Has taken—change no longer to endure :
So here the written page's dye is cast,
Fixed, fixed forever, spotless or impure.

And as the future, subject to our will,
From *us* her form and feature shall receive,
So this white page, instinct with good or ill,
Shall take the stamp the writer's hand shall give.

Delightful thought to him whose soul intent
On truth and justice, shines with moral worth ;
Appalling thought to him whose heart is bent
On the poor grovelling purposes of earth.

Life is probation ;—mortal man was made
To solve the solemn problem—right or wrong.
And o'er the past, while memory sheds her shade,
Hope to the future tunes her cheering song.

Oh ! could I spin of destiny the line,
Thus should *thy* past and future lot be blest ;
Thy *hope* should prove but memory on the mine—
Thy memory beam the gem of hope possess.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

1st January, 1828.

FROM HON. WILLIAM WIRT,

Attorney-General of the United States.

I must begin with the "declaration" that I have no "plea" to offer "in bar" of your request. Considering it as an "appeal" to friendship, I "confess judgment" and am ready to "render myself in execution to your suit." But, if you expect "replication" in verse, I must "demur;" and "for special cause of demurrer, according to the form of the statute in that case made and provided, I assign the following writ:" 1. That

although lawyers sometimes deal in fictions, they are not of a poetic character. 2. That there is not a single Parnassus nor a Helicon in the whole region of the common law. 3. That Law and Poetry have never been "joint tenants" of the same brain since the days of my Lord Coke. Even in a later and more refined age, the great Lord Hardwicke gave us (though I will not say he did it gravely) the following specimen of his talent for building the lofty rhyme:

"Tenant in fee
Simple is he,
That need neither quake nor quiver,
Because he hath lands,
Look ye, d'ye see,
To him and his heirs forever."

But dismissing both technicals and *badinage*, I beg you, in plain English, to be assured that I am sensible of the compliment which your note implies; and that, out of the bosom of your own family, you have not a more sincere admirer and friend than

WILLIAM WIRT.

TO MRS. JULIA M. D. TAYLOR.

FROM GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

ON BOARD THE BRANDYWINE, UNDER SAIL,
September 9th, 1825.

I cannot leave this beloved shore, dear Madam, without expressing my acknowledgments for the fine present you have sent to my daughter. The circumstance of the collection in the vicinity of Troy, mingles with the name of donator to make it highly valuable.

Remember me to my friends, particularly to Mr. Taylor. I much regretted not to find his father at Washington. My companions beg to be presented to you.

Accept, dear Madam, the grateful thanks and affectionate good wishes of

Your old friend,

LA FAYETTE.

William Wirt.

La Fayette.

General Scott.

BY GENERAL SCOTT.

A distinguished fair, with prudential care,
 To wrest a friend from ruthless Time,
 Has assigned a place his poor hand to trace
 In heavy prose or trifling rhyme.
 Thus, tho' the record of his sheathed sword
 Soon should perish or be forgot,
 This protected page shall outlive the age,
 And save the name of

WINFIELD SCOTT.

January, 1829.

Mr. Wilde.

BY RICHARD H. WILDE, M.C. OF GEORGIA,

Poet, Author, and Accomplished Gentleman.

Your book is a miniature Westminster Abbey,
 Where the dead reap the fame which in life is deferred;
 Not a name is admitted, plebeian or shabby—
 Then pray how came mine to such honor preferred?
 Whate'er be the cause, the effect is delightful;
 Hereafter (no doubt) 'twill be famous in story
 "As any one there," says Sir Somebody Spiteful,
 "Unknown to wit, wisdom, grace, learning, or glory."

R. H. WILDE.

10th February, 1885.

Mr. Otis.

BY HARRISON GRAY OTIS, OF BOSTON,

M. C. and Senator; the Northern Chesterfield of his day—in every way a very accomplished gentleman.

Obedient to thy kind commands,
 All cannot act their parts;
 The old may dare to show their hands,
 But not the young—their hearts.

H. G. OTIS.

September, 1880.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

Halleck.

Let names of warriors and of sages
On History's leaf eternal be ;
A few brief years on Beauty's pages
Are worth their immortality.
This volume of the heart permits me
To brave Oblivion's withering power,
Till she, whose name it bears, forgets me,—
And what were Fame beyond that hour?

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

NEW YORK, 24th November, 1828.

At the request of Mrs. Andrew Ritchie, a daughter of Mr. Harrison Gray Otis,
MR. ALEX. H. EVERETT, Minister to Spain, wrote as follows :

Alex. H. Everett.

Sophia bids me write a line
On one of lovely Julia's pages,
Where autographed in order shine
Our Statesmen, Warriors, Wits, and Sages.
But let me sink a useless name,
And rest my right to passing notice
On one that has the triple claim
Of wisdom, beauty, and an Otis.

Boston, September, 1830.

BY CHARLES SPRAGUE.

Charles Sprague.

In this bright volume Beauty has enrolled
Names that had matched the lofty ones of old ;
Man in his greatness, Woman in her grace,
May linger here and kindred spirits trace.
Let the proud chronicle complete be found,
And one white page by Quincy's name be crowned.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

September, 1830.

Wm. C. Preston.

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM C. PRESTON,

The pride of his native State, Virginia, and of South Carolina, the State of his adoption, when Senator.

DEAR MADAM:

Some one in ancient time said he would prefer to have it asked, "Why he had not a statue," to "Why he had." Although I fully recognize the propriety of the sentiment, I place my name in your collection; and when it is inquired how it came there, I shall be at once justified and honored by the answer, that it was in obedience to the request of Mrs. Tayloe, whose kind consideration can give consequence even to the name of

WILLIAM C. PRESTON.

WASHINGTON, February 1, 1835.

MRS. TAYLOE.

General Jackson.

FROM PRESIDENT JACKSON.

Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside.
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

ANDREW JACKSON.

June, 1830.

General Cass, on reading the above, exclaimed, "A pious ejaculation!"

John Marshall.

FROM CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

DEAR MADAM:

I am too much flattered by your request, and feel too strongly the impressions made while I had the pleasure to be received as the friend of Colonel Tayloe, not to comply with it.

Whatever cause may restrain me from attempting to furnish anything worthy of a place in your album, nothing can prevent my assuring you that I am, with great and respectful regard and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

J. MARSHALL.

February, 1829.

FROM EDWARD LIVINGSTON,

Jurist, Author, distinguished M. C., Secretary of State, and Minister to France.

Edw. Livingston.

Knowing that your requests are commands, permit me to observe, Madam, that they should be made with more discrimination.

What have I done, that I should be forced thus to blazon the insignificance of my name by associating it with those which adorn the pages of your book, as well as those of your country's history? It is an abuse of power for which I will have my revenge, and at the same time prevent its exercise in future. I will insert in a criminal code I am preparing for the District, in which you have set this evil example, a clause to the following effect:

"If any lady shall abuse the influence she has acquired by her beauty, talent, grace, accomplishments, and worth, so as to induce any well-meaning obscure man to think his name worthy of being remembered—any blockhead to believe himself a man of genius—any dull proser to imagine he is a poet; or shall seduce any sage philosopher into the writing of trifling nonsense, or any grave magistrate or statesman into an unsuccessful attempt at gallantry or wit, the person so offending shall"—Here I am quite at a loss. What adequate punishment shall I annex to this crime? I have discovered one—rather too severe, perhaps, but quite analogous to the offence: "She shall, for every infraction of this law, be condemned to read the page on which the proof is inscribed twice over, without yawning at its stupidity or laughing at its folly."

I am grieved, Madam, that a feeling of injury has obliged me to begin my letter with complaints, and a regard for justice to fill it with a denunciation of penalties. Permit me to close it with a sincere profession of the highest esteem, admiration, and respect.

EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

WASHINGTON, May 28th, 1830.

FROM THE HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, OF BOSTON,

Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Senator of the United States.

Robert C. Winthrop.

Your wish, dear Madam, is fulfilled;

Lo! on the following page,

A name which is an ornament

To our country and our age.

The grandsire's sword at Bunker Hill

Was drawn in freedom's cause,

The father's wise and learned tongue
 Expounded freemen's laws ;
 The magic genius of the son
 All ages must admire,
 While Isabella's grace can charm
 Or Cortes' courage fire.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

WASHINGTON, 6th April, 1846.

Wm. H. Prescott.

FROM WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.

To take the pen when there is naught to tell,
 No deeds of human glory—
 Would prove me recreant to the Muse I serve,
 The Muse of History.
 Yet if I venture with a hand so rash
 To stain the page of beauty,
 'Tis thou commandest, and I thus obey—
 To obey is but my duty.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

WASHINGTON, April 4th, 1846.

Daniel Webster.

FROM THE HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

January 29th, 1829.

MY DEAR MADAM:

I comply with your request, and return your volume with a name which,
 I cannot have the vanity to believe, will in the slightest degree enhance
 its value.

I am, with regard,

Your most obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MRS. J. M. D. TAYLOR.

FROM GENERAL BERNARD,

Gen. Bernard.

Aide-de-camp to Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and Secretary of War in the Ministry of Louis Philippe.

WASHINGTON, July 3d, 1880.

DEAR MADAM:

You may travel as much as you please over the world, you will not find a people as hospitable as your own. Not fully satisfied with having given me an asylum on your shores, you deign to tender to my name an honorable place amongst those of your distinguished friends.

My name will at least stand in your album as a testimony of my gratitude to the country, and of the sentiments of elevation and high regard offered to you, Madam, by your most obedient and respectful servant,

BERNARD.

FROM THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT,

Edward Everett.

Orator, M. C., Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, Minister to England, and Secretary of State.

Youth and its joys will pass away,
And beauty fade and strength decay;
Fond hopes will into sadness turn,
And high ambition cease to burn:
But honor in the faithful heart
Shall longest glow and last depart,
And ere its noble spark is fled
Still be my pulse and cold my bed.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WASHINGTON, 3d February, 1880.

On the 17th of April, 1849, at the season of Easter, Mr. Tayloe was married in Troy, New York, to Miss Phoebe Warren, of that city, a lady for whom he had long entertained sentiments of the highest esteem, and whose regard for his children, growing out of her friendship for their mother, could not be doubted. By this marriage Mr. Tayloe was rendered happy for the remainder of his days, and his friends again rejoiced around the

Marries Miss
Warren.

1849Administration
of Gen. Taylor.

relighted fires of his hospitable mansion, now rendered once more attractive by the presence of one who was in every respect the light of his household.

Mr. Tayloe's marriage occurred soon after the inauguration of President Taylor, and the incoming of the first Whig administration since the inauguration of General Harrison in 1840. As a Whig, Mr. Tayloe rejoiced over the change in the political horizon, as well as in the marked improvement in the social condition of Washington consequent thereon. He was gratified to welcome once more to his house old friends from every section of the Union, many of whom had kept aloof from the political metropolis for the last seven years, and hailed their coming as the dawn of a better day for Washington. And although these hopes were, in the following year, for a time frustrated, through the exciting contest in Congress over the admission of California, and the Compromise measures of 1850, yet this dark cloud soon passed away, and by the wise, patriotic, and unselfish administration of Mr. Fillmore, commencing in July of that year, a comparatively long period of sunshine, glorious and unbroken, succeeded.

Havana.

In the winter of 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe made a tour through the South, visited his estates in Alabama, and spent some time very agreeably in New Orleans. From New Orleans they went to Havana, which Mr. Tayloe now visited for the first time. The antique European architecture of this city, so near our own shores, and so widely different from that of our own cities, impressed him strongly. As the steamer entered the harbor of Havana, under the frowning battlements of that great fortress, the Moro Castle, his eye dwelt with a new sensation upon the calm expanse of the land-locked waters within, overlooked by Martello towers, and crowned in the distance with

lofty Oriental palm trees, and the peculiar vegetation of the tropics.

For Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Tayloe felt and evinced the warmest regard, and in after and darker years often alluded to his administration as one of the golden eras in Washington society. In the year 1856, when Mr. Fillmore was the American candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Tayloe strove earnestly, and to the best of his ability, to promote his election, being firmly convinced that by such an event the country would be pacified, and North and South once more march together, hand in hand, as of yore.

1850

Mr. Fillmore.

During Mr. Fillmore's administration society in Washington was especially brilliant and delightful. Mr. Webster, as premier and possible successor to the Presidency, attracted to the Capital many of the first intellects of the nation. General Scott, the conqueror of Mexico, drew about him a large and highly accomplished circle of friends and admirers; while Mr. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, Mr. Kennedy, of Maryland, Governor Graham, of North Carolina, Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, Mr. Stuart, of Virginia, the Kings, of New York and New Jersey, and other persons of distinguished position, in the Cabinet or in Congress, shone conspicuously in the society of the time. The elegant hospitality for which Mr. Tayloe had long been renowned, never wore a brighter lustre than at this period of his life, as day after day an almost interminable procession of the great, the good, the wise, the gay, and the beautiful, passed over his threshold.

Mr. Webster.

With General Scott, Mr. Tayloe's relations were of the most intimate character for many years. When a candidate for the Presidency, in 1852, and laboring under the imputation of being in the hands of Seward and others of the same faction, Mr. Tayloe, who was confident that the imputation was baseless,

General Scott.

1852

strove earnestly to counteract its effect. The day after the election General Scott addressed to Mrs. Tayloe the following note, in reply to one received from her in reference to its result :

WASHINGTON, November 3d, 1852.

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOE:

Your beautiful note of this morning, so full of Christian consolation, is most acceptable.

The political defeat I have sustained gives me, I readily admit, some mortification ; but that will soon pass away under the conviction that success would have been worse for me individually. But my country, friends, principles ! I put my trust in Providence, and will pray for the best.

With the highest esteem, my dear Madam,

Your friend and servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

MRS. B. O. TAYLOE.

Hailstorm.

Mr. Tayloe thus alludes to this period in General Scott's life: "General Scott never appeared better than after his defeat ; always reticent and dignified. The General was always at church devout and reverential. He came to dine with us one Sunday, in the summer of 1857, when there came up a terrific hailstorm, killing cattle, breaking the thick glass of the Capitol, and passing through our own windows like bullets. The General seemed greatly impressed and solemnized. Dinner was delayed. When the storm was over, we cooled our champagne with hailstones ; bowl after bowl being brought in, of what the General called 'celestial ice.' "

FROM THE SAME.

May 31st, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR :

I have made the sudden acquisition of a fine green turtle, and beg you will join me in a "hasty plate of soup," to-day, at five o'clock.

Yours, faithfully,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

Colonel Thomas H. Perkins, of Boston, made a visit to Washington, in his ninetieth year, and manifested a deep interest in the completion of the Washington National Monument. On his return to Boston he addressed to Mr. Tayloe, one of the Directors of the Monument Association, the following letter :

1853

Col. Perkins.

BOSTON, February 1st, 1853.

B. O. TAYLOE, Esq.

DEAR SIR: The only person with whom I have conversed on the subject of the proposed effort to redeem the credit of the country is my honorable friend, Robert C. Winthrop, who will give his best services on the occasion. I wish to know if the Board of Managers have a number of the printed statements, one of which I received, but have sent it to London. I think it would be well for the Board to have as many printed as to serve to give each subscriber a copy of that document, and to all subscribers above a certain sum an engraving of the Monument and of General Washington.

If a reprint is made, it may be well to add the intention of the Board to have in the engraving the names of donors on slabs, as stated in a letter I had the honor to receive. . . . That letter is now in the hands of the city government, who, I observe by a morning paper, have assented to the presentation of a slab.

Your friend,

T. H. PERKINS.

The paragraph referred to by Colonel Perkins is here inserted :

"Hon. Thomas H. Perkins has presented to the authorities of Boston a sculptured block of marble, to be sent in the name of the city to the Washington National Monument."

The late Dr. Mütter, of Philadelphia, was a distant relative and intimate friend of Mr. Tayloe. By the death of his parents in his childhood he was left to the guardianship of Colonel Landon Carter, of Virginia, a brother-in-law of Colonel John Tayloe, and spent several years of his early life at that gentleman's elegant residence, Sabine Hall, in the immediate vicinity of Mount Airy. The following letter from Dr. Mütter was written after his return with Mrs. Mütter from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe

Dr. Mütter.

1854
—

in Washington. The cane referred to by him originally belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, and was presented by Dr. Mütter to Mrs. Tayloe.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR:

You must not suppose that my long silence has resulted either from forgetfulness or want of courtesy, for rest assured that Mrs. Mütter and myself can *never forget* your kindness and that of Mrs. Tayloe, nor shall we rest satisfied until you afford us an opportunity of manifesting how truly we appreciate it.

On our return, Mrs. Mütter was quite ill for two weeks; then I took her to New York, and was absent for several days; and next my "old friend" saw fit to give me another "awful gripe," depriving me of the use of my right hand for some time. In consequence of these unforeseen and not to be avoided circumstances, I have been prevented from doing that which will always afford me great pleasure, viz., thanking my friends for their unbounded attention.

* * * * *

Please present my best regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and say that her cane is now *en route* for Washington. It was presented by Napoleon to General Lallemand, by him to Mr. Roberjeau, by him to the late John Grelaud, Esq., and by Mr. Grelaud to myself. With best regards to the young ladies, and to your mother's family,

Believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

THOS. D. MÜTTER.

MR. TAYLOR.

Death of Mrs.
John Tayloe.

In the summer of 1855 the venerable mother of Mr. Tayloe died, at the advanced age of eighty-three, at the Octagon, in Washington City, where she had continued to reside after the death of Colonel Tayloe, in 1828. Mrs. Tayloe was the daughter of the last Governor Ogle, of Maryland, and spent the earlier days of her life in the refined and brilliant society of Annapolis. When a young lady she visited the beautiful Nelly Custis at Mount Vernon, while residing with General Washington and his wife, and preserved in after-life a vivid recollec-

tion of the household and mode of living which prevailed there. Mrs. Tayloe was the last survivor of the ladies of the old school in Washington, of that class which had been trained in the manners and modes of thought which prevailed before and during the American Revolution, in the circles of the colonial aristocracy.

In 1855 Mr. Tayloe was elected President of the Board of Trustees of the Washington Orphan Asylum, to succeed Mr. Corcoran, who had resigned the post.

On the formation of the "Society of the Oldest Inhabitants" of Washington, Mr. Tayloe was elected its President, and held the office at the time of his death.

Mr. Tayloe was frequently solicited by his friends to accept a nomination for the Mayoralty of Washington, but he invariably declined the honor. This office was almost without an exception, in former days, filled by gentlemen of high character and superior talents, as Brent, Gales, Seaton, Force, and Weightman.

In the latter part of the year 1855, Mr. Tayloe was requested by a friend in Connecticut to interpose in behalf of a young man, named John H. Felix, who had joined the expedition of Lopez against Cuba, and been captured by the Spanish authorities. He did so, and soon afterwards was gratified by the receipt of the following note from the Secretary of State, William L. Marcy :

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR :

It may be pleasing to you to know that I have received information that John H. Felix has been pardoned, and Mr. Dodge has written to me that he will use his good offices in assisting him to return to the United States.

Yours, truly,

B. O. TAYLOE, Esq.

W. L. MARCY.

1855

Orphan Asylum.

Oldest inhabitants.

Declines office.

John H. Felix.

Wm. L. Marcy.

1856

Gales and Seaton.

When Mr. Fillmore accepted, in the summer of 1856, a nomination for the Presidency from the American party, the "National Intelligencer" for some time declined to accord him its support. Mr. Tayloe, feeling a deep interest in the election of Mr. Fillmore from both personal and public considerations, used his best efforts to persuade Messrs. Gales and Seaton, the publishers of that journal, to abandon their position of neutrality, and advised Mr. Fillmore of the fact. The following letter from Mr. Fillmore refers to this subject:

BUFFALO, September 24th, 1856.

Mr. Fillmore.

MY DEAR SIR:

I owe you a thousand thanks for your kind efforts in my behalf with the "National Intelligencer." Not having seen the paper, I was not aware until recently that it had assumed a position of neutrality, and refused to support my nomination. This, as a merely personal matter, gave me no uneasiness, but the confidence I had in the patriotism and wisdom of Messrs. Gales and Seaton induced me to suspect that I had done something wrong—committed some fault, by which I had forfeited their good opinion, and this, I confess, made me solicitous to know what it was, but I now infer from your letter that it is my Americanism. But without this there would have been no Union party at the North sufficient to save the country.

September 26th.

I was interrupted here, and I have not found a moment's time to resume my letter till now, and in the meantime I am most happy to have learned that the "Intelligencer" is *all right*. Make my sincere acknowledgments to my old friends, Gales and Seaton, and my very highest regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

The following letter was addressed by Mr. Fillmore to Mrs. Tayloe, in reply to an invitation to visit Washington, after the

election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, in November, 1856.

1856
—

BUFFALO, N. Y., December 16th, 1856.

Mr. Fillmore to
Mrs. Tayloe.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

If anything of a social nature could ever tempt me to visit Washington again, your kind invitation and the prospect of seeing yourself and husband would certainly induce me to do so. But I believe it has not been usual for persons in my situation to go there, and, at present, I am inclined to follow these salutary precedents. But I can assure you there are some people there whom I should be delighted to see, and none more than yourself. I have often thought of the sweet sunshine of your smiles making your home so cheerful and happy, and wondered if it continued the same as when I last saw you.

Do not, my dear friend, suppose for a moment that the result of the election has affected me in the least. I am in good health and good spirits, conscious that I have done my duty, and thankful that I have escaped the vexatious cares and perplexing labors of the succeeding four years. I do not envy the position of my successful rival, but I fear he will have cause to envy the quiet, contented retirement which I shall enjoy before he sees the end of his presidential term. I hope, however, that his administration may be prosperous; but while I hope, still I tremble for the country, as there are evidently breakers ahead, and a storm gathering, to avoid which will require skilful pilots and brave hearts to navigate the ship of state.

But enough of this. When may I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again? Have you ever seen Niagara in its winter drapery? If not, do come, and I will go with you and view this wonder of nature, more terrible in its winter robes than charming in its rainbow diadem.

I intend to spend the winter here, where I should be most happy to extend the hospitalities of my humble mansion to yourself and husband. But Washington has its charms, especially for one so universally beloved and admired, and I fear nothing which I could offer would tempt you out of that fascinating circle. Remember me most respectfully to your husband, and believe me truly and sincerely

Your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

1858

The Napiers.

Lord Napier came to Washington as H. B. M. Minister in the early part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, and remained there for three years. Lord and Lady Napier were especial favorites in Washington society. They were on terms of the closest intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe, who held them both in the highest esteem.

Castle Hill.

In May, 1858, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Rives invited Lord and Lady Napier and Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe to visit them at their residence, Castle Hill, in Albemarle County, Virginia. Mrs. Tayloe was prevented by her care of her aged and invalid mother from accepting the invitation, and Lord Napier was unable to leave Washington on the appointed day. Mr. Tayloe therefore escorted Lady Napier to Castle Hill, leaving Lord Napier to follow at a subsequent day. On the day of Lord Napier's arrival, Mr. Tayloe addressed his wife the following letter :

CASTLE HILL, VA., May 20, 1858.

DEAR WIFE :

Soon after eleven, with Lady Napier, Mr. Rives, and his son, I met Lord Napier at the station. When Mr. Rives asked the conductor to point out Lord N.'s baggage (by the way only two small bags), he naively asked, "Are there *two* Lord Napiers? I brought up the other day Lord Napier and his Lady." So I, unconsciously, was looked upon in the cars and at the stations, as Lord N., one of the trunks of Lady N. being so marked.

* * * * *

Mr. Rives.

I need not say they are enchanted with Lady Napier, and she says to me "she has met no one in America like Mr. Rives, and but few in Europe," combining his many high and excellent qualities. But I leave her to tell her own story to you. She says she is perfectly happy here, meeting so much culture and refinement in the family. Everything with her is *couleur de rose*, regretting when fatigue causes her to seek repose. She was made at home at once, and so felt and acted. I only wish you could have been of the party. Drives, books, music, walks, and *jeux de mots* have all been in requisition. In our views of men and things Mr. Rives and I coincide, and we tell each other anecdotes of the past that chance to be new to each other; so you see with politics, agriculture, domestic history, and even in genealogy, we have common themes. So time never hangs heavy with me.

Besides, I have other associations. Mr. Francis Rives is here with his wife, only child of Mr. George Barclay, with whom and his bride I crossed the Atlantic in 1819! Mr. William C. Rives, Jr., on his plantation beyond the depot, married the daughter of David Sears, a sister of Madame de Hauteville. I knew her parents, and her maternal and paternal grandfather, besides sundry of her family and friends. Yesterday, as we returned from a visit to her, in a wagon, Lady Napier, Mrs. Rives, Mr. Rives, and myself, on rather a steep hill we met Mr. Mason, of Boston, uncle to Mrs. Rives, Jr., just landed from the cars, with his travelling bag in his hand, on his way to visit his niece. Mr. M. was on foot. He bowed to Mr. and Mrs. Rives, but was not recognized by either of them, not being expected; but he was by me, though I had not seen him for about ten years. He was my classmate and friend.

This morning I made him a visit, and he and Mr. and Mrs. William Rives are to dine with us to-day. To-morrow, Mr. Mason goes to Washington, that he may visit Mount Vernon on Saturday, and on Sunday he is to dine with us. If you see him tell him the hour.

By Mrs. Rives's permission I send you a verbatim copy of a letter from Mr. Webster, from her interesting book of autographs, embracing valuable letters from Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Monroe, Randolph, &c., chiefly to her family and her husband:

NEW YORK, March 21st, 1844.

HON. W. C. RIVES.

MY DEAR SIR: I pray to tender you both thanks and congratulations for your excellent and admirable speech in reply to Mr. Buchanan. It was read here yesterday by everybody, and praised as universally as it was read.

It is to me quite unaccountable that Mr. B. should indulge in such sentiments as he expresses towards England. He talks as if England were *still oppressing and grinding us*, under a colonial bondage, and as a cruel stepmother, &c.; a tone, as it seems to me, quite below the dignity of a Government conscious of its own independence and its own power.

It is equally marvellous that in speaking on such subjects, and in the face of the world, he should suffer himself to fall into such enormous mistakes.

Whoever is about to impute dishonorable conduct to a government or an individual ought to be most careful, one should think, about the accuracy of his facts.

Mr. B.'s mistakes brought to my mind a humorous epitaph which some one proposed for the tombstone of Wraxall. I do not recollect it fully, but it was something to the following effect, and more and better:

Mistaking, misdating,
Misciting, miswriting,
Misspelling, mistelling,
Ill-sorting, distorting,
Confusing, abusing,
Words, speeches, letters, and facts all:
Here lie the bones of Nathaniel Wraxall.

Yours truly,
DANIEL WEBSTER.

1858

Mr. Mason.

Daniel Webster.

50	BIOGRAPHY.
<p>1859</p> <hr/> <p>Lord Napier.</p>	<p>I rejoice at the news from Estelle; her Nanny O. is a week old this morning. Her health was drank yesterday, the only toast at table, proposed by Lord Napier.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Adieu, au revoir.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">B. O. T.</p> <p>The following note from Lord Napier to Mrs. Tayloe was written on the day of Barton Key's death, February 27th, 1859:</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Sunday Evening.</p> <p>MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOE:</p> <p>My wife has just shown me your kind note, by which I learn that Mr. Tayloe had intended to give us the pleasure of his company this evening to dinner; this makes me fear that I may have asked Mr. Tayloe verbally to an abortive dinner-party to-night, and forgotten all about it. If so, I beg his pardon most sincerely. I have dined at 2 o'clock. The cook is gone away. No more dinner is to be had. Perhaps I may have invited others to meet Mr. Tayloe. I live in momentary dread that a guest will appear at the door. Indeed, I am engaged to go out in the evening, and my wife is rather unwell, and is going to bed.</p> <p>I will call on Mr. Tayloe, however, and offer him the expression of my deep regret if I have been guilty of some mistake.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Believe me, my dear Mrs. Tayloe, Yours, very truly, NAPIER.</p> <p>P.S.—We are all much shocked and affected by this dreadful incident.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">N.</p> <p>[The P. S. refers to the death of Barton Key at the hand of Sickles—wherefore, B. O. T. had sent an apology for declining to dine with Lord N.; having been invited by Lady Napier.]</p>
Lady Napier.	<p style="text-align: center;">FROM LADY NAPIER.</p> <p>MY DEAR MR. TAYLOE:</p> <p>Forgive me for not answering your kind note of Saturday sooner. The heat oppresses me and makes me indolent. I can read, however, all day with pleasure, and am delighted with Washington Irving's "Life of Pater Patriæ." It is lively and interesting to the highest degree. I am sorry</p>

you thought me serious in my apprehensions about the Baltimore Plug Uglies. I should like to see you here, but I do not want you as a defence.

How kind all your friends are to me, and how much I should like to profit by Mrs. Ingersoll's kind invitation to her lovely place near Philadelphia. I have heard much of it, and should be greatly pleased to make her acquaintance, but I am afraid I cannot afford myself that pleasure just now. I am beginning to feel the worse for the heat, and as I am engaged to spend a week with some friends near Baltimore before I embark from thence to Nahant, my husband talks of sending me there next Saturday, and I should probably leave Baltimore for Nahant about the 21st of June, and be joined on that day by the children.

Will you express to Mrs. Ingersoll my grateful thanks for her kindness in thinking of us, and believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

NINA NAPIER.

MY DEAR KIND FRIEND:

Our suspense is at an end; we *are* going, and have been appointed to the Hague. Lord Lyons (his father is just dead) succeeds us. Lord Malmesbury's letter is kind and complimentary, and he thinks we shall not dislike the change. Of course to me it has family advantages. I shall see my boys both at midsummer and Christmas holidays—the Hague being so very near our own country, and I shall not be separated this summer from my dear husband; and if we all live we shall be all together next Christmas as well as this, which we hardly hoped for. Nevertheless, you know I am grieved to leave you and a country where I have met with so much kindness.

We are requested to stay till Lord Lyons comes, which will not be for two months. So we shall hardly sail till February, the same month we came out in.

Ever yours,

NINA NAPIER.

MRS. OGLE TAYLOE.

DEAR MRS. TAYLOE:

I write to express my very earnest desire that you should come to me this evening, if you can do so without danger, or, rather, risk to your health. It will be my last party, and I do want my best friend to be with me on the occasion. I have already counted upon Mr. Tayloe.

Ever yours affectionately,

NINA NAPIER.

1859

Lord Malmesbury

Lord Lyons.

1859

H. B. M. LEGATION,
December 14th, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOE:

I am much obliged to you for your kind expressions. I have to go, but against my will. It will always be among my most agreeable recollections of America, that I have had the honor of your friendship and that of Mrs. Tayloe. My wife shares the same affectionate sentiments, which will never be extinguished.

The West.

The Mississippi will never be visited; but if the greatness of the West could be appreciated without being seen, it would be from a description such as that you have sent me, and which I return.

Believe me, with my best regards to Mrs. Tayloe,

Ever yours, very truly,

NAPIER.

Death of Key.

In the latter part of February, 1859, a tragical event occurred in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Tayloe's residence. The Hon. Philip Barton Key, a relative of Mr. Tayloe, was shot by Mr. Sickles, a member of Congress from New York, and died a few minutes afterward in the house next door to Mr. Tayloe's, on La Fayette Square. Mr. Tayloe and his wife were unremitting in their kindness to Mr. Key's sister, Mrs. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, then in Washington with her husband, a member of the House of Representatives from that State.

Mrs. Pendleton.

On her departure from Washington for Ohio, Mrs. Pendleton addressed the following note to Mr. Tayloe:

Thank you, dear cousin Ogle, for your kind note. Such sympathy is most grateful to me, and in a grief so inconsolable as mine, it gives my wearied thoughts one resting-place to find such sympathy for him whose memory I love, honor, and cherish.

Thank the writers of those letters for me, and tell them that I, who knew his heart, believe that "God who knoweth all things" saw that he was more sinned against than sinning.

My love to dear Mrs. Tayloe. I can write no more, though I am always,

Your loving cousin,

ALICE KEY PENDLETON.

March 6th, 1859.

And the following to Mrs. Tayloe :

1859

DEAR MRS. TAYLOE :

I cannot leave this evening without thanking you and cousin Ogle for all your kindness to me ; but above all, for standing by poor Barton in all this dark misery.

He was worthy of it, and either here or hereafter time will solve the mystery and vindicate his name.

Good-bye, dear Mrs. Tayloe, and when you think of me, remember that in my greatest suffering you comforted me.

Always affectionately yours,

ALICE KEY PENDLETON.

WASHINGTON, C Street, March 10th.

The Hon. Francis S. Key, author of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and father of Philip Barton Key and Mrs. Pendleton, married a sister of Governor Lloyd, of Maryland, whose mother was a daughter of the Hon. John Tayloe, the founder of Mount Airy.

Frank Key.

The following letters are selected from a very large number received by Mr. Tayloe, from his friends at home and abroad, during the later years of his life. Their letters all express those sentiments of regard which Mr. Tayloe's kindness of heart deserved and invariably educed from his friends :

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM A. DUER, OF NEW YORK,

An accomplished Scholar, a distinguished Jurist, and for half a century one of the most conspicuous ornaments of the society of that metropolis.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK,

May 11th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR :

I have duly received your favor of the 8th, and thank you for your frankness as well as your promptitude in answering me. I regret to learn that Mrs. Dickinson is affected by the state of the times, as well as everybody else ; but our financiers in Wall Street assure us that they must mend

Mrs. Dickinson.

54	BIOGRAPHY.
<div data-bbox="262 299 319 325">1859</div> <div data-bbox="223 491 357 531">Wadsworths and Porters.</div> <div data-bbox="223 834 357 854">Columbia College</div> <div data-bbox="223 1054 313 1074">The Kerrs.</div> <div data-bbox="223 1446 330 1466">The Peerage.</div>	<p data-bbox="373 299 1209 358">shortly; because, I presume, they can be no worse than they are at present.</p> <p data-bbox="373 364 1209 825">It is true I am no politician or party man; but I am not therefore willing to admit that I am wholly without political influence and connections. Some years ago, the nomination as Governor of this State was pressed upon me by the Anti-Masons in the western counties, who held the balance of power, and still retain it in effect through the Wadsworths and the Porters, who are my intimate and fast friends, political as well as private. Messrs. Webster and Spencer are both aware of the weight of my brother and brothers-in-law in the political scale, and may wish to avail themselves of it in future as they have on past occasions. Besides, there are, among the graduates of this College, many young men who have become ardent politicians, and frequently consult me as to their course at an election; and their numbers are, of course, more formidable every year. Judge Tallmadge, of our Superior Court, advises me to endeavor to be sent to Russia for the benefit of my health. He seems perfectly serious, and will write to his brother, the Senator, on the subject.</p> <p data-bbox="373 831 1209 1011">The College, according to your anticipations, has indeed been generous and liberal, and has settled an annuity on me of \$2000. It is my intention to leave the city and fix myself near my daughter Frances, whose husband, Mr. Hoyt, purchased the old Kemble place, in a beautiful and healthy part of Jersey. I trust to your candor and friendship to forgive all this egotism.</p> <p data-bbox="373 1017 1209 1105">Give my best regards to Mrs. Dickinson and Mrs. Tayloe, and to our friends, the Kerrs, when you happen to see them, and believe me, my dear sir, with great esteem,</p> <p data-bbox="780 1111 1170 1170" style="text-align: right;">Your friend and servant, W. A. DUER.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1174 606 1193">B. O. TAYLOE, Esq.</p> <p data-bbox="585 1264 1009 1319" style="text-align: center;">FROM LORD ASHBURTON, <i>Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James in 1842.</i></p> <p data-bbox="888 1348 1190 1368" style="text-align: right;">WASHINGTON, 19th July, 1842.</p> <p data-bbox="380 1372 653 1391">MY DEAR MR. TAYLOE:</p> <p data-bbox="380 1407 1209 1524">I should have much pleasure in complying with the wishes of your friend if I had any edition of the British Peerage with me; but I have not one of any description. Coming to your land of equality I thought I might leave that book of vanities behind me. Ever, my dear Mr. Tayloe,</p> <p data-bbox="942 1536 1184 1595" style="text-align: right;">Yours sincerely, ASHBURTON.</p> <p data-bbox="400 1599 633 1618">B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.</p>

ADMIRAL WORMELEY.

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FROM THE HON. WADDY THOMPSON, OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

When United States Minister to Mexico.

MEXICO, 17th August, 1842.

DEAR SIR:

I take great pleasure in introducing to your acquaintance General Almonte, who goes to the United States as Minister from this country.

General Almonte is already known to you as a gallant soldier, and one of the really republican patriots of Mexico. He has always been strongly attached to our people and institutions, and you will find him, in all respects, an amiable and accomplished gentleman.

I shall be obliged to you for any attentions you may be able to show him, which, when you come to know him, you will find he so well merits on his own account.

Yours, very truly,

WADDY THOMPSON.

OGLE TAYLOR, Esq.

Gen. Almonte.

FROM ADMIRAL WORMELEY,

Of the British Navy.

NEWPORT, R. I., June 6th, 1848.

MY DEAR OGLE:

Here I am with all my family except my son, just arrived from London. My abode will continue at this delightful place till about November, when we remove to Boston for the winter. I shall present myself at Washington in February, to witness the important events in the political world which will then occur. I am not aware that I have already informed you of my being in Paris during the Revolution of February last. I was a close and enthusiastic observer of all the doings of those three memorable days. That revolution will consummate itself despite all the obstacles opposed to it, and out of it will come the regeneration of Europe. Disregard all the cant and stuff you may hear from the mouths of English or American Tories to the contrary. 1848 and 1793 are wide apart both in their dates and moral comparisons.

* * * * *

Yours, affectionately,

R. R. WORMELEY.

Newport.

Paris in 1848.

56	BIOGRAPHY.
<div data-bbox="279 299 333 339">1859</div> <div data-bbox="239 417 299 437">Boston.</div> <div data-bbox="239 633 333 652">A mystery.</div> <div data-bbox="239 985 299 1005">Money.</div> <div data-bbox="239 1613 373 1632">General Taylor.</div>	<div data-bbox="716 309 904 329">FROM THE SAME.</div> <div data-bbox="837 358 1206 407">EUTAW HOUSE, BALTIMORE, February 9th, 1850.</div> <div data-bbox="393 407 581 427">MY DEAR OGLE :</div> <div data-bbox="393 446 1233 907"> <p>I made a false calculation in quitting dear Boston by at least a month, as we find accommodations neither suitable nor reasonable. The genius and habits of this section of the Union are against privacy, and unless one eats, drinks, and sleeps in masses, he or she must go without their wants being supplied, however simple they may be. Travelling now with ladies, I feel this most distressingly, and yet I pay more than I ever did, either in England or France. What is the solution of all this? America puzzles me in every view I take of her. I perceive great national prosperity and progress, but little individual comfort or oneness. Methinks the perturbed condition of Europe contributes greatly to the advance of the United States. Immense accessions of talent of all sorts and considerable wealth have within two years been landed on her shores. Yet but slight sympathy has been manifested by the people for the sufferings of Europe in the cause of liberty; on the contrary, American writers, both in Paris and Boston, have done their best to aid that of despotism.</p> <p>Our countrymen are either ignorant or unmindful of the events of their own immortal Revolution, and how they implored assistance (and got it too) from the powers of Europe, both in money and arms. Money, money, seems to be their sole aim and end all. I say this more in sorrow than anger, and remain</p> </div> <div data-bbox="850 1064 1206 1123">Yours, faithfully, R. R. WORMELEY.</div> <hr data-bbox="696 1162 924 1172"/> <div data-bbox="723 1211 911 1230">FROM THE SAME.</div> <div data-bbox="877 1260 1206 1279">NEWPORT, R. I., July 16th, 1850.</div> <div data-bbox="400 1279 588 1299">MY DEAR OGLE :</div> <div data-bbox="400 1319 1233 1495"> <p>It suggests itself to me that about this time Mrs. Tayloe and yourself may be thinking of coming northwards to escape the tropical heats of Washington, both physical and political. Should, therefore, Newport be your selection, let us be informed and commissioned to execute your wishes in the way of providing your apartments. Our own nutshell is so crammed that I am debarred from offering you an abode under our roof.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="494 1505 1139 1524"> <p style="text-align: center;">* * * * *</p> </div> <div data-bbox="400 1534 1233 1593"> <p>From so profound and near an observer as yourself of the proceedings and prognostics in Washington, I should be delighted to learn.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="427 1593 1233 1622"> <p>I deeply regret the demise of the late President, and highly rejoice in</p> </div>

that of his Cabinet. "There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

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General Taylor.

"A union of lakes, a union of lands,
A union of States none can sever;
A union of hearts, a union of hands—
The American Union forever!"

will be my toast whenever called upon for the issues of my heart.

Mrs. Wormeley, myself, and family, are gratefully impressed by the kindness of Mrs. Tayloe and yourself during our recent visit to Washington.

Your faithful cousin and countryman,

R. R. WORMELEY.

FROM THE HON. HENRY W. HILLIARD, OF ALABAMA,

*M. C., Minister to Belgium, a literary and accomplished gentleman of very refined manners and feeling.
(Addressed to Mrs. Tayloe.)*

MONTGOMERY, ALA, 17th February, 1852.

MY DEAR MADAM:

When you passed through Montgomery a winter or two since, you were good enough to think of me, and to inclose to me a leaf from an orange tree in my garden. As spring is beginning to be seen in our beautiful climate, I send you a peach bloom; it is from a tree which has been in bloom for a week or two.

A peach bloom.

The winter has been a severe one with us, but it is gone. It must have been still more so with you.

I am quite plunged in matters of law, and find it, at least, more profitable if not so agreeable as a residence in Washington.

We should be happy to see you here.

Be kind enough to present my best regards to Mr. Tayloe, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

H. W. HILLIARD.

MRS. OGLE TAYLOE.

FROM JUDGE DUER.

Judge Duer spent a portion of the winter of 1855 in Washington. On his return home he addressed Mr. Tayloe as follows:

MORRISTOWN, January 28th, 1855.

MY DEAR TAYLOE:

I reached home yesterday at noon in the midst of a snow-storm, but met, nevertheless, with a warm reception, and many other consolations for my disappointments at Washington.

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A captious
Senator.

Upon relating to my wife and daughters the unremitting kindness I received from you and Mrs. Tayloe during my absence, they agree with me in considering your friendly attentions as fairly to be set off against the severity of the captious Senator from South Carolina.

With my affectionate regards to your dear wife and daughter,

Believe me ever, my dear Tayloe,

Sincerely and faithfully your friend,

W. A. DUER.

P.S. Pray remember me to the Kerrs when you see them.

B. O. TAYLOE, Esq.

Baron Van der
Straten.

Brazil.

Baron Van der Straten, Belgian Minister to the United States for several years previous to the year 1845, when he was transferred to Brazil, a highly estimable and accomplished gentleman, conceived a warm friendship for Mr. Tayloe during his residence in Washington, which was as warmly reciprocated by the latter. They corresponded with each other for more than twenty years after the Baron's departure from Washington. From Brazil Baron Van der Straten was transferred to Spain—from which country and from Belgium the following letters were addressed to Mr. Tayloe:

MADRID, March 4th, 1857.

MOST DEAR FRIEND:

Spain.

General Dodge.

It is an age since I have heard from you, your last letter being in answer to the introduction I gave for you to Mr. de Cueto. Your countrymen who come to Madrid, either with an official character, as the present minister, General Dodge, or *en amateur*, as Mr. Vernon and lady from New York, know very little of the Washington of my time. General Dodge is much better acquainted with the bluffs of Iowa than with the white marble porticos of the President's Square.

Fourth of March.

What excitement, what noise in Washington this day! But you must have plenty of politics. If the inauguration awakes my American thoughts, it is to go and take my seat in your family circle, inquiring of every one and giving an account of my doings at large since my last letter.

Be not surprised if I do not inquire by name of each object of your

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affection, though they are, all of them, before my eyes. As years are passing rapidly and numerous over my head, turning my hair white, I never think of my distant friends without trembling at the eventual stroke of the rod I feel in the hand of Time. You may believe it will be most gratifying for me to be informed of all the details of friendly intimacy, of all circumstances connected with your own happiness or that of the members of your family.

Newspapers have brought us reports from Washington in which a Miss Cutts played a part. Is she the niece of my friend of the same name? I must have seen her quite a child, but I well remember she announced already the beauty now spoken to the world from West to East. I take this opportunity to discover here my hope of receiving an assurance of evergreen souvenir from Miss Cutts of my time, if you have the goodness to tell her the remembrance of an ancient friend of hers.

Miss Cutts.

You see me deeply rooted in Castille. Since last June I am in this Court with the character of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. As far as rank is concerned, I got *mon bâton de maréchal*, but, in the financial point of view, this post is in our diplomacy a captain post and not a capital one.

We have not your four year rule. Those who occupy the good berths keep them quietly. Then the royal justice or benevolence comes down to us, passing through the iron grate of the budget, with a credential a little enlarged, and a few more gold leaves to be embroidered round the collar and upon the pocket-flaps of the uniform.

As far as society and official duties are concerned I like this residence. Spain is a country most interesting. Originality is met everywhere. What she succeeded in preserving from the past centuries is still of a striking greatness. In the present she is uneasy; she is suffering from intermittent fevers as if she were opening a clearing in your Western valleys. However, the nation at large is improving. The soil gives more, the health of the population is increasing. They begin to build railroads on a satisfactory scale.

Spain.

I expect to stay here the next summer, when we are to have a meeting of the new Cortes; but for the autumn I intend to go to Belgium on permission of a few months. My mother continues in excellent health, but, at her age, I cannot let a year pass without going to fill my place around her with all her children and grandchildren, making in all, with the five sisters-in-law, the round number of twenty-three.

It is in our old family mansion of Ponthoz that our venerable mother holds, every autumn, those assizes of affections, of souvenirs from the childhood, of devotedness for the rising generation. We all come to her summons.

Ponthoz.

Among the spoils from all the countries I have explored, which spoils

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American trees.

are at Ponthoz as witnesses of my exploits, none give me more satisfaction than the trophies I carried away from your forests. It is a wonder how those oaks, maples, hickories, are thriving; one should think they are not aware of their exile. When the first frosts warn us summer is over, these Americans commemorate your Indian summer with all the splendor of the hills of the Hudson or Virginian Alleghanies. We have enough of those trees to have the whole landscape truly Americanized with them. It is a growing souvenir of my excursions from New Orleans to Quebec, from Norfolk to Jefferson City.

I do not give up the hope to see you in Belgium sooner or later. It would be for me the greatest satisfaction to show you at Ponthoz a bit of North America. I long to hear something from you and family.

Remember me kindly to them all, most dear friend, and believe in the unchangeable feelings of

AUGST. VAN DER STRATEN.

FROM THE SAME.

BRUSSELS, January 4th, 1864.

MOST DEAR FRIEND:

If I am not mistaken, the last letter I have received of you bears the date of 1860. Perhaps my letters of August and December of the same year have not reached your hands.

In these days when we exchange the expression of our feelings with our parents and friends, I must try once more to hear something of you and all the members of your family, with whom it was my happiness, when in the United States, to be acquainted.

Each of them must find a share in the remembrance I send you, in the vows of my heart, for the conclusion of the trial you are suffering. The years that have passed since your last lines to me, the events of a long and bloody war, forbid me to put here any name. I am waiting with the hope that I shall know you are all safe and in good health.

Madrid.

My diplomatic residence is still Madrid. I am now *en congé* at my mother's house, with my sister. We are surrounded by my four married brothers, who, with their wives and children, could make a regular settlement in some township of your Far West.

Last autumn, as it is our custom every year, we formed at Ponthoz an aggregation of twenty-five, old and young, below the protection of our aged mother. She is now in her seventy-seventh year, but in good health and spirits.

My eldest brother is Grand Maréchal de la Cour; another, younger

than I, is Major in the Artillery and Officer d'Ordonnance to His Majesty. As for me, I have reached the highest rank in our diplomacy, as we have now no ambassador.

To afford you the best means to judge the effect of years, I send inclosed two photographs of last April and September. The civilian dress is taken from an album of my mother, to whom it was sent from Spain. The other represents the uniform of our Belgian Garde Wallonne, in the service of Spain from 1705 to 1822. My father was a lieutenant in that regiment, illustrated at Almanza, Villaviciosa, and Bailen. I appeared with that historical uniform at a feast given to the Court of Spain last spring, with the intention to draw from the past times the records of the Spanish monarchy.

In exchange, I hope you will send me the photographs of all the members of your family. It will be a real pleasure for me to send in reciprocity, to each of those it will be my happiness to see again, a copy of the likeness of their sincere friend. I do not doubt the Belgian Legation would forward here any *affaires étrangères*, the precious collection for the direction of which I inclose the card of your friend,

AUGST. VAN DER STRATEN.

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Walloon Guard.

General John A. Dix, of New York, was the room-mate, at Exeter, of Mr. Tayloe. A warm friendship between them commenced with their youth, and continued until the death of the latter. In the year 1857 Mr. Tayloe was desirous of securing the services of the Rev. Morgan Dix, now Rector of Trinity Church, New York, as Rector of St. John's Church, Washington, and addressed his father, General Dix, on the subject. In reply, General Dix writes as follows:

Rev. Morgan
Dix.

NEW YORK, May 2d, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR:

It gave me great pleasure to see again the familiar signs of your hand. My thoughts never embrace Exeter and Washington in their range without bringing out vividly the pleasant associations of former years.

My son feels very much gratified and flattered by the kind manner in which Bishop Whittingham mentioned him to you, and also by the wish you have expressed to have him near you. He also appreciates, as they deserve, the very great advantages of the position—certainly not sur-

1859

passed, in many respects, by any other in the country. But he is engaged at this moment in a work of great importance in the lower part of this city, and he feels it would be a species of desertion to abandon this field of labor, unless he were called to one in which the poor and destitute were as much in want of his services. While, therefore, he feels most grateful to your excellent Bishop and yourself, he begs you will think of some one else for the expected vacancy, in case it should occur.

I cannot forbear to add a few words for myself. Nothing would gratify me more than to have my son in the position referred to. He is working very hard here, and has given up society entirely. In such a parish as yours he would have leisure to cultivate his taste for literature and the fine arts, beside doing his duty to the Church. But he thinks his mission is to labor in the service of the poor, and I feel that I ought not to attempt to influence his judgment, which is a conscientious one, in regard to his duty.

* * * * *

With my kind regards to your family, I am, my dear sir,

Unchangeably your friend,

JOHN A. DIX.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq.

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES, OF VIRGINIA,

Senator of the United States, and Minister to France.

CASTLE HILL, 31st May, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR:

Accept, I pray you, my thanks for your kind endeavors to procure for me the information I desired respecting Mr. Madison's correspondent, George Lee Turberville. The genealogy of the Corbin family, with which he was connected, is very satisfactorily given in the newspaper extracts you were good enough to send me. The references your brother Edward has also supplied to other sources of information will be very useful to me if I should have occasion hereafter to pursue the inquiry. My object, however, is fully answered for the present by what I have already obtained from and through you.

I return herewith your brother Edward's letter, which I have read with very lively interest in the details he has given you of the recent storm which visited the Northern Neck with such desolating fury. I observe, with great regret, that he himself has been a large sufferer by it. We had here this evening, in diminished proportions, a storm of rain and wind which has prostrated much of our wheat.

The Corbins.

We have been very much gratified to learn, from both Lady Napier and yourself, that your return to Washington was accomplished without fatigue, and that she and Lord Napier, as well as yourself, are kind enough to retain agreeable recollections of a visit, which to us was a source of un-mixed enjoyment. I trust Lady Napier's health, which is precious in the eyes of so many friends, has not suffered by the unavoidable fatigue of the birthnight ball.

Be pleased to make our best respects acceptable to Mrs. Tayloe and your family, and believe me, my dear sir,

Very truly and faithfully yours,

W. C. RIVES.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

1859

The Naplers.

In the year 1859 a trial occurred in the United States District Court, in Boston, which resulted in the conviction and sentence to death of a member of the Sumner family, who had assumed, however, the name of Plummer. Great sympathy was felt for this person, and an extraordinary effort was made by his friends to secure a commutation of his sentence from the President. With this view, Governor Andrew himself came to Washington, bearing letters of introduction from several friends of Mr. Tayloe in Boston. Mr. Tayloe, with his usual benevolence, immediately exerted himself in behalf of the prisoner, and finally succeeded in the object which enlisted the sympathies, as he was assured by Governor Andrew, of nearly the whole population of Boston. On the return of Governor Andrew to Massachusetts, he addressed to Mr. Tayloe the following letter :

Capt. Plummer.

BOSTON, July 7th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have neither time nor any gift of words with which to express the fulness of joy which this deliverance has given to the hearts of us all. There is almost *universal* satisfaction, and the greatness of the relief, the warmth with which the public sense of it is expressed, as I gather it from all I meet, proves how much more than true was every affirmation I made in Washington concerning our public sentiment.

1859

Mr. Buchanan.

The President has never done anything which it would so much rejoice him (could he hear the comments of our people) as in this instance he has done.

To yourself and Mrs. Tayloe the petitioners all owe a debt of ceaseless gratitude. Your generous and noble devotion to a stranger's cause, your most efficient and influential personal aid at every stage of the progress of the case, the wisdom of your counsels, and your cheering sympathy and cordial hospitality, have awakened emotions of gratitude and of the most profound respect in all our hearts.

I pray you to present to Mrs. Tayloe my most sincere and respectful regards, and to receive the assurance of the grateful and heartfelt emotions with which I am, my dear sir,

Your most obliged and faithful
servant and friend,

J. A. ANDREW.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

P. S. I send newspapers which will relate, more fully than even a long letter would, all that has transpired here.

I met Cooper and the sister at the depot with more pleasure than I ever received on arrival before.

J. A. A.

When Lord Lyons arrived in Washington, in 1859, as H. B. M. Minister to the United States, he brought the following letter of introduction to Mr. Tayloe, from the Hon. George M. Dallas, the American Minister at the Court of St. James :

LONDON, 9th February, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOE :

Lord Lyons.

Let me make Lord Lyons and yourself personally acquainted. As the diplomatic representative of this country his Lordship will, of course, command every attention and respect in Washington ; but independent of official prestige, his individual merits entitle him to the highest appreciation and welcome.

I am, always, faithfully yours,

G. M. DALLAS.

FROM THE LATE HON. HENRY D. GILPIN, OF PHILADELPHIA,

Attorney-General of the United States—a refined gentleman and scholar, and, while he resided at the Capital, an ornament to the society of Washington.

1860

PHILADELPHIA, 28th January, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

Will you allow me to introduce to the kind attention of Mrs. Tayloe and yourself two young English friends of ours, who intend passing a few days in Washington—Lord Frederick Cavendish, the son of the Duke of Devonshire, and Mr. Evelyn Ashley, the son of the Earl of Shaftesbury. The former is also the nephew of our much-esteemed friend, Lord Carlisle, by whom they are both introduced. We have had so much pleasure in their society, during their short stay in Philadelphia, that Mrs. Gilpin and myself are quite certain that we may commend them to the kind consideration of Mrs. Tayloe and yourself, not less for their own cultivated and excellent qualities than for their distinguished social position.

Lord Frederick
Cavendish and
Mr. Evelyn
Ashley.

With our united compliments to Mrs. Tayloe, I am,

Very truly and faithfully yours,

HENRY D. GILPIN.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq.,
Washington.

FROM HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES,

On the state of public opinion in Virginia a short time after the raid of John Brown.

CASTLE HILL, 2d January, 1860.

MY DEAR SIR:

Absence from home has prevented me from sooner acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 17th ultimo.

The language of the press and of public meetings at the North, immediately after the Harper's Ferry affair, produced an impression on the minds of the people in Virginia, with regard to the Union, which I have never before seen manifested. The same feeling is kept up, in a considerable degree, by the persevering attempt of a sectional party in Congress to elect a Speaker who had most unhappily identified himself with the odious and incendiary Helper pamphlet. The Union meetings, more recently held in some of the Northern cities, have been gratifying, as the exhibition of a sounder sentiment in a large and respectable portion of those communities; but there can be no sense of security here, or cordial restoration of good feeling, until the *ballot-box* in the North has removed from the halls of

The North.

1860

A crisis.

Slavery.

Sectionalism.

legislation those mischievous agitators whose political capital consists in the systematic denunciation of Southern institutions. If the present geographical array of parties on this sensitive question is to be kept up, the Union will be exposed to the most imminent hazard. My hopes of its preservation rest mainly, therefore, on the defeat of the Black Republican party in the approaching Presidential election. If that event cannot be averted by appeals to the sober reflection and patriotism of the people of the North (who have, at least, an equal interest with the people of the South in the preservation of the common bond), a crisis of a most serious character must soon arise. As a devoted friend of the Union, but feeling at the same time that it is quite possible to accumulate an amount of insult and aggression on the South that will put to the test the spirit of liberty derived from our fathers, I sincerely hope that after the lesson which recent events have taught, our fellow-citizens at the North will come to the conclusion that both duty and policy require of them to discountenance all agitation of the slavery question, and to leave it, henceforward, to the communities affected by it, who are alone responsible for it, and under whose exclusive cognizance it has been placed by the Constitution of the country. If they will only do this, I shall die in the hope that the glorious Union, founded by the wisdom of Washington, Madison, and their associates, will be as immortal as the fame of its founders. But there is one thing it cannot stand, and that is the perpetual agitation of a question which arouses the angry passions of organized sectional parties, and sets in hostile array one-half of the confederacy against the other.

My wife and daughter join me in offering to you and yours all the felicitations of the season from the bosom of our peaceful retirement, which, while it forbids all participation in the turmoil of the political scene, does not exclude the warmest wishes for the welfare of friends and country.

In haste, very truly and faithfully yours,

W. C. RIVES.

B. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq.

The following letter, addressed to Mr. Tayloe by Mr. John C. Hamilton, the son and biographer of Alexander Hamilton, will be read with interest:

NEW YORK, January 22d, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR:

Horace Binney.

I do not know whether you have seen Mr. Binney's recent "Inquiry into the Formation of Washington's Farewell Address." This very able

and valuable paper was written, as Mr. Binney wrote, to gratify me. While he was writing it, I obtained from Mr. Sparks copies taken by him of my father's letters to Washington relating to this matter, and also copies of certain papers of Washington.

The result is, that *all* the materials relating to this subject are now before the public, with *one* exception,—my father's copy of his original draft considerably amended, which was transmitted by him to Washington, returned, revised, and finally sent to him on the 6th September, 1796, as appears by his letter of that date.

This paper, I am well informed, is still in existence. It was shown to him and to other persons (if I am not mistaken in what was related to me by a gentleman now living in Maryland) by Colonel Washington, at his residence at Georgetown.

You cannot have forgotten an interview I had with Colonel Washington at your kind instance. I wish you, from your unfailing memory, to state the date of it, and what passed on that occasion, in order to learn how far your recollection agrees with mine—which is, that I asked for my father's draft of the Farewell Address, and that Colonel Washington declined giving it, though in a courteous manner.

I do not propose to ask the family of Washington for this paper, but I am desirous to be safe in stating, by your confirmation to me, what actually passed. It is, indeed, not improbable, from the large abbreviation made to Washington by Mr. Binney in the formation of this paper, that his family may yet publish it.

With kindest regards, &c.,

JOHN C. HAMILTON.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Washington.

1860

Colonel Washington.

The Farewell Address.

Mr. Jonathan Mason, of Boston, a son of the distinguished Senator of that name from Massachusetts, during the administration of Mr. Madison, was a classmate and life-long friend of Mr. Tayloe.

BOSTON, March 8th, 1860.

MY DEAR OGLE:

It is a long time since I heard *from* you. *Of* you, I was informed by our friend Loring, who I only saw for a moment last summer, he not living in the city, when here. The last letter I received from you I received some three months after it was written, having been notified that a letter was lying in the post-office at Washington to my address, by the Wash-

Jonathan Mason.

1860

Mrs. Tayloe.

ington postmaster. I presume the stamp came off in being carried to the post-office. Upon receiving it I was just leaving for New York, and had to procrastinate in answering it.

How does Mrs. Tayloe do? I hear a great many encomiums upon her whenever I meet with her New York and Washington friends, which is not seldom in the summer, when I am travelling.

Does time whiten *your* locks? I declare, I forget whether you wear a scratch or not. Everybody dyes here excepting myself, and my hair is becoming fleecy white. On the 12th I enter my sixty-sixth year.

A gentleman of Bremen, to whom I was specially civil in 1818, in Boston, and whom I have not seen since, hearing I was still living, sent me his photograph and requested mine in exchange, and having a duplicate, I send it to you, requesting yours in exchange, and I should like to have your wife's too.

Mr. Harris.

In 1852, when living on Lake Lemane, in the Château de Latour, I became acquainted with a Mr. Thomas Harris, who had just married a daughter of Commodore Porter. He was a graduate of West Point, and had been with General Taylor in the Mexican campaign. Can you tell me his whereabouts, or ascertain for me if he is living, and how his wife is, or anything about them? I forgot to inquire about them when in Washington.

Dr. Sparks.

Our class are most all becoming white-headed. Sparks begins to look quite aged; he was old in college.

Do write me a line, but see that I get it before next summer, and tell me about your wife, yourself, and who you think will be our next President, although I surmise that no mortal can now tell or even prophesy.

John Brown.

I am very lukewarm, having my faith very much shaken since the Jack Cade rebellion and idolization of the assassin John Brown and his crew. What our descendants are going to be called upon to witness, I dare not dwell upon; it makes me sad.

My dear friend, give my warmest regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Warren, and believe me, very truly,

Your old friend and classmate,

JON. MASON.

Election of 1860.

Mr. Tayloe was deeply interested in the result of the Presidential election of 1860. To the candidates of the Union party, Bell and Everett, he gave his warmest support. As old and prominent members of the Whig party, and as personal friends

and frequent guests under his hospitable roof, he had held them in high esteem for a quarter of a century. He was the President of the Bell and Everett Club of the city of Washington, and actively engaged in promoting the object of its establishment. After the October elections in that year, with a feeling of apprehension of the possible results of Mr. Lincoln's election, he addressed the following letter to Vice-President Breckenridge, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency:

1860

Mr. Brecken-
ridge.

WASHINGTON, October, 1860.

DEAR SIR:

I throw myself upon your goodness to pardon the liberty I take in thus addressing you. I am urged to it by some of your personal friends in this city, who, like myself, entertain a profound respect for your character, your abilities, and your patriotism.

We believe the time has come when you can, perhaps, essentially serve our common country without making the sacrifice of a Curtius. On the contrary, by the present abnegation of yourself—if it would be one—by the withdrawal of your name from the list of candidates for the Presidency in order to save the country from dismemberment, you would establish a claim upon Union-loving men for their lasting gratitude, and for all the honors they could hereafter bestow upon you.

In the late speech of Judge Douglas, at Chicago, he is reported to have said, "his name should not stand in the way of the election of some other opponent to Mr. Lincoln." We ask more of you, sir; that you resign, without delay, being a candidate at all. This we are impelled to recommend on our disappointment in the late election in Pennsylvania, and the exhibition of your want of the strength expected.

Mr. Douglas.

We have come to the conclusion that except by "fusion" you stand no chance of an electoral vote north of Mason and Dixon's line. Without one, your election is impossible. Judge Douglas occupies nearly the same ground as yourself. It is otherwise with Mr. Bell. Were he to have the vote of all the Southern States, with the exception of South Carolina, as claimed for him, on the withdrawal of your name, it is not unlikely Mr. Bell might unite in his support sufficient votes in the so-called Free States, with those of the Southern States, to elect him. The union of "the opposition" on him we now consider the only means of defeating Mr. Lincoln. The result is likely to depend upon yourself.

John Bell.

Taking this view of the case—the certain election of Mr. Lincoln by the

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—

The Union.

Mr. Lincoln.

electoral colleges unless the popular vote against him be consolidated in favor of one candidate, and that by the division in the Democratic ranks it can be united on *no other* than Mr. Bell—we are desirous of having the Union and Sectional questions fairly tried before the people; the one party representing the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws, the other, the Sectional party of the non-slaveholding States, the violation of the Constitution and the evasion of the laws.

The subject is presented for your prompt decision, sir, in the hope you may be the means of saving the country.

When we take into the account the one object of those opposed to Sectionalism and Abolitionism—to anarchy and *internecine* strife—not for a party, but as a Union and border Southern man, in behalf of others situated like myself, I implore you, sir, to take the step required for the public good. Resign the position you occupy as a Presidential candidate. With only Southern votes, and the few to be obtained by “fusion,” you cannot be elected. You *alone* of the candidates can secure the defeat of Mr. Lincoln by your withdrawal from the canvass.

Pennsylvania is allied with Ohio and New England for the anti-slavery candidate, Abolitionism being the basis of Mr. Lincoln’s party. But the majority of the country is opposed to that party, and only requires to be united. This would insure Mr. Lincoln’s defeat.

Party divisions have hitherto prevented a union of those opposed to him. But it may not be too late to unite in opposition now. That end, it is hoped, will be accomplished, sir, by you. Unless the opposition be united against him, Mr. Lincoln will be elected.

Your obedient servant,

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE.

This letter shared the fate of others addressed to Mr. Breckenridge on the same subject by his political friends and others, and to personal friends of Mr. Breckenridge. All such letters were unnoticed.

When the election of Mr. Lincoln was decided, Mr. Tayloe, in a letter to a friend in Springfield, Illinois, thus expressed his views of the most advisable policy for his approaching administration:

WASHINGTON, November 7th, 1860.

Mr. Lincoln, as we learn, is elected President. I trust he is not only conservative, intending to look to the interests of the *whole* country, as

bound to do under his official oath on being inaugurated, but, to allay the feverish state of the Cotton States, that he will *lose no time* to make some *public declaration* of such intention. Otherwise, from my own advices, I do not know what may not ensue in the madness of the hour.

Put these remarks in the way of reaching Mr. Lincoln *at once*.

And again, on the day following, he wrote to the same gentleman :

Yesterday I sent a message for the President-elect, which I concluded was conveyed to him. Please let him have this other message from me *as soon as possible*,—that the Union conservative men of this country, and of this city in particular, are looking to him for a *prompt* and *public declaration* that he means to administer the Government on conservative principles, in support of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws; sustaining the Fugitive Slave Law, and protecting the rights of the Slaveholding States.

If we can only stop the disunion movement *now*, all, I trust, will be well. Many in South Carolina *want an excuse for secession*, and I cannot but hope Mr. Lincoln will not allow them to have one.

I shall hope he will administer the Government on the principles of Fillmore, and with as much success for the whole country.

Some of the Cotton States are arming against what they term an “apprehended conflict,” extravagant as the idea appears. I wish Mr. Lincoln to understand *this*, and what patriotic, Union-loving, law-abiding, true Americans and Whigs expect from him, represented by his friends to be a “friend of his country, rising above party.” A large portion of his party assert they entertain opinions on *these* points like myself, and that on *these* principles Mr. Lincoln will administer the Government. But to preserve the Union as it is, and not lose one state of the confederacy, it seems necessary the Cotton States shall have the *assurance* I ask from Mr. Lincoln, and that *at once, in a reliable shape*.

You know I am a cotton planter as well as a citizen of the national metropolis, and therefore, besides other sufficient causes, I have a deep interest as well as feeling in the preservation of the Union. On these grounds, and knowing his sentiments, I warmly advocated the election of Mr. Bell.

I rely upon you to have these views laid before Mr. Lincoln without loss of time, though coming from one of whom he never before heard. Assure him I am no office-seeker, and have no “axes to grind,” no injuries to resent, but am actuated solely by love of country, and my interests involved in it as one great indivisible nation.

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Cotton States.

South Carolina.

No office-seeker.

1861

Peace Conven-
tion.

In a note appended to the above letter, Mr. Tayloe writes: "Mr. Lincoln read this letter twice attentively, and then remarked, 'I am not yet elected President, and shall not be until I receive the vote of the electors.'"

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES,

When about to attend the so-called Peace Convention, held in Washington, in February, 1861.

CASTLE HILL, 1st February, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:

In consequence of absence from home, I have but just now received your kind letter of the 27th ultimo. I need not say, I am sure, how much pleasure it would give me to be under your elegant and hospitable roof, sustained by the sympathies and encouragement of Mrs. Tayloe and yourself, while engaged in the discharge of my public duties at Washington. But the nature of these duties will require me to be in frequent communication with my colleagues and others, and expose me to irregular calls at all hours, that would be entirely inconsistent with the order and quiet of a private house. I shall therefore, greatly to my regret, be compelled to forego the gratification of every kind held out to me by your most obliging invitation, and to instal myself in some hotel or boarding-house during the sitting of the Convention.

I reserve until my arrival the discussion of the interesting topics embraced by your letter, and praying you to present our cordial greetings to Mrs. Tayloe, I remain, in great haste, in the hope of an early meeting,

Very truly and faithfully your friend,

W. C. RIVES.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

FROM FRANCIS P. CORBIN, OF PARIS,

A son of Francis Corbin, of the Reeds, in Virginia. A relative and warm personal friend of Mr. Tayloe.

PHILADELPHIA, February 4th, 1861.

MY DEAR TAYLOE:

I learn from a common friend that you are actively at work, along with other "good men and true" in the Federal Capital, in trying to reunite the *disjecta membra* of our once muscular young Hercules. God speed your efforts, say I, *ab imo pectore*. But, alas! my "fears strike deep" in the Black Republicans and the leaders and keepers of the Illinois

lion. While I vehemently desire the preservation of the Union, I deprecate any, the least concession to them, or the surrender of the "ninth part of a hair" in the way of bargain. It is they who have broken up the Union, and not the seceders, and it is for them to restore it by a broad unconditional acceptance of the Southern ultimatum. But, as it would cost them their political lives to do so, I dare say they will cling to the last plank of their platform. What think you upon this palpitating problem?

I hope to be able to leave this city for the South in a few days, taking Washington in my way, and tarrying a week there. My son (who left Trinity College, Cambridge, last year) is with me, and anxious to make the acquaintance of your family.

* * * * *

As I do not set out till Thursday afternoon, pray furnish me with a brief *résumé* of your views and ratiocinations upon the *question palpitante* which is keeping the national nerves in such a painful flutter. Meantime, with my regards to Mrs. Tayloe, I remain, dear Tayloe,

Very faithfully yours,

FRANCIS P. CORBIN.

The Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, for twenty-three years a Whig member of Congress from Ohio, and highly esteemed throughout the Union for his old-fashioned wisdom and uprightness, addressed the following letter to Mr. Tayloe, from Cincinnati, in the spring of 1861, inclosing another to President Lincoln. The letter to the President brought about the appointment of General McClellan to the command of the Army of West Virginia.

CINCINNATI, April 21st, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:

At the request of some of the leading citizens of this city, I have written a short line to the President on the subject of assigning an officer to the military command of this place.

Fearing that if directed to the President, it might not reach him, I take the liberty of inclosing the letter to you, and will thank you to deliver it to him.

Mr. Larz Anderson, of this city, a brother of Major Anderson, writes to

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The Union.

Mr. Vinton.

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<p>1861 —</p> <p>The Old Patroon.</p> <p>Governor King.</p>	<p>General Scott by this mail on the same subject. I told him it would be safe to forward the letter to the General to your care.</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Very truly yours, S. F. VINTON.</p> <p>BENJ. OGLE TAYLOR, Esq., Washington City.</p> <p>The letters of Mr. Vinton and Mr. Anderson to President Lincoln, and another to Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, were addressed to Mr. Tayloe, because many letters at that time addressed to the President and other officers of the Government in Washington had failed to reach them.</p> <hr/> <p>The two following letters were addressed to Mr. Tayloe, when absent from Washington, by his friend, Colonel Henry Van Rensselaer, of the staff of General Scott. Colonel Van Rensselaer was a son of the "old Patroon," of the manor of Rensselaerwyck, and represented the St. Lawrence district of New York in Congress, in 1841 and 1842,—being the only Whig member ever elected from that district.</p> <p>Colonel Van Rensselaer was a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and after graduating, entered the army as a lieutenant of infantry. After a short term of service, he resigned his commission to take charge of a great estate of his father's, of 350,000 acres, in St. Lawrence County, New York, and which, on the death of his father, in 1839, became his own property. He married a daughter of the Hon. John A. King, of Long Island, Secretary of Legation to his father, Rufus King, when American Minister to the Court of St. James, and afterwards Governor of New York.</p> <p>When the civil war broke out, in 1861, Colonel Van Rensselaer re-entered the army, and after serving several years as In-</p>

spector-General, died at Cincinnati, in 1864. He was a most estimable gentleman in all the relations of life, and a worthy son of a most worthy sire. He had been on terms of intimacy with Mr. Tayloe from the year 1841, when he entered Congress, and during the late war was frequently his guest while visiting Washington in the line of his duty.

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, 20th August, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:

I acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, and was gratified by your remembrance of me. I presume, as a matter of course, you would prefer *the* General's opinion about the health of General Anderson to mine. I therefore give you his (in confidence), though it is somewhat harsh. The General thinks he is *sick in mind* as well as in *body*! The General has great affection for Anderson, yet he often comments on the foibles of his friends. General A. repeated many times that five army surgeons and four doctors had advised him to remain at the Springs for several weeks yet. The General remarked to me that he thought Anderson, if he intended to go upon duty, had better stop talking about his health.

Gen. Anderson.

You will be astonished when I tell you that last week was the *bluest* I have seen here. There was a panic among those in high places, which created a good deal of alarm. You know that the General is *never* seized with a panic, but many of our highest officers believed that Washington was in "imminent danger." And there was some cause for it; if the reports we received from various sources were reliable, the number of the enemy was given (the highest estimate) at 250,000, the lowest at 60,000; but some of our most reliable officers, calm, cool, and deliberate men, believed the force of the enemy was over 150,000, and certainly there were strong indications of a forward movement from Manassas. An intercepted letter from *Jeff* himself to a person in Baltimore fixed the day when the attack was to be made—to-day, *the 20th*, is the day—but the performance will not come off according to the programme!

Jefferson Davis.

Providence is on our side at this time, for the very copious rains of the last week have caused a heavy swell in the river, so that the fords of the Potomac are not available.

General McClellan is making Washington a fortified city; he is constructing a chain of works from the Chain Bridge around to the Eastern Branch.

Gen. McClellan.

The enemy are making demonstrations to cross below the city; over five

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hundred flats have been discovered at Aquia Creek, but McClellan is infusing some of his activity into the Navy Department, which certainly stands much in need of it. McC. is really now the active General-in-chief, and I might almost say *acting*.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and believe me,

Yours, very truly,

H. VAN RENSSELAER.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, 27th August, 1861.

MY DEAR SIR:

The aspect of affairs at the Capital has changed in a marked manner since I last wrote to you.

There is now a feeling of perfect security here; the numbers have been very much augmented during the last week. Our troops now are in a better state of discipline than before the late disaster.

Arrest of ladies.

A great excitement and consternation has been produced here among the *Secesh* ladies by the arrest of Mrs. Phillips, Greenhow, &c.

I heard yesterday that you had determined to go abroad; perhaps this is a wise plan. If the rumor is true, I almost envy you; but I am in for the war, and no one can tell when it will end.

If you determine to visit "foreign parts," you must command my services in any way that I can be useful.

I hope Mrs. Tayloe is well. I am glad she was not here last week, when the excitement was at its height.

With kind regards,

I am yours, truly,

H. VAN RENSSELAER.

FROM LADY GEORGINE FANE,

An amiable, intelligent, and very opulent lady; daughter of the late Earl of Westmoreland, who was Lord Privy Seal during the regency of George the Fourth.

Lady Georgine Fane.

Lady Georgine Fane presents her compliments to Mr. Ogle Tayloe, and incloses to him a note kindly given to her by Mr. Sparks, though, as he will see by the date of it, her visit to Washington is very much later than she intended it to have been. A severe illness and other reasons detained her at New York, and she only arrived at Washington on Saturday evening.

The disturbed state of the country was one cause of Lady F.'s remaining at New York.

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>WASHINGTON HUNT.</i></p>	<p style="text-align: center;">77</p>
<p>She is now lodged at Willards, and, upon the whole, comfortable, though the hotel is very much crowded.</p> <p>WILLARDS HOTEL, June 25, 1861.</p>	<p>1861</p>
<p>In October, 1861, Mr. Tayloe addressed his highly esteemed friend, Washington Hunt, ex-Governor of New York, on the all-absorbing subject of the civil war. From Governor Hunt he received the following reply:</p>	<p>Governor Hunt.</p>
<p style="text-align: right;">LOCKPORT, November 9th, 1861.</p> <p>MY DEAR SIR:</p>	
<p>I have reflected earnestly on the grave and momentous topics presented in your letter of the 17th ultimo. Indeed, I may assure you that from the beginning this unnatural war has been to me a source of intense agony and grief. It saddens my days, and disturbs my slumbers at night. Would to heaven I were able to interpose and stop the flow of kindred blood, and restore peace and union to our afflicted country.</p>	<p>Grief.</p>
<p>But, alas! I have no power to control or modify events. What can I do to terminate or shorten the unnatural conflict? On a practical view of the subject, it seems to me I can accomplish nothing at the present juncture of affairs. The men who have the power and the responsibility, both North and South, would not listen to any counsels of mine. Both sides are terribly in earnest, and would not accept any plan of pacification in the present state of the case. It pains me profoundly to come to this conclusion, but we must look the stern reality in the face.</p>	<p>In earnest.</p>
<p>No matter what you or I may say or do, the war must go on till the North shall have gained one or two decisive victories. When this advantage shall have been gained, if our Government will but rise to the level of the occasion, reject all violent counsels, and exhibit a spirit of moderation, magnanimity, and kindness, I believe a parley may be had which will lead to a reconciliation and reconstruction, on terms which will save the honor of both sections. It is idle to imagine that either will ever consent to humiliating and unconditional submission.</p>	
<p>Until the war actually commenced, I hoped and prayed it might be averted. After the sword had been drawn on both sides, I felt bound to conform to the fact, and my sense of loyalty constrained me to declare myself in favor of sustaining our Government in all constitutional efforts to maintain its authority and preserve its integrity, for the only alternative</p>	<p>Loyalty.</p>

1862

was a state of anarchy and confusion fatal to all our hopes of future stability and order.

I will confess to you that I was influenced in some degree by a desire to place myself in a position which would entitle me, at the first fit opportunity, to speak in behalf of conciliation and the interests of peace and humanity. But the right time has not yet come. The drama must advance yet further, but I trust its duration may be brief. Any effort on my part to procure a cessation of arms, at the present moment, would be utterly unavailing.

* * * * *

Peace.

I shall watch eagerly for the first auspicious opening of the way to reconciliation.

My sentiments are the same as yours. My heart bleeds over the woes of my country, and I would cheerfully lay down my life to avert the pending horrors, and restore the Union as it was before the fiend of sectional discord possessed the hearts of our people.

I continue to trust in the goodness of Providence, and cherish the hope that our country may yet be rescued from ruin.

* * * * *

We all unite in kindest regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and I remain,

Yours, faithfully,

WASHINGTON HUNT.

BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

Anthony Trollope.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the celebrated English novelist, spent several weeks in Washington, in the winter of 1862. He brought letters to Mr. Tayloe from mutual friends, and was received by him with the cordiality which characterized his life. Mr. Trollope, very soon after his arrival in Washington, became a frequent guest at Mr. Tayloe's house, and by his agreeable manners and anecdotes of English society, contributed not a little to enliven the dreary hours of that muddy and memorable winter. On his way to New York, to embark for England, Mr. Trollope addressed the following note to Mrs. Tayloe:

PHILADELPHIA, February 25th, 1862.

1865

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOE:

I now keep the promise which I was vain enough to make when I ventured to ask you to accept my photograph. I still think myself somewhat wronged in not having either yours or Mr. Tayloe's. I spent more hours in your house than in any other in Washington, and certainly felt myself more at home there. I should be unhappy if I did not think that we should meet again, either on your side of the water or on ours.

These bad days will pass by, and I hope then that the nations will be as good friends as ever they were. I still believe that it will be so, in spite of the military ardor of your neighbor, and many others like him.

Gov. Seward.

Pray believe me, with best regards to Mr. Tayloe,

Most faithfully yours,

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

Governor Seward, while Secretary of State, occupied the house adjacent to that of Mr. Tayloe, on La Fayette Square. On the eventful night of Good Friday, 1865, when Governor Seward narrowly escaped death at the hand of Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe were the first persons who entered his house, immediately after the assault. They remained with him all night, administering whatever consolation and relief was possible to the suffering members of the household.

The following note, from Miss Fanny Seward to Mrs. Tayloe, has reference to this sad event:

MY DEAR MRS. TAYLOE:

How kind you have been to us! When I carried your beautiful bouquet to my sick mother, on Sunday, I resolved as soon as I could to write you a few words of thanks, for I remembered your coming to us that fearful night, and all your kindness then and since, and had your note laid by with memories of your sympathy, to be prized in happier days. Mother admired the flowers very much, and wished me to thank you for her. She is much better now. We all feel greatly encouraged about my brother's condition. He improves daily, and although his condition is still critical, we have much reason for hope.

Fanny Seward.

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<div data-bbox="260 307 317 335" data-label="Text">1866</div> <hr data-bbox="260 348 317 356"/> <div data-bbox="223 819 303 838" data-label="Text">Donation.</div> <div data-bbox="223 1346 360 1409" data-label="Text">General Henry Lee and Colonel John Tayloe.</div>	<div data-bbox="373 307 1208 368" data-label="Text"> <p>My father is more comfortable to-day than yesterday. My mother sends her kind regards.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="821 366 1056 392" data-label="Text"> <p>Affectionately yours,</p> </div> <div data-bbox="395 403 732 429" data-label="Text"> <p>MADISON PLACE, 18th May, 1865.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="994 401 1182 425" data-label="Text"> <p>FANNY SEWARD.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="373 505 1212 711" data-label="Text"> <p>Just before his departure for Europe, in 1866, Mr. Tayloe received from the late General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia, the following reply to a letter from himself, inclosing a sum of money for the benefit of any persons in Lexington who might need pecuniary assistance:</p> </div> <div data-bbox="841 719 1188 744" data-label="Text"> <p>LEXINGTON, VA, 14th April, 1866.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="373 742 545 768" data-label="Text"> <p>MY DEAR SIR:</p> </div> <div data-bbox="373 778 1212 1334" data-label="Text"> <p>I am very much obliged to you for your kind letter of the 9th instant, and for your generous donation to "suffering Virginians." There are no very poor people in this community; I mean such as suffer for the necessities of life. All, as far as I am aware, are provided with shelter and frugal fare. After due consideration, I therefore determined to divide your offering between two of the best students at college, who were about to be forced to relinquish their studies for the remainder of the session for want of the necessary funds to procure subsistence. One entered the company formed by the students of Washington College, as a private, at the commencement of hostilities (both were students at the time), and by merit and the casualties of battle, rose to be its captain. The other entered the Rockbridge Artillery as a private, became its first sergeant, and, I was told by the commanding officer, was the soul of the company. At the expiration of hostilities they returned to the College to try and complete their education, and through the aid of friends have continued thus far, when your donation arrived, which now makes them easy till the end of the session. I hope you will agree with me in thinking that it has been well applied.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="373 1338 1212 1428" data-label="Text"> <p>I am glad to recall the friendship of our fathers, and their resistance in their day to political fanaticism. There is surely no hereditary cause of separation between us.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="373 1430 1212 1522" data-label="Text"> <p>Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. Tayloe, and say how much I regret not being able to visit her when I was in Washington. I hope some day to be more fortunate.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="401 1524 1155 1554" data-label="Text"> <p>Wishing you and yours every happiness, I am, with great respect,</p> </div> <div data-bbox="849 1562 1114 1589" data-label="Text"> <p>Your obedient servant,</p> </div> <div data-bbox="399 1599 672 1626" data-label="Text"> <p>BENJ. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.</p> </div> <div data-bbox="1055 1597 1188 1624" data-label="Text"> <p>R. E. LEE.</p> </div>

Mr. Tayloe and Jared Sparks were boys together at Exeter, and classmates at Cambridge. Their friendship, which commenced in 1809, continued without interruption until the death of Dr. Sparks, in 1866.

1866

Jared Sparks.

In the year 1842, several of the alumni of Harvard University formed the design of erecting a monument, at Mount Auburn, to the memory of President Kirkland. A circular letter was addressed, in September of that year, to Mr. Tayloe by Dr. Sparks, one of the committee in charge of the work. To this letter Mr. Tayloe responded by transmitting his subscription, and received from Dr. Sparks the following reply:

CAMBRIDGE, January 14th, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR:

I received your letter containing a check for five dollars for Dr. Kirkland's monument, and am much obliged to you for this contribution. The monument will be put up in the spring.

Dr. Kirkland.

I inclose herewith two copies of the Triennial Catalogue. You will see that many of our class have departed. We have lost sight of Whitwell. Some believe he is dead, others say he is living; yet no one can tell where he is. I was told last year that he had lately been in Paris, but I could not find him. It was odd enough that you and Hodges should not recognize each other. I communicated your message to Parsons. Francis is now Professor in the Theological School.

Classmates.

I am sorry that I have no autographs which I think would be interesting to Mrs. Tayloe; the ravenous collectors have drawn away everything from me.

Mrs. Sparks joins me in kindest remembrances and regards to Mrs. Tayloe.

Most truly, your friend,

B. O. TAYLOE, Esq.

JARED SPARKS.

FROM THE SAME.

CAMBRIDGE, November 12th, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A few weeks ago I took the liberty to give a letter of introduction for you to Lord and Lady Radstock. They brought letters to us from our friends in England. They are young people, lately married, and have

The Radstocks.

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<p>1866 —</p> <p>In Europe.</p> <p>College-bell.</p> <p>Death of Dr. Sparks.</p> <p>Old friends.</p>	<p>come over to make a tour in the United States and Canada, and I presume they will be in Washington soon after the meeting of Congress. We found them intelligent and agreeable, and I think you will be pleased with making their acquaintance. Lord Radstock is connected with the Waldegrave family.</p> <p>We have lately returned from Europe, that is, myself, wife, and four children. We were absent fourteen months, passing most of the time travelling in various countries. We had a very successful tour, but are none the less glad to enjoy again the tranquillity and comforts of home.</p> <p>Hodges was charmed with his visit to you. When do you intend to make another pilgrimage to your alma mater? Five classmates now reside here,—Palfrey, Parsons, Hodges, Francis, Sparks. We should be most happy to greet you under the sound of the college-bell—the old college-bell which used to rouse us from our nightly slumbers, and remind us that the ominous hour of recitation was at hand. Come as soon as you can, and receive the cordial welcome of</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Yours, most truly, JARED SPARKS.</p> <p>B. O. TAYLOR, Esq.</p> <hr/> <p>Soon after the death of Dr. Sparks, in 1866, Mr. Tayloe received the following letter from Mrs. Sparks, in reply to a letter of condolence from him:</p> <p style="text-align: right;">CAMBRIDGE, 27th March, 1866.</p> <p>MY DEAR SIR:</p> <p>As from a peculiarly valued and most highly esteemed friend of Mr. Sparks's early manhood, I prize your letter, thus distinctly characterizing a loved and honored classmate associated with yourself in a friendship so unvaried.</p> <p>Could you know how much he has wished for you since you met, especially at the class-meetings, where you were missed, you would also know how tenderly he would appreciate the tribute, so precious to myself, from your genial affection to him.</p> <p>We have been surrounded with the kindness of your former associates night and day. Mr. Palfrey, Mr. Folsom, and Mr. Parsons watched with me at his side, and he quaintly enjoyed their presence with his usual side-strokes of pleasantry. He was tranquil and smiling, or calm, caressing, and affectionate—"happy" to the last.</p>

One of the last aphorisms, addressed to his children, you will like to preserve: "*Strive to do good, and you will bring it to pass.*"

Again permit me to assure you that the true-hearted depth of feeling in your letter has been very grateful, and very pleasantly adapted to those feelings of his family which cherish the love he won as their best treasure. And commending to his friends the children of his affection, I remain, with kindly remembrance of Mrs. Tayloe, always, my dear sir,

Very respectfully,

MARY C. SPARKS.

B. OGLE TAYLOE, Esq.

1866

Mrs. Sparks is the daughter of the late Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee, of Salem, for many years a Senator of the United States, from Massachusetts, and highly esteemed in his day as a financier of great ability.

Mrs. Sparks.

From his friend and classmate, the Hon. John G. Palfrey, of Massachusetts, Mr. Tayloe received the following letter on the death of Dr. Sparks:

CAMBRIDGE, March 18th, 1866.

MY DEAR TAYLOE:

It was very gratifying to me to get your note last night, and to be assured of—what I should have known without it—your sympathy with the sorrow which is profoundly felt here.

[After describing his illness and last days in detail, Mr. Palfrey thus alludes to the death of Dr. Sparks:]

It was a *euthanasia*. He had reached the age of seventy-seven years, in uncommon vigor, in singular prosperity, and the object of universal affection. Parsons says of him, and I echo it, that he never heard human tongue utter a word against him, and that he did not know another eminent person of whom this could be said.

His conjugal connection made him very happy. His wife's devotion to him was unsurpassable. He leaves four children, a son in college (a very promising, bright and exemplary youth) and three daughters. The eldest daughter has been introduced into company this winter. She and her next sister are very charming girls.

Family.

1866

Last scene.

Mrs. Warren.

You have not placed the time of your first acquaintance with him quite far enough back. He came to Exeter the same day that I did, in September, 1809, nearly fifty-seven years ago. He was born in Willington, Connecticut, in 1789. His parentage was humble. A taste for study was, as it were, born in him. He has told me that it was a great treat to him, when in that time of book-famine, he got hold of Gulliver's Travels and an odd volume of the Spectator. By-and-by he did better as to books, through the kindness of his minister; then he made himself something of a mathematician and astronomer, constructing rude instruments for observation which he has shown me; then, *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum*, he turned up at Exeter. Since then, you know the outline of his history.

You may guess I feel a little lost. He had long been nearer to me than any one out of my own house. For nearly fifty-seven years we have lived (whether here or there) within scarcely more than a stone's throw of each other, except during three or four years that he passed in Baltimore, and then we had a constant communication of visits and letters. Before he had a house of his own, mine belonged to him as much as to me. The first scene was when we met at Exeter to con the Latin Grammar; the last was when the key of his closed coffin was handed to me, and I threw the first shovelful of earth into his grave.

Good-bye, my dear friend. Make my kind regards acceptable to Mrs. Tayloe.

Yours, truly,

JOHN G. PALFREY.

Mr. Tayloe, soon after the close of the prosperous and patriotic administration of Mr. Fillmore, contemplated an extended tour through Europe, with Mrs. Tayloe, for the benefit of his health, the revival of old reminiscences, and the gratification of his tastes. This tour he was compelled to postpone, at first through the protracted illness of Mrs. Warren, the venerable mother of Mrs. Tayloe, and, after her death, in 1860, by the distant thunder in the political horizon, portentous of the great crash which burst over the land in the following year in the form of civil war and its attendant horrors.

The war being ended, and the Union nominally restored, he embarked with Mrs. Tayloe and his son, Edward T. Tayloe, of

Alabama, for England, on the Scotia, May 16th, 1866. He had the pleasure of witnessing the Derby of that year, soon after his arrival in England, and subsequently spent several weeks at Leamington, a noted watering-place in Warwickshire, one of the most picturesque counties of that beautiful land. In the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Tayloe were in Paris, and in the winter made a tour through Spain. Christmas they spent in Barcelona, under the roof of Mr. James Baker, the British Consul at that port, who had married a sister of Mr. Tayloe when an *attaché* of the British Legation in Washington, during the administration of Mr. Monroe. They visited Madrid and other interesting points in this unique and ancient kingdom, and returning to France tarried awhile at Bayonne, Biarritz, and Pau. Thence they returned to Paris, and subsequently made a tour through Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, and descended into Italy, in the month of December, 1867. Everywhere during their travels they received gratifying evidences of regard and esteem from persons of all nations with whom they were thrown from time to time; Mr. Tayloe's genial manners attracting universally the favorable regards of refined and intelligent Europeans, who were delighted to meet with an American gentleman so well informed on all European topics of conversation. The letters of Mr. Tayloe, written during this tour, and printed at the close of this volume, contain many interesting sketches of Continental life and manners, united with valuable historical information.

A few weeks after their arrival in Rome, in January, 1868, Mr. Tayloe's strength visibly diminished, but he was never seriously ill. His spirits were buoyant and his conversation as attractive as ever. On the 25th of February he was seized with paralysis, and lived but a few hours. His son had already returned to America, and his wife alone remained to console his

1867

Leamington.

Spain.

Rome.

1868

Death.

last days on earth. Calmly, peacefully, and with the resignation and hope of a Christian, he departed this life on the 25th of February, 1868, at the age of seventy-one years.

St. John's
Church.

Mr. Tayloe was for many years a prominent and efficient member of the vestry of St. John's Church in Washington, of which his father was one of the founders, and to which he presented the communion service, originally the property of Lunenburg Church in Richmond County, Virginia, when sold by a decree of the Circuit Court of that State, in 1813. Lunenburg Church was erected in 1737, and was the parish church of the Tayloes until its abandonment, in 1802, through the sequestration of its glebe by the legislature of Virginia.

The clergy.

In Washington, as in Virginia, the clergy always received a cordial welcome to his hospitality. With no house in the District of Columbia have the Episcopal clergy of the Diocese of Maryland, of the past and present generation, more agreeable associations than with that of Mr. Tayloe.

Mr. Tayloe was born in the last year of the administration of Washington, and died at the close of the administration of Johnson. His life of nearly seventy-two years comprised an era remarkably prolific in great events and great men. The rise and fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the dissolution of the Federal party in the United States, the advent of Jacksonism, the *emeute* of nullification in South Carolina, the annihilation of the Democratic party through the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, the consequent triumph of the Anti-Slavery party, and the great civil war between the North and South, all occurred during his life. Bred up in the principles of the Revolution, and in those of the Federal party, of which his grandfather, Governor Ogle, and his father, Colonel Tayloe, were distinguished members, he never abandoned them. Although

of Southern birth, he had no sectional prejudices, and often in after years he alluded to the administration of John Quincy Adams as, next to that of Washington, the purest with which the nation had ever been favored; and this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Adams was most cordially detested by nearly all the prominent members of the Federal party then in existence. Like many other men of culture and political sagacity, unwarped by motives of self-aggrandizement, Mr. Tayloe regarded that great statesman, Alexander Hamilton, with especial veneration. At the same time he was a devoted friend and supporter of Henry Clay, who entered public life as the uncompromising opponent of the Hamiltonian theory. Nor was he, in this, inconsistent. For Mr. Clay, when a candidate for the Presidency, never enunciated a principle in statesmanship with which Hamilton, if alive, would not decidedly have concurred.

The South, so far as her peculiar institution was concerned, Mr. Tayloe regarded as having committed two great political errors,—the one in adhering to the party of Jefferson, the other in uniting itself with that of Jackson. The more conservative policy in both cases would have been, in his opinion, far more conducive to her material prosperity. By the civil war his losses, in a pecuniary point of view, were very great—more, probably, than half a million of dollars. These he bore without a murmur. But what he could not bear with complacency, and which saddened the last days of his life, was the cruel and malignant effort of the party in power to carry its resentment beyond the grave; to proclaim peace when there was no peace, and to alienate from the Federal Government the support of those who would, under other circumstances, have been its warmest friends.

As a student of history, European and American, Mr. Tayloe was pre-eminently accomplished. It was his favorite study.

1868

J. Q. Adams.

Hamilton.

The South.

Losses.

History.

1868

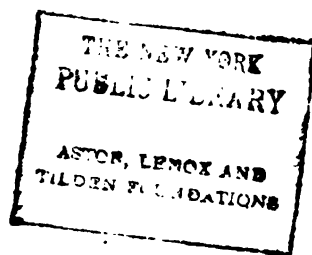
Letters.

He had personally known so many eminent men, at home and abroad, who of themselves constituted a great part of the history of the present and the latter portion of the last century, that he may be said to have derived a large share of his knowledge of the events of those times from original sources. His unfailing memory enabled him at any moment to draw at sight upon the treasures he had thus accumulated. His conversation was therefore instructive and elevating in the highest degree. His letters from Europe, printed in the present volume, and written when he was past the age of threescore and ten, will convey to those who never enjoyed the pleasure of his society a vivid conception of his conversations on historical subjects. These letters, written *currente calamo*, and without reference to books or authorities, will be admitted by competent judges to be unexceptionably correct and just, and imbued with sound philosophy.

Characteristics.

Mr. Tayloe was an excellent classical scholar, and well versed in English and French literature. He was a constant reader of good books, and a free lender of them to his friends. His fondness for the fine arts was evident from the many valuable paintings with which his house was adorned. Among them was a portrait, by Stuart, of Washington, a superb picture, and regarded by connoisseurs as the best the artist ever painted from his world-renowned original study.

Mr. Tayloe was endowed with a keen sense of the ludicrous and a great fund of humor. His conversation, while instructive, was at the same time entertaining. His anecdotes, of which many are preserved in the present volume, were original and striking. His conversational powers were of a high order; his voice sonorous and agreeable to the ear; his manner charming; his fine features ever illumined by a smile. He was a man of exquisite refinement, and in his intercourse with his friends and





The House on the Square.

1868

the world was distinguished for courtesy and kindness of manner. Who that ever entered within his hospitable walls will ever forget the genial warmth and unaffected friendliness of his greeting? To his wife and children his deportment was admirable. A kinder husband or a more affectionate father could not be found. In fine, he was, in all the relations of life, a gentleman of rare excellence and true benevolence, a philanthropist in the best sense of the term, ever anxious to contribute to the happiness of those around him.

Amlability.

The children of Mr. Tayloe who survived him were: John Dickinson, Edward Thornton, Eugenie Phœbe Warren, wife of George B. Warren, Jr., and Julia Dickinson, wife of John Paine, Esq.

Children.

In the autumn of 1867, Mr. Tayloe's eldest daughter, Estelle, wife of Captain Roger Perry, U. S. N., died, after a brief illness, at her residence in Maryland. Mrs. Perry was a lady of great refinement, superior culture, and the highest Christian character, and was greatly beloved by her family and a large circle of friends. Her death was a severe blow to her father, by whom she was especially beloved.

Mrs. Perry.

The following beautiful stanzas were written as a tribute to the memory of Mr. Tayloe, soon after his death, by Mrs. Winslow M. Watson, of Washington City:

'T was an evening in June; the sun's latest ray
In a cloud of bright promise was passing away;
While each fragrant blossom and leaf seemed to borrow
Faith and hope from that sign of his coming to-morrow.
More happy than we, 'mid the day's fading light
We talked of a friend passed for aye from our sight;
And we lingered till moonlight fell lovingly there—
With eyes dimmed with tears near "that house on the Square."

1868
—

Its closed doors and windows, how sadly they told
Of that holy vow broken, "To have and to hold
Till death do us part,"—vow tenderly kept
By a true heart whose vigilance never had slept,
But faithful in duty o'er that household presiding,
Its pleasures enhancing,—its sorrows dividing,
Had gone hopefully forth, girt with love and with prayer,
With a husband most dear from "that house on the Square."

But now winged words had come over the sea
Electric with sorrow and anguish, for he—
That friend so beloved, whose talent and worth
Were revered where'er known in the land of his birth—
Had died in that city eternal, whose name
Will ever rank first in the annals of fame:
There found he release from all sorrow and care;
We should see him no more in "that house on the Square."

But memory paints with her pencil of light
Pleasant scenes passed forever away from our sight.
The kind sable faces (those relics of yore)
Respectful as faithful, who opened that door;
Old age in its helplessness guarded by love,
With calm on its brow, like a light from above;
And dutiful children, ah! each trusting heart—
We had seen one by one from that threshold depart—
Drawn by love's golden chain to a bright home elsewhere,
Some on earth, one in heaven—from "that house on the Square."

Ah! sacred such memories, genial, unbroken—
Of kind deeds there done,—of kind words there spoken;
Of the generous board where elegance reigned,
Of wit's brilliant sallies, by malice unstained,
Of the honored in council, the mighty in war,
The sage and the scholar who entered that door—
Where pleasures of converse, with treasures of art,
United to cheer and ennoble the heart.
While religion and culture, twin spirits, dwelt there,
Stretching welcoming hands from "that house on the Square."

1868

But vain all regrets,—on, on must we go,
 Though friends drop away from our pathway below,—
 Keeping deep in our hearts, as that true wife will keep,
 Those memories faithful that never will sleep.
 Oh! kind eyes now weeping, soon, soon may you shine
 Through tears of submission, “Not my will, but thine.”
 As in duty’s pure panoply happily clad,
 The mourner once more “may look up and be glad,”
 And homeward returning with excellence rare,
 Shed the light that we love o’er “that house on the Square.”

And when our day’s sun shall go down in the west,
 ’Mid the shadows of trials and joys to its rest,
 May bright rays of hope gild that evening’s last sorrow—
 With a promise of blessed reunion the morrow.
 In that city celestial, whose streets have been trod
 By saints and by martyrs, the “city of God,”—
 In the palace called beautiful, gathered be there,
 All who met or who dwelt in “that house on the Square.”





ANECDOTES
AND
REMINISCENCES.

At the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Tayloe, during the dark and gloomy days of the Civil War, was induced to record the following Anecdotes and Reminiscences, to relieve his mind from the depressing influence of the times.



ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.

SOON after the close of the Revolutionary War, General Washington went to Alexandria on horseback, accompanied by his negro servant. The road then used lay through the farm of a desperado who had committed murder, a stranger to the General, the main road having become impassable. As was then the custom, the General had holsters, with pistols in them, to his saddle. On returning to Mount Vernon, as General Washington was about to enter on this private road, a stranger on horseback barred the way, and said to him, "You shall not pass this way." "You don't know me," said the General. "Yes, I do," said the ruffian; "you are General Washington, who commanded the army in the Revolution, and if you attempt to pass me I shall shoot you." General Washington called his servant, Billy, to him, and taking out a pistol, examined the priming, and then handed it to Billy, saying, "If this person shoots me, do you shoot him;" and coolly passed on without molestation.

At Mount Vernon, a guest who slept in an adjacent chamber is reported to have heard a curtain lecture from Mrs. Washington

A desperado.

Curtain lecture.

to her lord. The General received it in silence, and at last said, "Good-night, Mrs. Washington," and was heard to turn over in bed.

Mr. Buchanan, when I related the above, remarked that it bore with it internal evidence of its truth.

Jumping-match.

WHEN a youth, Washington was travelling along the Upper Potomac, and stopping at an inn, inquired the news. The landlord told him there was a great jumping-match for a wife, rich Mr. ——'s daughter, in the vicinity. "Is it open to all comers?" asked Washington. On being told it was, he repaired to the jumping-ground. A young man having jumped far beyond all others, the young lady's face brightened. At last, Washington asked if he might try his chance. Permission being given, he was the victor. The young lady's countenance fell. Washington went up to her and remarked, "You would have preferred I had not been the one who excelled the other." The lady candidly admitted it. "Then," said Washington, "I surrender my chance to *him*," and retired as unknown as he came. Towards the close of the Revolution, Washington was entertained by a colonel of militia, whose wife inquired of him, "Did you ever see General Washington before?" "Never," was the reply. "But I have," said his wife. Her husband would not believe it, but at her request reluctantly referred the point in dispute to the General himself. "Yes," said the General; "I saw your wife at the jumping-match, before she was married, and I believe I won her."

DURING the canvass for the Presidential election in which Jefferson beat Adams, Burr, who was an early riser, met a boy

soon after sunrise with a basketful of pamphlets. Burr stopped him, and inquired, "What have you?" at the same time taking up one of the pamphlets, saying, "I must have one." "No, sir," said the boy; "I have my directions where to leave every one of them." Burr induced him to part with one of them. It was Hamilton's attack on Adams, to show his unfitness for the Presidency, and intended to have been *privately* circulated among the Federalists to promote the election of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina. Burr had the pamphlet published at once in the Democratic newspapers. It went like wildfire, and aided the election of Jefferson and Burr. Theirs was a tie vote, and Burr was near being elected President, because a Federal elector had written his vote for the ballot, preferring him for the Vice-Presidency to Mr. Adams, but on reflection substituted Adams, for fear that his vote might elect Jefferson. The elector, I am informed, was Mr. Coleman, of Pennsylvania.

Chas. Cotesworth
Pinckney.

Two years ago, in 1861, at Saratoga, as I was walking with Mr. John C. Hamilton, son of the great Alexander Hamilton, I asked him whose house it was next to his own. "*Burr's*," he said. I could not but remark "on the coincidence, and how strange it was that *Burr* and *Hamilton* should live next door to each other, and on friendly terms." Said John C. Hamilton, "A few days ago I had occasion for a carpenter at my house, an old man, and he told me that he made the effigy of a man's bust, in 1804, the size of life, at which Aaron Burr shot while practicing for the duel with my father."

John C. Hamilton.

DR. THORNTON, an accomplished and benevolent gentleman, is remembered more for his eccentricities and the anecdotes re-

Dr. Thornton.

Fulton.

lated of him than for his well-earned reputation for letters and taste. He was a man of science, and imbued with all the knowledge requisite for the discharge of his duties as head of the Patent Office,—from the time of the administration of Washington to that of Monroe or John Quincy Adams. He claimed to have been the pioneer in the application of steam as a propeller for boats. He made his experiments on the Delaware before Fulton made his on the Hudson. This claim brought the two into collision, and in their quarrels they wrote pamphlets against each other. Fulton charged Thornton with pretending to a knowledge of subjects of which he was ignorant. To quiz him he said, "I have invented the conversion of sawdust into planks." "There is nothing new in that," said Thornton; "I have known of it for a long time." "But," rejoined Fulton, "you never knew of *my* invention—to make *oak* planks out of *pine* sawdust." The Doctor discovered that he was quizzed.

Dr. Thornton told me he killed Fulton by his last pamphlet.

The Capitol.

THORNTON was the architect of the first Capitol at Washington, and laid out some of the public grounds, and arranged the public buildings accordingly. When he sank into the ground, to its *present* grade, the War Department, to the eaves of the building, he was ridiculed for the act—not being understood, and being in advance of the times. He was a wit, a painter, and a poet. My head of Jefferson, by King, is a copy of one by Thornton. His wit and poetry frequently got him into difficulty. Soon after the settlement of Washington a party went into a secluded spot, surrounded by precipitous hills, for the purpose of fighting a duel. One of them exclaimed, "This place will never do! How are we to remove the corpse?" The affair was arranged

without a shot, and one of the principals challenged Dr. Thornton for his ludicrous account of it in verse. The Doctor may have replied, as he did on another occasion, "Damn the fellow, he does not understand wit!" In the latter case, a Mr. Magruder came late to a Fourth of July dinner, when the party were merry over their wine. The Doctor said to him,

"Mr. Magruder,
You are an intruder."

"You lie!" said the other.

The Doctor rejoined,

"Mr. Magruder,
You are ruder and ruder."

A knock-down blow was the response from Magruder, and as the Doctor rose to his feet he exclaimed, "Damn the fellow, he does not understand wit!"

DR. THORNTON imagined he understood the science of pugilism, and complained of his being knocked down by General Van Ness, before he could assume an attitude. Their quarrel arose from a charge against the Doctor of encroaching on the General's domain,—the former claiming, by the "right of discovery," the flats in the Potomac opposite the property of General Van Ness, with the intention of converting them into an island.

THERE has been a mystery to this day in regard to the parentage of the Doctor's wife, a Miss Badeau. Her mother and herself were accomplished English ladies, and particularly well read. There is good authority—among others that of the late Colonel Bomford, who had charge of the family papers—that Mrs.

A wit.

Gen. Van Ness.

Dr. Dodd.

Thornton was the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Dodd, executed for forgery in the reign of George the Third. His widow wonderfully kept the secret, and on her arrival in Philadelphia opened a boarding-school for young ladies, which was patronized by the best families in that city. Here Dr. Thornton fell in love with her daughter, and married her, after being informed by her mother of her real name and parentage. The Doctor stood in awe both of his wife and his mother-in-law—allies in taking the domestic reins in their hands, and in their opposition to the Doctor's inclination for the turf, to which he was passionately addicted, and at no small cost to his purse, which was not always able to bear it. On one occasion a suit was brought by him to recover the sum of \$3000, the price of a celebrated race-horse, Rattler—the defendant contending that he was broken down before he was sold, and that the sale was an imposition. The distinguished Walter Jones defended Dr. Thornton, with his usual ability. A wag present wrote the following distich:

Lawsuit.

“ With his horses unfed, he loses his races ;
With his lawyers unfeed, he loses his cases.”

IN his benevolence, Dr. Thornton was sometimes a loser. Seeing a man beating his wife, he knocked the man down ; when the wife united with her husband in an assault upon the Doctor, who came off second best, more particularly as he was afterwards sued for assault and battery, and mulcted in damages for having struck the first blow.

DR. THORNTON was a native of Tortola, in the West Indies, and was educated in England and Scotland. He entertained a cordial hatred against the French and the Bonapartes. He pre-

dicted the overthrow of Napoleon, who, he said, was a coward, and at Lodi stood behind a statue, and at Arcole was forced to the front by the troops in the rear, and at Marengo had Desaix shot in order to appropriate the honors of the day to himself. While Joseph Bonaparte was fighting for the throne of Spain, the Doctor became the owner of a Spanish Jack, and named him "King Joe." On giving a pass to a servant travelling with the animal, he described him in it as follows:

"This is my Ass,
Do let him pass;
His name is King Joe,
A *great* Ass—oh! ho!
And *without Jo-King*,
As great an ass as going."

Dr. Thornton for eight years was the next-door neighbor to Mr. Madison, when Secretary of State, occupying the present residence of Dr. Miller, on F Street.

THIS day, December 18th, 1863, I have been reading the last volume of Washington Irving's "Life and Letters." I had the pleasure of his acquaintance in London and in this country. While abroad, I was once his partner at whist, and he nearly fell asleep. He was wide awake at a small dinner-party of about eight, at the Messrs. Hoffman, in Bedford Square, London, in 1818, where I met Washington Allston and Leslie, his special friends, who kept Irving agoing with his stories in the Sketch-book style, before their publication. The dinner was a delightful one.

IN the summer of 1833, I made a call, in company with Mr. Tillman, of Troy, on the Hon. Herman Knickerbocker, at his

Napoleon.

Irving.

The Prince of
Scaghticoke.

residence in Scaghticoke, New York. The "Prince," as he was usually styled, entertained us handsomely with champagne. While engaged in our libations, other visitors were announced, and the Prince withdrew to receive them. He shortly returned, and announced to us that his new guests were Washington Irving and Mr. McCracken, of New York, on their way to Saratoga, and as he had only three champagne glasses, he begged as a great favor that we would surrender ours to his newly-arrived visitors. To this reasonable request we of course cheerfully acceded, and Messrs. Irving and McCracken being introduced, we spent a delightful hour. The Prince was a character in his way, and many exquisite passages of wit and humor passed between him and his distinguished guest, Mr. Irving.

The Prince of Scaghticoke was the original of Diederich Knickerbocker's "cousin, the Congressman."

Gov. Letcher.

GOVERNOR LETCHER, of Kentucky, a few days before the election of Mr. Buchanan to the Presidency, related to me, in the Girard House, Philadelphia, the following account of an interview held by him with General Jackson, with the purpose of preventing the latter from carrying into execution his threat to *hang Mr. Calhoun* for his participation in the Nullification movement:

Mr. Clay.

Mr. Clay came and said, "Unless *we* prevent it, I really fear General Jackson will hang Calhoun. The subject is before the Cabinet; *all* are opposed to it, yet not one dares to raise his voice in opposition to General Jackson's wish. This has been conveyed to me with a view of saving Calhoun. *I* cannot appear in the matter, but *you* can. You are the man to go to General Jackson and have a plain talk with him." (Referring to the friendship

of Jackson towards Letcher's family for having sheltered Mrs. Robards, afterwards Mrs. Jackson, when she escaped from her husband's brutality, while they lived in Kentucky. Wherefore, when General Jackson became President, he said to Letcher, "Whatever our political differences may be, I shall always be *your* friend, never forgetting the kindness of your family, and its risks too, in defence of my wife.") So Letcher went to General Jackson in the cause of Calhoun, and commenced the interview with an allusion to his personal regard and his desire that General Jackson should preserve his distinguished reputation, which might be impaired in the event of a civil war, besides the infliction of a great evil upon the whole country, were *he* to be the means of having Mr. Calhoun executed. The General expressed his gratitude to Mr. Letcher, but inquired, "Do you not think Calhoun deserves the gallows?"

Mrs. Jackson.

Mr. L.—"I will not deny that; but the question is the effect upon the country, *your* administration, and *your* reputation."

Gen. J.—"As Calhoun deserves punishment, what would you have me do?"

Calhoun.

Mr. L.—"Postpone your decision. Take time for cool reflection, and consult your friends in the Cabinet individually, and your true friends, in whom you confide."

After a long interview, General Jackson said he would follow the counsel of Mr. Letcher, adding, "Good advice, but Calhoun ought to be hung." Mr. Letcher remarked to me, "That was enough. I was sure the Cabinet and others would give him the same counsel, and that it would save Calhoun, whose life I believed in great peril at the time of my interference."

At that time General Jackson was all-powerful, and ruled as a despot. Whatever he did, a large majority of the people, even in New England, believed to be right.

Mr. Adams.

BEFORE General Jackson's quarrel with Mr. Calhoun, I was told of the course of the latter in Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, relative to General Jackson's conduct in the Seminole War, by Dr. Hunt, when employed as a physician in Mr. Adams's family. In a conversation with him in regard to General Jackson's proscriptive policy as President, Mr. Adams remarked, "It is strange *he* should be hostile to *me*, his advocate in the Cabinet when opposed by Mr. Calhoun, his present friend, who at the time referred to was under such apprehensions that, to use his own language, he dreaded the arrival of every mail."

Mr. Monroe.

TENCH RINGGOLD, Marshal of the District of Columbia under Monroe and Adams, wished to be retained in office under General Jackson. Mr. Monroe, to aid Mr. Ringgold in his endeavor, called upon General Jackson, and asked of him this favor, adding that when President himself he had never refused any favor to him. With both hands General Jackson took one of Mr. Monroe's in his, and exclaimed, "Don't mention it! don't mention it!" This being told by Mr. Monroe to Mr. Ringgold, the latter considered himself safe in his office. On his removal he complained of General Jackson's breach of faith to Mr. Monroe. When this complaint reached the General's ears, he said, "So far from it, I told Jim Monroe *not to mention it* to me." Emphasis and tone of voice are sometimes deceptive.

A FRIEND of mine who was in company with General Jackson's family when the news of his defeat in the election by the House, in 1825, was communicated to him, heard him coolly respond, "I knew it would be so a week ago. That scoundrel Clay has

stocked the cards." Mrs. Jackson observed, "It is best as it is. We shall all be so happy at the Hermitage."

Mrs. Jackson.

WHILE Mr. Calhoun was associated with the Whigs in opposition to Jackson and Van Buren, I dined with Mr. Waggaman, Senator from Louisiana, in company with Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, Mr. Leigh, Mr. Mangum, and Mr. George C. Washington. In the course of conversation, Mr. Calhoun poured out scathing anathemas upon Mr. Van Buren, implying his baseness, and that upon the whole he was a mean, pitiful fellow. Mr. Clay playfully defended him, and for his good temper, which had prevented his resenting insults. Mr. Calhoun emphatically and somewhat indignantly replied, "A man without indignation is a man without principle!"

Mr. Calhoun.

Yet when Mr. Van Buren became President, Mr. Calhoun allied himself with him and visited him, declaring in the Senate that his "personal followed his political relations."

In his whole Senatorial career, Mr. Calhoun opposed every appropriation for the city of Washington, as if for an object.

MR. VAN BUREN's espousal of the cause of Mrs. Eaton made General Jackson his friend for life. Mr. Van Buren got up parties among his friends in honor of Mrs. Eaton. Mr. Calhoun's friends in the Cabinet were opposed to her, and this led to a dissolution of the Cabinet. Mr. Buchanan had forfeited the favor of General Jackson for not standing up to the mark on the "bargain and intrigue" story, but he became a favorite for his devotion to Mrs. Eaton from the time he led her to the head of the dance at a public ball in Washington.

Mrs. Eaton.

On her marriage to Signor Buchinani, the priest said to her, "Your husband's name is nearly that of the President." Mrs. Eaton replied, "I might have married Mr. Buchanan, but I preferred Signor Buchinani."

Mr. Buchanan.

WHEN it appeared likely that Mr. Buchanan would be elected to the Presidency, Governor Letcher, of Kentucky, said to me, "Mark my words; on leaving the Presidential chair, Mr. Buchanan will be the best-abused man who *ever* filled it. I know him well, and all about the bargain story, but it would do no good to make revelations now, and I have no unkind feelings toward Mr. Buchanan. He wrote me soliciting my silence."

Crazy Lawrence.

MR. VAN BUREN had told me of Lawrence's insanity, of *their* conversation about his being defrauded by the United States Bank, having made a large deposit there, he being "the heir to the English throne," and of his meeting him when alone with the President in his council-chamber, and of his intimating *then* to General Jackson that Lawrence's head was unsound—therefore he was bowed out of the room. Some days after, as the cortège were about to descend the Capitol steps, at the funeral of the Hon. Warren Davis, of South Carolina, "Crazy Lawrence" snapped two pistols, the caps exploding, at General Jackson, a few paces distant. Lawrence was immediately seized and secured by Captain Gedney, of the Navy. General Jackson manifested great coolness, and begged the crowd to stand off, and he could defend himself, at the same time brandishing his heavy walking-stick. I was behind one of the pillars, and heard the explosion without seeing the act. "How dreadful!" exclaimed the Hon. Isaac McKim, of Baltimore; "he might have

Captain Gedney.

shot an innocent man." General Hunter, the Marshal, at once took Lawrence to the jail. On their way there, Lawrence told him "the President would not have justice done him" in the recovery of his money from the United States Bank, that he was heir to the throne of England, &c., &c., as he had told Mr. Van Buren. Yet on the same day, at a dinner given by Colonel Campbell, M. C. from South Carolina, Mr. Van Buren, on my adverting to these circumstances, when I chanced to converse with him apart from the company, replied, "He is not the same man at all," and rather abruptly left me. Lawrence, adhering to his crazy imagination, died in jail, a maniac. Yet General Jackson expressed his belief that Lawrence had been hired by Governor Poindexter to assassinate him, and instituted an inquiry which led to Governor Poindexter, in the Senate, asking for a committee of investigation, which cleared him from any complicity in the affair. I never heard that Mr. Van Buren revealed a word on the subject. General Jackson, as all the world knows, was very anxious to convict Poindexter.

Colonel Campbell:

Poindexter.

At the jail, with new caps to the pistols, Major Donelson fired them, and the balls passed through the thick plank fencing, ten paces off.

MR. PARTON does not narrate the Rev. Mr. Campbell's relation to the Eaton *imbroglio* exactly as it occurred. I will narrate it as Mr. Campbell described it to me:—He said he was "no politician," and would scarce have thought about the formation of General Jackson's Cabinet, certainly not have "interfered about it," had not his friend, Rev. Mr. Ely, of Philadelphia, for whom he had great respect, come to him with inquiries about Mrs. Eaton, saying to him that he made them as the *friend of General Jackson*, to save him and the cause of morality, as both

Rev. Mr. Campbell

General Jackson.

would sustain injury, were Major Eaton to have a place in the President's Cabinet. Mr. Campbell, *in confidence*, to oblige Mr. Ely, told him all he knew about the matter, as reported by Parton. But he makes a mistake in the narration of the interview between Mr. Campbell, the President, and his Cabinet. The General, Mr. Campbell told me, endeavored to persuade him to admit what he knew to be untrue. Mr. Van Buren blandly urged Mr. Campbell to make the admission. The latter replied that he could not do it consistently with truth. He was then grossly insulted by General Jackson, who charged him with falsehood, and approaching him brandished the manuscript from which he had been reading, as if he intended to strike him. But on Mr. Campbell's not retreating nor attempting any defence, standing with his arms folded against his breast, General Jackson sank into a chair beside him, as if ashamed of himself. Mr. Campbell then bowed, and wished the President and his Cabinet "Good morning." The President had himself invited him to this interview.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Virginia, and spent the last thirty years of his life in Albany, New York, as the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; renowned as a pulpit orator and theologian.

Mr. Webster.

I HEARD Daniel Webster speak with scorn of both the Adamses. He remarked, "They had been faithless to their friends and their principles, and had no more sense of gratitude than a cat."

It was my good fortune to hear several of Webster's table-talks, in the Johnsonian style, some Boswell setting him off. He spoke in monologue, narrating anecdotes. Here is one:

One morning, in London, after a breakfast with Rogers, he

left the house in company with the celebrated Sydney Smith, and as they passed the door of Lord Brougham, Smith proposed a call, to which Mr. Webster assented. On entering, Smith introduced Mr. Webster as "Mr. Clay." Now Mr. Clay had lately denounced Lord Brougham in the United States Senate. Mr. Webster said, "Lord Brougham did not say a word to Mr. Clay, nor Mr. Clay to Lord Brougham." Smith and Webster continued their walk together, and their talk, into St. James's Park. Suddenly the former became silent, and then asked Mr. Webster, "Did not I introduce you to Lord Brougham as Mr. Clay?" "Certainly, you did," said Webster. Smith soon afterward made an excuse for leaving Mr. Webster, and when the latter returned to the hotel, he found Lord Brougham's card inscribed "for Mr. Webster." Afterwards he had intimate and most agreeable relations with Lord Brougham.

Sydney Smith.

Brougham.

My opulent and munificent friend and neighbor, Mr. William W. Corcoran, after the perusal of Webster's celebrated March speech in defence of the Constitution and of Southern rights, inclosed to Mrs. Webster her husband's note for \$10,000, given him for a loan to that amount. Mr. Webster met Mr. Corcoran the same evening, at the President's, and thanked him for the "princely favor." Next day he addressed to Mr. Corcoran a letter of thanks, which I read at Mr. Corcoran's request.

Mr. Corcoran.

MR. CORCORAN'S house, with all its costly furniture and art treasures, was most unjustifiably seized by the Secretary of War, in 1862, as a hospital for the soldiers. By some magic, the French Minister, Mons. Mercier, telegraphed from New York that the house was his. Afterwards, on his going to the State Department, Governor Seward asked the Minister "if the French

Mr. Seward.

Mons. Mercier.

flag was broad enough to cover Mr. Corcoran's house?" "If it is not," Mons. Mercier replied, "we will make it so."

Wellington.

SOME American writer has sarcastically remarked that among the turfmen of England, no American horse was known (until lately), except Sir Archy, and no distinguished man of America, besides Washington. Both of them, it will be remembered, were of Virginian birth. Our great general, Scott, was also to the manor born. Other coincidences between him and Washington have been shown,—both over six feet high, they alone having the rank of Lieutenant-General in our army, &c.

After his Cortez-like conquest of Mexico, but without cruelty or inhumanity—his boast being to save blood—the Duke of Wellington said of General Scott, "He is the first general now living." This was said, too, during the lifetime of Marshal Soult, Napoleon's first general, and of Marshal Radetzky, the first general of the present age of Austria, whose Italian laurels were at that time in full bloom.

There is one other coincidence between Generals Washington and Scott that has been overlooked:

Washington.

Thackeray, in his "Virginians," relates that "it was strange," in America, "a young Virginian officer should fire a shot, and waken up a war which was to last for sixty years, which was to cover his own country, and pass into Europe, to cost France her American Colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western Republic; to rage over the old world when extinguished in the new; and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of *the greatest fame* with him" (Washington) "who struck the first blow."

In somewhat like manner, preliminary to the last war with

England, soon after the wanton attack upon the Chesapeake frigate, in 1807, it was the lot of young Scott, then twenty-one years old, a private in the Virginia troop of horse, with the temporary rank of corporal, to strike "the first blow" by the capture, with less force, of a boat from the Admiral's flag-ship, with its crew and two midshipmen, that had landed on the shore of Virginia, on a foraging expedition. The middies were young Scott's prisoners, and were entertained by him for some weeks in camp with genuine Virginian hospitality. They became sworn friends. Some eight years thereafter, in 1815, with the rank of Major-General in our army, conferred on him for his glorious achievement at Chippewa, it chanced to General Scott to meet at the table of a nobleman in England, his relative, a Commander in the British navy. He stared at the General even beyond the rules of courtesy, for a long time, and, at length, modestly inquired of him, "May I presume to ask, though I scarce suppose it can be so, if Corporal Scott, my captor in Virginia, is of your family?" "I am the identical person," replied the General, "but was not a corporal, only for the nonce, but a simple private, and am glad to meet you again." The feeling was reciprocal. The enemies in war were friends in peace, and again, after an interval of years, the two early belligerents had a merry time together, but transferred from a rude camp in Virginia to a lordly hall of an English nobleman.

The Chesapeake.

Corporal Scott.

Although the political sceptre has departed from Judah, yet the "Old Dominion," proud as she is, and has a right to be, of her history and of her sons, has yet "some few of the same sort left," excepting, only, her two incomparable generals.

WHEN General Scott was promoted to be a Brigadier-General, he was in command at Greenbush, opposite Albany. Mr. Van

Aaron Burr.

Jackson.

Buren, then a resident of Albany, gave a supper-party in honor of the occasion, at which Scott was, of course, the chief guest. When the company were about to go to the supper-room, Mr. Van Buren informed them that he was embarrassed by the unexpected arrival of a guest whom he had been accustomed to entertain, Colonel Burr, who had recently arrived from Boston on his return from Europe, but he could not invite him to join them without their consent. General Scott, being referred to, said he had no objection to Colonel Burr's company. The other gentlemen concurred. Colonel Burr was then invited in, and introduced to the party. At supper he was placed next to General Scott, to whom he was very civil and complimentary, congratulating him on his rapid promotion as likely to lead to victory, and then said, "There is an officer, who, if placed at the head of the army, would soon finish the war; but Mr. Madison will not appoint *him* on account of his connection with me. I allude to Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee." Colonel Burr then expatiated at some length on the military talents of Jackson, who was at that time comparatively unknown to General Scott or the country. These remarks of Colonel Burr were subsequently recalled to the recollection of General Scott by Jackson's brilliant victory at New Orleans. More than sixteen years elapsed before Scott and Burr met again. In the meantime, Burr had been the first to nominate General Jackson publicly for the Presidency. After his election, Scott and Burr met again, on a steamer, and Burr reminded him of their conversation about General Jackson at Van Buren's supper, and then inquired of Scott if he ever saw General Jackson. Scott replied that when in Washington it was often his duty to call on him. "Does he ever say anything about me?" inquired Burr. "Never," replied Scott. Some time after this, Colonel Burr,

On meeting General Scott again, informed him that he had been to Washington, and had called on General Jackson, who received him very coolly, and added, "Like others, he has considered it politic to drop my acquaintance."

General Scott informed me that he recollected General Jackson's defence of Burr and his abuse of Jefferson, during Burr's trial at Richmond, when he ranted to the people from the piazza of a tavern, like a crazy man, amusing some and disgusting others with his profanity.

Aaron Burr.

GENERAL SCOTT told me that when he was ordered to command the force in opposition to nullification, at Charleston, he called to see General Jackson, to receive his last instructions. In the course of conversation, the General said he should be glad to have the opinion of Mr. Adams about Calhoun. "If that be your wish," said Scott, "I can obtain it for you in a few minutes." "I wish you would," replied General Jackson. General Scott at once repaired to the residence of Mr. Adams, and said to him, "The President wishes to have your opinion on the course Mr. Calhoun will pursue in this nullification affair." "He will back out, sir; he will back out, sir," said Mr. Adams. "I shall so report your opinion to the President," said General Scott. "I have no objection, sir," said Mr. Adams. The report being made, General Jackson at once said to General Scott, "Then go ahead!" So he did, but in his own way, and the nullification storm blew over.

Adams.

Calhoun.

AFTER General Scott's capture of Vera Cruz, in separate conversations with three of the foreign ministers at Washington, they told me that each had been on a mission to Mexico, and

Mexico.

Santa Anna.

that General Scott must be defeated before he could reach the capital. Mr. Pakenham, the English Minister, said General Santa Anna is a man of great abilities, a superior general, and a brave one, too, who "will never turn tail," to use his own words. After Santa Anna's inglorious escape from Cerro Gordo, I inquired of Mr. Pakenham what was his opinion now of General Santa Anna. He replied rather brusquely, "Would you have him to be such a fool as to suffer himself to be captured? He had nothing left for it, but to get off as well as he could."

Mr. Calderon de la Barca, from Spain, said to me, "There are no better troops in the world, nor better drilled and armed, than the Mexicans; that when General Scott reached Puebla he would meet a warlike people, very different from those he had encountered."

Baron Gerolt told me nearly the same thing, preparing me to expect defeat, saying, "he knew Mexico well." I have since learned that the foreign residents here adopted these opinions very generally.

James Brooks.

At Paris, in 1867, Captain George A. Magruder, formerly of the United States Navy, came in. He spoke of Mr. James Brooks, of the "New York Express," as the cleverest man of the Opposition at the North. He said the North in 1861 was looking to Scott, and that it was very important that he should express an opinion that one state could not coerce another, an opinion he had already strongly expressed to Mr. Seward in an excellent letter. But this was not then known. Mr. Brooks asked Captain Magruder if he knew General Scott well. Captain Magruder replied, "I have known him from a boy. My uncle and guardian, Colonel Bankhead, was his most intimate friend." It was then agreed that Captain Magruder should go to General Scott,

and ask him if he would answer a letter addressed to him, and express such opinions. On his way, Captain Magruder stopped at Mrs. Ulrich's to see what Mr. Rives thought of it. He approved it highly, and said, "You can tell General Scott for me that such an expression from him would do much toward bringing back his old friends in Virginia." The Captain found General Scott very kind and conciliatory; had no objections to express such opinions, as they were his convictions. Unfortunately the Captain quoted Mr. Rives. General Scott was at once greatly excited. "They have outraged me!" "Virginia has threatened to take away my sword," &c., &c., and said his opinions already expressed were sufficient. The whole thing was up. Strange they should not have known the General better!

Mr. Rives.

GOVERNOR MARCY, after his retirement from office, related to me many anecdotes in connection with his public life. He had no respect for the character or capacity of President Polk, and asserted that he was very hostile both to General Scott and General Taylor, and that but for himself General Scott would not have had the command of the army in Mexico. Governor Marcy plainly told Mr. Polk that as Secretary of War he would not intrust his own reputation to any other general. "If you will get Colonel Benton's assent, I will appoint him," said Mr. Polk. Governor Marcy then called upon Colonel Benton, and informed him he had been sent by the President to inquire what general he thought ought to have the command. Benton began with the lowest on the army list, to each of whom he answered alike, "He will not do," referring among others to Worth, Wool, Jesup, Taylor, condemning all until he came to Scott. About him Governor Marcy made no inquiry, but merely remarked, "You have condemned all but General Scott," and returned with

Mr. Polk.

that statement to the President, who at once appointed Scott to the command of the army in Mexico. The sequel is known.

After the battle of Cerro Gordo, the news of which reached Washington on a day when President Polk had a reception, Colonel J. Graham, who attended it, congratulated the President on the glorious news. His response was, "Our brave fellows conquer under any kind of leader."

Major Lomax.

DURING the war of 1812, Major Mann Page Lomax, when acting Adjutant-General to General Wilkinson, near the St. Lawrence River, was sent blindfolded within the British lines, on a message of duty. He dined with the British mess. At table toasts were drunk. A British officer gave, "Mr. Madison, dead or alive." When his turn came, Major Lomax gave, "The Prince Regent, drunk or sober." The giver of the first toast jumped up and fiercely asked, "Do you intend that for an insult?" Lomax coolly replied, "A return for one." With this Roland for an Oliver the matter dropped.

Gen. Butler.

THE daughters of Major Lomax were lately (1863) arrested by Colonel Fish, the Provost Marshal at Baltimore, on the charge of entertaining a spy—a poor crippled and imbecile boy, to whom, in charity, the ladies had given food and a night's lodging. The injustice of the charge was called to the attention of Colonel Fish, who acknowledged the error he had made, and had the ladies released from confinement at Fortress Monroe, where they were kindly treated by General B. F. Butler, and sent back to their home in Baltimore. He admitted it "was all a mistake."

JOHN BARNEY, formerly M. C. from the Baltimore district, used to say he had conversed with the two greatest men of the age. That, as a youth, he met General Washington not far from town, when about to ride into Baltimore. Young Barney rode alongside of the President, and the latter inquired his name. He told him he was the son of Captain Barney of the Navy, since known as Commodore Barney. Washington kindly conversed with him as they rode along.

John Barney.

Early in the present century, Barney, still a youth, went to Paris to complete his education. Napoleon was then First Consul, and Barney was anxious to see him. Mrs. Henry Walter Livingston, a beautiful woman, wife to the Secretary of the American Legation, indulged his wish by allowing him to accompany her to St. Cloud. On arrival there, Barney was instructed where to wait in the garden. Very soon Napoleon came there with Mrs. Livingston on his arm. Barney went up to them, and looked Napoleon in the face and walked by his side. "Who are you?" said the great man. Barney told him, and added, "I have seen the greatest man of America, Washington, and I wished to see the greatest man of Europe," bowing to the First Consul. "That will do," said Napoleon, with a smile, at the same time patting Barney on the shoulder. They walked on together a little further, and then with a gesture to indicate his wish, Napoleon said, "That will do; you may go." No further hint was necessary.

Napoleon.

IN the last Queen's speech (1864) it is remarked that no reference is made to this country. When the distinguished Lord Jeffrey, then Mr. Francis Jeffrey, of the "Edinburgh Review," and recently married to Miss Wilkes, of New York, was in this country, during the war of 1812, he was presented to

Jeffrey.

Mr. Madison.

Mr. Madison, who inquired, "What is thought of our war in England?" "It is not thought of at all," was the curt reply.

Jeffrey did injustice to Mr. Madison, who was a courtly and most respectable gentleman, who would have been held in high honor in every respect had he been a peer of England. "Mr. Madison," said Jeffrey, "reminded me of a schoolmaster dressed up for a funeral." Mr. Madison in that respect, unlike John Quincy Adams, had nothing of the schoolmaster about him, but in appearance and dress, and for his courtly manners, was as unmistakable a gentleman as Pitt, or any premier of Great Britain.

Colonel Byrd.

COLONEL BYRD, of Westover, in Virginia, was in London during the reign of George the Second, and took, in a club-house there, a bet for ten thousand guineas on a card, offered by the Duke of Cumberland, the king's son, and commander-in-chief of the army. Byrd won the bet, and retired from the table. Before separating, the Duke said to him, "You are a stranger to me, and we have a rule of the club, as you may not know, that no bet is paid until it is ascertained that the winner could pay in case of losing. Will you therefore be so good as to refer me to your banker?" "Certainly, your Grace," replied Byrd, "and I consider the rule a very proper one." Byrd at once wrote a note referring the Duke to his banker, which was promptly answered, "I will accept Colonel Byrd's draft for ten thousand guineas, or for ten times the sum." General Scott adds to the above that the Duke avoided the payment of his debts of honor when allowed to do so. This, Byrd would not permit, and as the Duke delayed payment, had it intimated to him that he was ready to meet him in the field, and would expose him if he did not pay the money, which was paid.

General Scott.

It is said that Colonel Byrd made the tour of Europe with the proceeds of that bet, and did not play again while abroad, but eventually lost his fortune at the gambling-table, in Virginia.

Chris. Hughes.

I HAD the honor of a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the Hon. Christopher Hughes, of Baltimore, who represented this country at Stockholm, Copenhagen, and the Hague. It commenced in 1812, when he was a member of the Maryland Legislature, and often the guest of my grandmother, the widow of Governor Ogle, at Annapolis. When Messrs. Adams, Bayard, Clay, Gallatin, and Russell were sent to Ghent as Peace Commissioners, each of whom having his private secretary (Carroll, Dallas, Todd, and others), Mr. Hughes accompanied them as Secretary of the Board, and made a strong impression on them by his diplomatic tact and agreeable qualities. He was handsome, gay, and witty, of graceful and easy manners, always well dressed, and very fashionable in every respect. He left Princeton at an early age, with great *éclat*, having made there friends for life, the Ingersolls and others, of Philadelphia. Young and careless, though by no means of a quarrelsome disposition, he soon became involved in two duels. One was with Livermore, afterwards a Boston lawyer, and the chaplain of the Chesapeake when captured by the Shannon. The duel arose from words dropped in the heat of a political discussion. As Livermore was near-sighted, it was agreed they should fight in the shades of the evening, to put the combatants on an equality. No harm was done, and there was a reconciliation. The other duel was with the since distinguished Hon. John Barney. Hughes, in sportive vein, told a friend of a supper at "Black Dolly's," not a very reputable house, and added, "Barney was there." The indiscreet friend, on meeting Barney, remarked, "You were at Dolly's

Duels.

John Barney.

D'Evreaux.

supper." "I was not," indignantly replied Barney. "Hughes says you were." "Then Hughes tells a lie," said Barney. The injudicious friend reports the conversation as a charge on Hughes of having "lied." Hughes writes a note to Barney, and demands a recantation. Barney refuses to recant. A challenge follows. They meet in Howard's Park. A shot is exchanged, and blood spurts from near Barney's eye. He is supposed to be wounded. The since famed General D'Evreaux, second to Hughes, rushes to Barney, saying, "I hope, my dear fellow, you are not seriously wounded?" "I don't know," says Barney, his blood flowing copiously. "Both are brave and honorable men. This *must* be settled amicably," said D'Evreaux. "How came you, Barney, to say I lied?" said Hughes. "I never said any such thing," replied Barney; "I said it was a lie if any one said I was at Dolly's supper. I was there *before* supper." Thus it was discovered that gentlemen had perilled their lives under a mistake. It was also discovered that Barney was wounded by the flint from his own pistol.

General Smith.

Not long after this affair, Mr. Hughes was married to a daughter of General Samuel Smith, a proud man, distinguished in the Revolutionary army and in politics, and at that time the great and opulent merchant of Baltimore. Smith was ambitious of a more distinguished match for his daughter, Hughes being then only a fashionable young man about town, with no great expectations. He had been introduced by General Smith to his family as a rising politician, and was surprised at his rejection by the father after his acceptance by the daughter. They eloped, and were married at Fort McHenry, the sentinels shutting out all intruders, the commander of the fort being Major Armistead, the brother-in-law of Hughes. For a long time General Smith was inexorable, and until Hughes, of himself, began to rise in

the world. During the period of their alienation, General Smith and Hughes met at a political supper. Toasts were given, and Hughes's toast was, "Whip-cracks and heel-taps." The father of General Smith was a wagoner, and the father of Hughes, a shoemaker. But old Hughes, an Irishman, died rich, and so perhaps did the wagoner.

When Envoy to Holland, the king, who had lost Belgium by conquest, expressed his regret to Hughes to learn that he wished to go there. "Your majesty would go there yourself if you could," was Hughes's reply.

King of Holland.

When at Ghent, Mr. Hughes met, at his lodgings, Mr. John Quincy Adams, the tears dropping from one of his eyes from an infirmity he had, at the time asking the chambermaid to do some little service in the room for him, and reported to Mr. Clay that "he had met Mr. Adams with tears in his eyes, entreating the chambermaid." Mr. Adams took no offence, Hughes being always in high favor with him, "the best *diplomat* abroad," as Adams used to say.

J. Q. Adams.

In England, Hughes met the Duke of Wellington at the Marchioness of Wellesley's, who introduced them. Not long after they met at Almack's. Hughes threw himself repeatedly in the way of the Duke without being noticed. At last he went boldly up to him, saying, "My dear Duke, you don't recognize me." "Yes, I do, sir; you are Mr. Hughes, of Baltimore," said the Duke, in a tone so cold and decided that Hughes, like others discomfited by the Duke of Wellington, could not come again to the charge. This was perhaps the most mortifying event of his life.

Wellington.

Hughes, in after years, offended another great military chieftain. On meeting General Scott, soon after the "hasty plate of soup" letter, Hughes remarked, "You ought to be promoted, made a Marshal. You are already a Marshal Turenne."

General Scott.

On one occasion Hughes thought himself insulted by the chivalric and accomplished Judge Martin, who boasted that he could "use a pistol." Hughes promptly replied, "I don't boast of being a shot, but I believe I could hit a Martin."

Hughes could scarcely go into society anywhere without making a pun or a witticism. His anecdotes were boundless. Charles A. Davis. He and Mr. Charles A. Davis, of New York (Jack Downing), once dined with me, my only guests, and, until then, strangers. For hours they were most amusing.

Sir Chas. Bagot.

SIR CHARLES BAGOT, H. B. M. Minister, an accomplished and refined gentleman, distinguished for his amiability and the excellence of his manners, and his beautiful wife, daughter of Lord Mornington and niece of the Duke of Wellington, in consequence of their peculiar fitness for the post, came to Washington to conciliate our government and the people on the conclusion of the war of 1812. Mr. Bagot, as he then was, afterwards Sir Charles Bagot, was a brother of Lord Bagot, and was subsequently ambassador to Russia and Governor-General of Canada, where he died in office. In his mission to this country he was particularly successful and acceptable to all parties. He was somewhat of a humorist. While on his way to visit Mr. Madison, at Montpelier, he heard a wagoner narrating in the public inn a circumstance connected with the Hon. Benjamin Huger, M. C. from South Carolina, and in every respect a gentleman, by birth, education, and the enjoyment of an ample fortune. Said the wagoner, "In a narrow part of the road, in which no vehicles could pass each other without both of them turning out, a splendid coach and four came up to me, and I heard an authoritative voice call out, 'Give me half the road, that I may pass!' I took no notice of it, but kept on, my horses on a walk. In a

Mr. Huger.

little while Mr. Huger put his head out of the window, and said, 'My friend, I travel faster than you do; will you be so kind as to give me half the road?' And I did so, for when Mr. Huger was polite, I became *agreeable*."

Mrs. Bagot gave Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson and the Misses Caton letters of introduction to the Duke of Wellington. These letters introduced those accomplished ladies into the most distinguished society in England, where they made their mark. After Mrs. Patterson became a widow, she was married to the Marquis of Wellesley, at the time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His offer was so prompt after her arrival in Dublin that she declined the honor. The Archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church called upon her and remonstrated with her. He said her *duty to the Church* required her to marry the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; that Providence had selected *her* for the instrument of good. Not long after, George the Fourth echoed that opinion, that "her marriage seemed to have been destined for the conciliation of Ireland." The Marquis, as I was told by Sir John Stewart, of the British Army, married Mrs. Patterson with a mercenary object, and under the mistake that she was the lady who lived in splendor at Brighton, attracting notice for her brilliant equipage and style of living. Mrs. Patterson was the guest at Brighton of the millionaire, Miss Dulany, and had the use of her house and her equipage. (Miss Dulany was a distant relative of mine, and more nearly related to me than to her heir, Miss Rebecca Dulany, of Alexandria.) To accomplish his object, for the Marquis was great at intrigue, he brought about a match between Miss Dulany and his illegitimate son and physician, Sir John Hunter, a very attractive man. Soon after their marriage, the Marquis asked of Sir John the loan of £10,000 or £20,000. This being refused, on the ground of the

The Catons.

Miss Dulany.

Sir John Hunter.

property belonging to his wife, with which Sir John Hunter would not interfere, all social relations between him and his father ceased. Ultimately, the Marquis ceased to command the respect of his wife, and they did not live happily together. After his death the Marchioness became the lady in waiting to the Queen of William the Fourth. Mr. Van Buren told me he was struck by "the ease and grace of our countrywoman, so superior to that of all the ladies of the court." The last years of her life were spent at Hampton Court, in which she had handsome apartments assigned to her, and where she died. The second sister, Miss Betsey Caton, married Lord Stafford, and the third, Louisa Catharine, was first married to Sir Felton Hervey, the favorite aide of the Duke of Wellington, and after his death to another aide, the Marquis of Caermarthen, subsequently Duke of Leeds. None of these ladies had children.

Mr. Van Buren.

William IV.

In presence of William the Fourth, some one, perhaps willing to annoy Lady Wellesley, said, "And where is it you come from? The land where they guess, or the land where they calculate, or the land where they reckon?" The King instantly responded, saying, "The Marchioness comes from the land where they enchant."

The Patroon.

As that amiable gentleman, General Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, was writing a letter at his desk in the Representatives' Hall, when a member of the House, and Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, one of the inquisitive tribe of the "Yankee nation," also a member of Congress, came to his desk and inquired of General Van Rensselaer, "Are you writing letters on agriculture?" "Yes, sir." "To whom are you writing?" "To the father-in-law of the Marquis of Wellesley." "I did not know you corresponded with those great folks," said the

other, and then added, "I don't *now* recollect who is the father-in-law of the Marquis of Wellesley. Who is he?" "Richard Caton, of Baltimore," was the reply.

FENIMORE COOPER and JOHN M. BOTTS were introduced to each other in my presence, by my friend, Mr. J. C. Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, on the steamer, as we crossed the Susquehanna, with the remark, "Though you differ politically, I do not see, gentlemen, why you should not know each other." There was a stiff manner with both, and an awkward silence, when I remarked, "I should sooner take each of them to belong to a different party than the one to which he was attached." Both warmly professed I was mistaken. Mr. Cooper said, with some asperity, "I am entirely a Democrat," and Botts, with equal warmth, "I would be nothing but a Whig." Meeting the latter a few moments afterwards, he said to me, "I could scarce tolerate Cooper for being a Democrat, because *he* knows better." The whole scene was extremely ludicrous.

WILLIAM B. GILES, of Virginia, and JUDGE DUVAL, of Maryland, were members of Congress during the administration of Washington, and boarded in Philadelphia with Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughter was neither young nor taciturn. Mr. Giles, as Senator, and Mr. Duval, as Comptroller of the Treasury, met again in Washington at the beginning of Jefferson's administration. They were happy in the revival of old times, until Mr. Giles inquired of Duval, "What has become of that d—d cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon?" "She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the reply.

Fenimore Cooper.

John M. Botts.

Wm. B. Giles.

Judge Duval.

Wm. Woodville.

I CAUSED some deference to be paid to my modest and shy friend, Mr. William Woodville, of Baltimore, nephew of Mr. Caton, by asking a New York lady, who had been boasting to me of her blood, when we were at Sharon Springs, "Do you know Mr. Woodville is first cousin to the Duchess of Leeds?" That evening she took her seat by his side in the dancing-room, and began conversation with the remark, "You must have enjoyed your visit to England, to be among your great relations." Mr. Woodville would not encourage a word more, and the subject dropped. He told me the next day "he did not know what the woman was driving at."

Earl of Baltimore.

MR. R. D. SHEPHERD, of New Orleans, told me he was acquainted in former years with a Mr. Earl, of Baltimore, who, while in England, visited Hampton Court Palace. On his return to the inn where he had left his horses, the innkeeper met him at the door, cap in hand, regretting "his lordship" had not received the attentions to which he was entitled. "How did you *find me out?*" said Earl, who was somewhat of a wag. "One of the servants discovered *your title* from your hat," was the reply. In the hat was written, "John, Earl of Baltimore." Punctuation is sometimes essential.

Wellington.

MR. STEVENSON, on his return from England, told me he was at the entrance of the palace at the same moment with the hero of Waterloo, on one of the Queen's receptions. The people shouted lustily, and apparently with great unanimity, "Hurrah for Wellington! Hurrah for Wellington!" waving their hats. The old hero was unmoved, and took no notice of the people. A young Duke approached the Duke of Wellington, and re-

marked, "Your Grace must be much gratified at this outburst of spontaneous applause." Looking towards the people with great contempt, and then towards his residence, Apsley House, he replied, "Look there, at my iron bars to defend my windows from the same people."

At the Marquis of Lansdowne's, when the Duke was quietly taking his refreshments standing, Mr. N. P. Willis, who was on the other side of the table, said to Mr. F. P. Corbin, in a voice so loud that the Duke could not fail to hear him, "That is the noblest Roman of them all; how I do revere him," &c., &c. The Duke never so much as raised his eyes to look at him. He was obstinately deaf.

N. P. Willis.

WHEN Charles Sumner was in England, on his first visit, he made the acquaintance of Lord Brougham. Miss Harriet Martineau was then in this country. At a party one evening, in London, Brougham called out across the room, "Sumner, what has become of that devilish old fool, Harriet Martineau?"

Lord Brougham.

THE houses in Franklin Place, Boston, were originally of uniform appearance. William Tudor, the accomplished founder of the North American Review, was absent-minded and somewhat eccentric. James Perkins, Jr., then recently married to the beautiful Miss Callahan, afterwards the wife of Bishop Doane, and Mr. Tudor, were friends and neighbors, occupying adjacent houses. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins had spent the evening from home. On going to her chamber, a voice growled out from the bed, "Who is there?" Mrs. Perkins, in alarm, ran to her husband, and exclaimed, "There is a man in my bed!" Mr. Perkins was by the side of it in a moment. The eyes of the

William Tudor.

128	ANECDOTES AND REMINISCENCES.
<p data-bbox="229 623 357 646">W. P. Mangum.</p> <p data-bbox="229 878 337 901">Gov. Upham.</p>	<p data-bbox="380 305 1219 466">friends strangely met. Perkins laughingly said, "Tudor, what are you doing in my wife's bed?" "Your wife's bed! It is my own," replied Tudor, who was, however, soon convinced of his mistake.</p> <hr data-bbox="676 480 915 486"/> <p data-bbox="380 531 1219 1123">ONE evening, at the National Hotel, in Washington, two Senators kept each other company until the small hours were increasing the figures on the dial-plate. At last Mr. Mangum, of North Carolina, President of the Senate, and a gentleman of great dignity, said to his friendly visitor, who came in <i>after</i> him about eleven o'clock, "Governor Upham, I find your visits very agreeable, but I really believe it is getting very late." "I have thought so for some time," said Upham, but made no movement. After a while Mr. Mangum remarked, "I thought, Governor Upham, you had decided to go to bed." "So I had," said Upham, but sat still. Mangum stared at him in amazement, and at last plainly said, "But why don't you go to <i>your</i> room, Governor Upham?" "This is mine," replied Upham, and so it proved, to Mangum's great amazement.</p> <hr data-bbox="676 1166 915 1172"/>
<p data-bbox="229 1226 323 1250">Bainbridge.</p>	<p data-bbox="380 1217 1219 1638">COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE made a similar mistake in Philadelphia, the exterior of the houses in the same street being exactly alike. Supposing himself in the house of his friend, General Cadwalader, the Commodore took his seat near the fire, in company with a formal set, not one of whom he recollected ever to have seen before. A stranger to the Commodore addressed him with the inquiry, "Have you any business with <i>me</i>?" "No, sir," said the Commodore, indignantly, and turned his chair from the inquirer. All stared at the Commodore, supposing him demented. After a while the stranger made of him</p>

the same inquiry, and received for response, "I have already told you I have no business with you," again turning his chair from him. At last the stranger said to the Commodore, "There must be some mistake, sir. I am the owner of this house, and have my friends to dine with me." The Commodore jumped up with amazement, inquiring, "Is not this the house of General Cadwalader?" "No, sir; he lives a block or so below." The Commodore, under no little excitement, retreated, and on his arrival at Cadwalader's found the company at table, having ceased to expect him.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS was invited to dine by Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, in 1853. Mr. Sartiges, the French Minister, lived next door to Mr. Everett, on G Street, in the Wirt house. Mr. Stephens, by mistake, entered the house of Mr. Sartiges. The full number of invited guests had arrived. Mr. Sartiges had not invited Mr. Stephens, so he inquired of that gentleman if he had any business with him. The latter, astonished, replied he had not. Again Mr. Sartiges made the same inquiry, and received the same reply. At last Mr. Stephens exclaimed to a gentleman with whom he was acquainted, "In the name of heaven, what does that little Frenchman mean by annoying me in this way?" At last Mr. Stephens was informed that he was in the house of the French Minister, which he hurriedly left, and found Mr. Everett waiting dinner for him, next door.

Mr. Everett.

Mr. Sartiges.

At Pau, in 1867, I saw much of Mr. Aaron Vail, formerly American *chargé* at the Court of St. James. Mr. Vail told me that their dismay was very great when the news reached London that Mr. Van Buren was rejected by the Senate. Mr. Vail was

Aaron Vail.

Mr. Van Buren.

Edw. Livingston.

General Eaton.

Mr. Irving.

then Secretary of Legation, and told Mr. Van Buren at once that he had not the means to support the position, should he be left in charge of the Legation, as his expenses would be greatly increased, and as a part of his salary had to be remitted to his mother. He asked Mr. Van Buren's kindly intervention to procure an increase of his salary. Mr. Van Buren answered coldly that it was not likely that he would be able to do anything about it under his present circumstances. Mr. Vail wrote at once to Mr. Livingston that it was impossible that he should remain there on such insufficient means. An immediate answer came from Mr. Livingston, making Mr. Vail *chargé*, with full pay. General Jackson showed his resentment for the rejection of Mr. Van Buren by refusing to appoint a minister to England for several years, during which period Mr. Vail remained in charge. The rejection by the Senate of Mr. Van Buren undoubtedly made him President. It was a *faux pas* of the Opposition.

Mr. Vail's good fortune did not terminate here. When the Government desired to relieve General Eaton, who was far from being a credit to the country, as Minister to Spain, they hit on the expedient of sending out Mr. Vail as *chargé*, on the pretence that the business of the country did not require a full mission. As Mr. Vail arrived, the General left. After two years, Mr. Irving was sent out as Minister by Mr. Tyler, at the instance of Mr. Grinnell, and through Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State. Mr. Irving told Mr. Vail the appointment was most providential for him, as just then he had lost the little he had made by his writings through a not very shrewd agent. Going to Spain gave him not only a good salary, but special opportunities for literary labor.

Mr. Vail also told me of the offer made him to be Assistant

Secretary of State, when General Pierce came into power. He was visiting Mr. Corcoran with his wife, when Mr. Cushing called one morning before breakfast, and informed him that Governor Marcy was to be Secretary of State, and he himself Attorney-General; that he had come from Governor Marcy to offer him the post of Assistant Secretary. Mr. Vail was amazed, and asked to be allowed one day to consult his wife on the subject. (The mind of Mrs. Vail was thought to be a little unsettled at this time, a suspicion afterwards confirmed.) Mr. Cushing came promptly for his answer. Mr. Vail declined. Mr. Cushing strongly urged it, saying Mr. Marcy was unused to foreigners, and would rely mainly on him, and even offered to give him, after a time, a foreign appointment. He alluded to Governor Marcy's prospect of promotion, &c., and that these views would occupy him, and that the Department would consequently be mainly under Mr. Vail's control. Mr. Corcoran also greatly urged Mr. Vail's acceptance. Mr. Vail still declined.

Mr. Cushing.

Mr. Corcoran.

Mr. Vail remarked that when recently in Paris he had gone to the American Legation to have his passport *viséed*. He did not see Mr. Bigelow, but a negro was there, who asked what was wanted, saying *he* would do what was necessary.

Mr. Vail remarked that the Duke of Wellington, Minister for Foreign Affairs, when he was in London (Lord Palmerston being Premier), was always straightforward, truthful, and direct, and that he could always get along well by being equally direct and truthful.

Some years ago, when Mr. Vail was *chargé* in London, Governor Seward was there, and wrote home expressing his mortification at finding his country represented by a man who spoke English with a foreign accent, who had neither head nor heart, and who did not even know how to shake hands.

Governor Seward.

Mad. Pageot.

AT Avignon, in 1867, our hotel was opposite the Cathedral. Seeing one morning preparations for a funeral, we went over, following the funeral procession of many chanting priests and sisters of charity into the church. I soon recognized the chief mourner as Mr. Pageot, Louis Philippe's last Minister to this country, and was told the corpse before us was his wife, our old friend and neighbor, Delia Lewis. How strangely we meet in life!

Mad. Blanchard.

BEING at Passy, I pointed out to my wife the house where Franklin lived, and recalled a pleasant dinner I once had there with an English gentleman who occupied it, a friend of Mr. R. D. Shepherd. At table we talked of Madame Blanchard, who had just gone up in a balloon, amid a blaze of fireworks. I remarked on its danger, and the idea was quite ridiculed. I went that very week to London, and in the first newspaper I took up I read that Madame Blanchard had fallen from a great height and been killed, from her balloon taking fire, and that our English host at Passy had fought a duel and killed his antagonist, a professed duellist.

Mr. Hodgson.

OUR friend, Mr. Hodgson, of Savannah, likes General Sherman much, notwithstanding his proclamations and conduct while in Georgia. General Sherman's orders from the War Department were very positive to destroy all property belonging to the rich, and so he destroyed all he could not use or carry off. Soon after he arrived in Savannah, Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, and General Meigs, went down there. The Secretary ordered General Sherman to at once send every man, with his family, out of the city who had anything to do with the army or the war. General Sherman replied, "Mr. Secretary, if you

Gen. Sherman.

wish such an order carried out, you will have to do it yourself. You know that by your own order there is not a house standing within fifty miles of Savannah. Is not the weather cold? I shall not send women and children out to perish."

Mr. Hodgson told us Mr. Pettigru was in Columbia, South Carolina, the second year of the war, where there is a very fine building for the insane. "Where shall I find the insane?" inquired a stranger in passing. "All around you; all you see," replied Mr. Pettigru, and passed on.

Mr. Pettigru.

He also told us of President Lord, of Dartmouth, remarking that he had hoped for the preservation of his country, but now that the Government were obliged to appeal to four millions of semi-barbarians to sustain them, he quite despaired.

President Lord.

Mrs. Hodgson said they saved their silver as by a miracle. When Savannah surrendered she had on a tournure quilted and filled with gold, and a breastplate with her jewels quilted in. They sat up all night, Mr. Barclay and Mr. Hodgson, with their pistols. They feared plunderers of their own people as well as the Federal soldiers. The outrages of the troops were shocking.

THE Confederates were astonished at their success at Petersburg, and wonderful stories are told of the coolness and courage of the common soldiery. After it was all over, General Lee sent for several privates who had done incredible pieces of gallantry. He promoted one, and asked each one what they would like. Every one of them wished to be permitted to drive a wagon!

General Lee.

MR. WILLIAM R. KING told me the following anecdote evincing the extraordinary memory of Louis Philippe:

Wm. R. King.

When Minister to France, the King asked him if he knew

Louis Philippe.

Major Graham, of Winchester, Virginia, saying he was indebted to him for a very good lesson in life. Louis Philippe came to America, after the French Revolution, very poor. Gouverneur Morris, of New York, furnished him the means of support, without ever expecting to be repaid, but he was. Louis Philippe was travelling through Virginia on horseback, with saddle-bags, without a servant. Weary and worn, both rider and horse, they reached the tavern in Winchester. His horse was put up, and he was shown his room. He then said to his host, Major Graham, he would like to have dinner. "The family will be having supper in half an hour, and you shall find a good dinner," said the Major. "I should prefer to have it by myself," said the young Prince. The Major, drawing himself up to his full height, said, "Sir, any one who is too good to eat with my family may go elsewhere." The King said, "I was then young and foolish, so I ordered my weary horse, and started, ascertaining I had seven long miles to go to find another home. It taught me a lesson I have never forgotten."

Major Graham.

Mr. Bache.

Mr. Corbin told me that Mr. King sent for him one day, Dr. Martin, the Secretary, being ill, to aid him in his presentations at court, there being seventy persons to be presented. Each took a part. Mr. Corbin first introduced Richard Bache, of Philadelphia. On hearing his name, Louis Philippe said, "I knew your grandfather and father, the editor of the 'Aurora,'" &c.

On being introduced to a chaplain in the navy, the King said, "And where are you from?" "From — town, Tennessee." "Oh! I knew it well. I staid there three days with my brother," said the King.

Col. Benton.

MR. MACDOWELL, of Virginia, spoke of Colonel Benton, saying in his latter days he was greatly impressed by the deca-

dence both in political and social life in our country. He said he remembered the time when the society in Washington, both ladies and gentlemen, would have graced any court in Europe. In those days there were men of mind, manners, and morals from the South, who ruled the country. The North sent their gentlemen, too, Morris, King, and others.

I remember hearing, in my own house, Mr. Clay say to Mr. Dickinson that he remembered the time when the representative in Congress was presumed to be the first man in his district. Now, without doing any great violence, we may presume he is the greatest demagogue.

Mr. Clay.

THE Marquis of Tweeddale, now eighty years of age, was taken prisoner in the war of 1812, on the Niagara frontier. After the war was over he, with several other officers, visited Philadelphia. At an evening party these gentlemen were conversing with Miss Julia Rush (a great belle, and called a pocket Venus). General Scott was also present. When Miss Rush was asked if she was not afraid with so many red-coats about her, she replied very quietly, "Not when General Scott is so near."

Marquis of
Tweeddale.

Miss Julia Rush.

This anecdote recalls one of the Revolution. At the battle of the Cowpens, Colonel Tarleton was defeated by General Morgan and Colonel Washington, the latter pursuing Tarleton in his retreat. Afterwards, when the British had possession of Charleston, Colonel Tarleton said to Miss Elliott, a distinguished belle and fortune (the grandmother of Mrs. Cruger), "I should like to see this gallant Colonel Washington." "That you might have done," said she, "if you had looked behind you at the battle of the Cowpens."

Miss Elliott.

Luttrell.

LUTTRELL told of an Irishman who jumped into the water to save a man from drowning. On receiving a sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, he looked first at the sixpence and then at the man, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus! I'm *overpaid!*"

Stackelberg.

BARON STACKELBERG, Minister from Sweden during Mr. Monroe's administration, was a very gay man, fond of play, and addicted to many other vices. On one occasion, in consequence of some difference with another *diplomat*, Mr. Adams, the Secretary of State, requested an interview with him, and tried to persuade him that he had been guilty of a breach of etiquette. "Ah!" said Stackelberg, "if that be the case, I will apologize; for thank God! whatever other sins I may be guilty of, I never violate etiquette."

General Butler.

REV. MR. GOODRICH, from New Orleans, told me that when General Butler was in command there, he sent word to the three Episcopal clergymen that they must pray for the President of the United States, which, under the authority of the Southern Church, they could not do. He commenced with the Litany, and that day went over. The next Sunday, when they had just knelt for the ante-communion service, he was interrupted by the touch of an officer, Colonel Strong, who asked him if he had prayed for the President of the United States. He said "No." "Then you must dismiss the congregation." "That I cannot do." The officer then did it himself. When Mr. Goodrich was about to give the blessing, he stopped him, saying, "Not one word." This Colonel Strong was afterwards killed in battle.

DURING Mr. Jefferson's administration, party spirit ran very high, threatening disunion, civil and foreign wars. The feeling in administration circles towards England and Spain was very hostile. The American Minister and his lady were treated with great disrespect in England, always being assigned the lowest places at the tables of Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Jefferson determined, as President, to resent this by following the example of the Court of St. James. On the arrival of Mr. Merry, in 1804, as H. B. M. Minister, he was invited, with Mrs. Merry, to dine with the President. The members of his Cabinet, with their wives, were present, and occupied the seats of honor above Mr. and Mrs. Merry. The example was followed by Mr. Madison, the Secretary of State, when he entertained Mr. and Mrs. Merry. The Marchioness D'Yrujo, wife to the Spanish Minister, a beautiful woman, daughter of Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania, spoke with much feeling to Mrs. Madison on the subject, after dinner, in the drawing-room, and remarked, "This will be cause of war." So I was informed by Mrs. Madison in after years.

Mr. Buchanan, as President, imitated the example of Mr. Jefferson, at his first entertainment of Lord and Lady Napier. Mr. Buchanan handed *Miss* Cass to table, Governor Cobb Lady Napier, and Lord Napier Madame Sartiges, an American. Mrs. Tayloe and myself were present, and observed the chagrin of the well-disciplined lady, who afterwards acknowledged it to us, and both Lord Napier and herself talked freely to us on the subject.

Mr. Sartiges, French Minister in 1852-3, was a great stickler for etiquette. At a large dinner at Mr. E. Riggs's, he conducted to the table the most beautiful and the only young lady of the company, Miss Dulany, who had been celebrated by the notice of Washington Irving. She was agreeable, too, in conversation. Mr. Sartiges was then unmarried. At dinner he did not speak

Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Madison.

Mrs. Madison.

The Napiers.

Mr. Sartiges.

	<p>to the lady, and after dinner he complained to his host of disrespect, in not being allotted to one of the married ladies, preferring, perhaps, some Senator's wife. In the drawing-room he manifested his displeasure by his disrespect to the company, by turning his back to the fire, around which the ladies were seated, with the skirts of his coat over his arms. This I saw.</p>
Prince Napoleon.	<p>Prince Napoleon, I have been told, did nearly the same thing at Governor Seward's, at a ladies' party. He, too, straddled a chair, and turned his back to the company. His potations could be his only apology, if he did not intend insult. He knew better.</p>
Mr. Webster.	<p>At a dinner given by Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, to General Cass, on his return from France, Mr. Webster requested Mr. Pageot, the French Minister, to take his seat next the wife of the Spanish Minister, "as you speak the languages she understands, French and Spanish, which I do not speak." Before going in to dinner, Mr. Pageot took Mr. Fletcher Webster, the son of the Secretary, aside, and inquired, "Am I invited here to be insulted? Am I invited as Minister of France, or not?" Mr. Fletcher Webster said he did not understand the object of the inquiry. While the explanation was being made, dinner was announced, and Miss Cass was left without an escort. To relieve her from embarrassment, Mr. Barnard, of Albany, offered his services. Just at this moment Mr. Pageot offered himself as escort to Miss Cass, and Mr. Barnard retired. Mr. Pageot did not address a word to Miss Cass, but made snappish replies to her, and she then gave him no further consideration, but fancied he was ill. On their return to the drawing-room, Mr. Pageot made known his griefs to General Cass, who disregarded them as unworthy of consideration. Not long afterward, Mr. Pageot gave a dinner, to which Mr. Webster was invited. No notice</p>
Miss Cass.	
Mr. Pageot.	

was taken of him, then Secretary of State. The Postmaster-General, Mr. Wickliffe, had the post of honor, and Mr. Webster seated himself among the most humble at the table. This pre-meditated insult was not noticed by the Secretary of State, but Mr. and Mrs. Webster ceased to visit Mr. and Mrs. Pageot. After a while, Mr. Webster met Mr. Pageot at the table of Mr. Bodisco, the Russian Minister. Mr. Pageot endeavored to appear dignified, but Mr. Webster carelessly took hold of a decanter, and looking at the French Minister, said, "A glass of wine with you, Mr. Pageot," and he had to swallow it.

Mr. Bodisco.

MR. CLAY, in August, 1840, in compliance with an urgent invitation, visited Nashville, to make a Whig speech in support of General Harrison's nomination. To this speech General Jackson replied by a newspaper communication, charging Mr. Clay with falsehood. Mr. Clay made an immediate reply. With regard to the "insinuations and gross epithets contained in General Jackson's note, alike impotent, malevolent, and derogatory from the dignity of a man who has filled the highest office in the universe, respect for the public and myself allows me only to say that, like other similar missiles, they have fallen harmless at my feet, exciting no other sensation than that of *scorn* and *contempt*."

Henry Clay.

WHEN Gouverneur Morris, our Minister to France, was presented to Louis the Sixteenth, the King was struck by the resemblance he bore to the Bourbons, and said to him, "I do not know that any of my family have been in America." "But mine have been in France, your majesty," was the rejoinder.

Gouv. Morris.

On his return from France, Mr. Morris visited England, and

Mr. Pitt.

received distinguished attentions there. One of his friends, a lady, brought him and the Prime Minister together. On their introduction, preceding the dinner, Mr. Morris said, "Permit me to say to you, Mr. Pitt, that you know nothing about American affairs." Mr. Pitt made a bow, and left the room. His hostess followed him, and as he was about to leave the house, inquired in alarm, "What has happened?" "I make it a point, madam," replied Mr. Pitt, "never to remain in a house where I am insulted."

Mr. Fox.

The same lady thought she would be more fortunate in bringing Mr. Morris and Mr. Fox together at dinner. On the first opportunity for conversation, Mr. Morris said to Mr. Fox, "I do not at all agree with your views on the slave trade." "I see," said Fox, "you know nothing about it."

General Tureau.

GENERAL TUREAU, a savage general of the French Revolution, was Minister from France during the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. Being destined for the guillotine, he made his escape by the aid of the jailer's daughter, whom he afterwards married. She followed him to this country, but he did not introduce her to society. He had an accomplished secretary, Count de Carbre, who played exquisitely on the flute. One warm summer evening, the neighbors of Tureau, in the "Seven Buildings," were aroused by the cries of Madame Tureau. De Carbre endeavored to drown them by his music. The people near the house became indignant, and threatened to pull it down. In the height of the excitement, the eccentric Dr. Thornton appeared upon the scene. He rushed into the house, and even into the room, to arrest the flagellation of Madame by her brutal husband. On doing so, General Tureau fiercely said

Dr. Thornton.

to him, "Dr. Tornton, you do not know de law of de nation." "But I know the laws of humanity, and I mean to enforce them," said the Doctor. The irate general was silenced. Ultimately he sent his wife to France.

MRS. GENERAL JACKSON was full of the milk of human kindness, and remarkable for her good deeds, and her devotion to the Church. The late Judge Bryan, of Washington, told me that when a youth (his father, a religious man, being an intimate and valued friend of Mrs. Jackson), he was on a visit to the Hermitage. Mrs. Jackson talked to him of religion, gave him a hymn to read that was sung at a late funeral, and said, "The General was disposed to be religious, and she believed would join the church, but for the coming Presidential election; that his head was now full of politics." While they were in conversation, the General came in with a newspaper in his hand, to which he referred as denouncing his mother as a camp follower, &c., exclaiming, "This is too bad!" and working himself up into such a passion that he swore quite as terribly as "our army in Flanders." When nearly exhausted and out of breath, Mrs. Jackson approached him, looked him in the face, and simply said, "*Mr.* Jackson!" He seemed subdued in a moment, and did not say another word.

A MR. CREIGHTON considered himself engaged to Miss Louisa Caton, and followed her to Europe. She responded, "*You* are engaged to *me*; not I to you."

WHEN in London, in 1837, my friend Admiral Wormeley gave me a dinner, and placed me next to Admiral Sir Charles

Mrs. Jackson.

General Jackson.

Louisa Caton.

Sir Chas. Napier.

Napier. He was vain, conceited, talked big, and much of himself, and in very broad Scotch, too. A radical, very hostile to political opponents. He abused some of the British naval commanders in America, during the last war, especially Sir Alexander Cochrane and Sir George Cockburn. He said the disastrous campaign against New Orleans was gotten up to gratify Admiral Cochrane's cupidity, that he might seize the cotton. Of Cockburn, he said we could not detest him too much. He was a blackguard and a robber, and had disgraced himself in America. He also spoke of his own expedition up the Potomac, and of the capture of Alexandria. But he did *not* tell a story told by others: that on being remonstrated with by the civil authorities for the seizure of flour, &c., he replied, "I take a wholly different view of the case, and for my part, by God! I should like to be at the *socking* (so pronouncing the word sacking) of *London!*"

Captain Gordon.

Admiral Napier told me of his disappointment at the news of peace, "For," said he, "in a fortnight I was to have fought my ship (the *Euryalus*) with the *Constellation*, Captain Gordon, then lying in Hampton Roads—the *Euryalus* in the Chesapeake." He then told the story, addressing himself to the naval officers at the table, how the challenge had been given, brought to him by a "lawyer (since, Governor Tazewell), who wanted to take every advantage, offering terms I could not accept; but at last the matter was concluded, and I had no doubt about the result, for I had a fine ship in perfect discipline." He spoke in admiration of General Jackson, and desired me to convey his respects to him.

GENERAL JACKSON, in reply to my inquiry, when seated next to him at his table, told me he believed there was ground for the

belief that the British soldiers were encouraged to fight at New Orleans by the use of the words "Beauty and Booty," and that he thought "the least the English said about it, the better." These were his words, at the same time saying "*he* did not wish to revive the subject, and it had better be dropped."

Beauty and Booty.

WHEN John Quincy Adams was President, Mr. Webster took Mr. Featherstonehaugh, an English gentleman, who married Miss Duane, of New York, to the White House, and introduced him to Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams, as Mr. Featherstonehaugh told me, did not speak either to Mr. Webster or to him. "At last," said Mr. F., "I determined that Mr. Adams should say something; so as we were leaving the apartment, I remarked, 'What a fine view of the Potomac the windows commanded.'" Mr. Adams then said that he was reminded by the mention of the Potomac of a very singular adventure which had occurred to him on its shores, and on Mr. F. inquiring the nature of it, he stated that "a few days before, he was bathing in its waters, and on coming out he discovered that his clothes had disappeared, owing to the rise of the tide." "What did you do?" inquired Mr. Featherstonehaugh. "I walked along the shore," said Mr. Adams, "until I met a boy, whom I dispatched to the house with a message to Mrs. Adams, and after some delay he returned with another suit of clothes."

J. Q. Adams.

Mr. Featherstonehaugh left the Executive Mansion with a clearer idea of republican simplicity than he ever had before.

THE late Senator Pearce, of Maryland, told me he was one of the Committee of Arrangements on the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. On being presented to Mr. Lincoln, the latter inquired,

James A. Pearce.

President Lincoln

"Are you James Alfred?" This being answered affirmatively, Mr. Lincoln said, "You are shorter than I am by six inches; not tall enough to turn away the balls." They were to ride in the carriage together, and some apprehensions had been expressed of the danger of assassination. The residue of the programme was laid before Mr. Lincoln by Senator Foote, of Vermont, the Chairman of the Committee, leaving one point of little importance, on which the Committee did not agree, to be decided by Mr. Lincoln. He responded by an anecdote of an occurrence in his part of the country. He said it was expected a lawsuit would be decided by the testimony of a stranger, a very respectable-looking man, dressed in black, with a white cravat, and supposed to be a preacher. On being called to the book, and asked whether he would swear or affirm, he replied, "I don't care a damn which!"

Lord Napier.

MR. BUCHANAN, when President, said to me, as if intended for Lord Napier, with whom I was intimate, "Does not Lord Napier know that his intimacy with Seward is very offensive to the administration?"

Mr. Fillmore.

IN the summer of 1864, I wrote to Mr. Fillmore on the subject of the Presidential nomination, and expressed my preference for himself as a candidate of the Conservatives. In his reply, Mr. Fillmore remarks, "I can assure you in all sincerity that I have no desire ever to occupy that exalted station again, and more especially at a time like this. The truth is, that this patient is brought by the quack doctors, who control the administration, to the verge of the grave, and it is a serious question whether anything can be done for his recovery, and whether it is not more

necessary to employ an undertaker than a new physician. 'Fools may rush in where angels fear to tread,' but for myself, I greatly prefer to stand back."

WHEN Mr. Madison (in his old age, and very feeble) was reposing on a sofa at Montpelier, he asked a friend to take a chair near him, with the remark, "Strange as it may appear, I always talk better when I *lie*."

Mr. Madison.

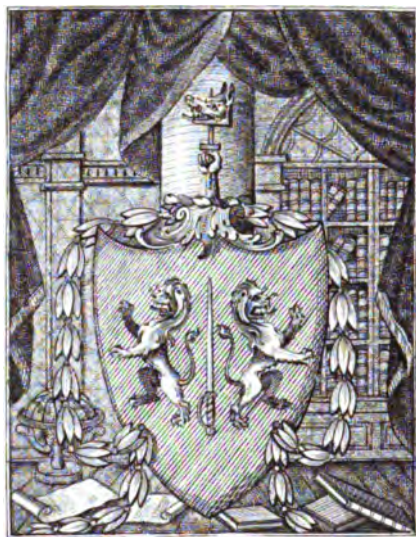
Mr. Madison was something of a humorist, a man of refined wit, and a capital talker.





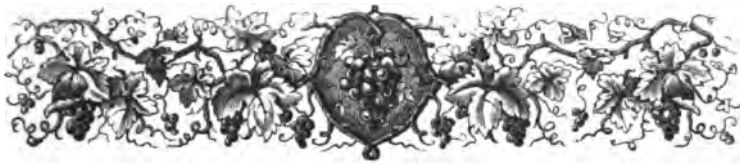
OUR NEIGHBORS
ON
LA FAYETTE SQUARE.





Benj^r Ogle Tayloe.

Benj. Ogle Tayloe's Book Mark.



O U R

NEIGHBORS ON LA FAYETTE SQUARE.

I WRITE of neighbors, and of anecdotes connected with them, for the gratification of my family. It is hardly necessary to inform them that their paternal ancestors lived in the Northern Neck of Virginia, between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, the native land of Washington, the Lees, Madison, and Monroe, until my father came to Washington City, in 1800, and took possession of his new house, the Octagon, at the intersection of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street. He had been induced by his hereditary friend, General Washington, to erect his town house in the Federal city, having previously had an eye to Philadelphia. Friendly to the object, and taking a lively interest in the erection of a house to be greatly superior to any other private mansion in Washington, the General frequently watched the progress of the work, from his horse, when he visited the embryo city, in 1798 and 1799, as reported to me by the late Charles Coltman, a wealthy citizen, recently deceased, and then a boy working with his father, a brickmason, upon the house. General Washington had himself erected a town house on Capitol Hill, which is still standing, and is now the property of Admiral Wilkes.

The Tayloes.

The Octagon.

Washington in
1801.

The site of the Octagon was bought by my father from his friend, Mr. Stoddert, the first Secretary of the Navy, and a relative of my mother.

The Departments.

I came to Washington in 1801, and remember it literally as *rus in urbe*, containing but a few thousand inhabitants, scattered about in single houses, apart from each other, or in occasional groups, chiefly in the vicinity of the public buildings, from Georgetown to the Navy Yard. There was scarcely any pavement, except in front of detached houses. The distinguished John Cotton Smith told me that when he was a Senator from Connecticut, he attended President Adams's first levée in Washington, in 1801, and that the members of Congress living, like himself, on Capitol Hill, found it necessary to send to Baltimore for hackney coaches to convey them to the President's house; and to avoid the swamp of Pennsylvania Avenue, they had to travel along F Street and the high grounds adjacent. (During Mr. Monroe's administration, I have seen carriages mired in Pennsylvania Avenue, even then almost impassable, the city at that time having less than ten thousand inhabitants.) During my childhood, the Navy, War, and Post-Office Departments, and the City Post-Office, were in one building, on the site of the present War Department, that was sunk to the eaves in a hollow prepared for it, to make it on a level, as now, with the State and Treasury Departments. Between the latter and the Capitol (its two wings only erected) there was but one building on Pennsylvania Avenue, then, as now, an apothecary's shop, at the corner of Ninth Street, a small frame building, built for public convenience by Dr. Bullus, of the Navy, who was stationed at the Navy Yard.

La Fayette
Square.

To La Fayette Square and its residents I will now direct my observations. As late as the war of 1812, I recollect the entire

square, from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Street, as a neglected common, entirely denuded of trees. The militia musters of the period were held therein. There was then but one house on Pennsylvania Avenue between this common and the "Seven Buildings," a small frame, still standing. The only houses north of the common were, the house, since removed, on the site of Mr. Riggs's present residence, then occupied by Mr. Simmons, a clerk in the War Department, and the present old rickety house at the northeast angle of the Square on Vermont Avenue, which has been successively owned by Messrs. Corcoran and Riggs, the last the present owner. Mr. Simmons lost his office for a piece of waggyery. On the invasion of Washington, in 1814, he ascertained that the British troops were in the village of Bladensburg, and on his return he met President Madison and Mr. Rush, the Attorney-General, on horseback, on their way to that place. He told them of their danger, and, as he reported to a committee of Congress, "they turned so hastily and moved off so rapidly that Mr. Rush lost his hat." "No need for so much hurry," said Mr. Simmons; "you have time to pick up your hat, Mr. Rush." But Mr. Rush was brave and patriotic. I knew him well, having read law with him, and having accompanied him to England, in 1817, when he went there as Minister, a position which gave me great advantages in society. Mr. Rush made a most favorable impression at the British Court. On his presentation, the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, by way of compliment, exclaimed with astonishment, "Never before in Europe!" and repeated the remark, as much as to say, "Where did he get his good manners?" for which Mr. Rush was remarkable. He was always very kind to me.

Another wag, Mr. Dinsmore, Collector at Mobile, lost his office soon afterward for exercising his wit on one in authority.

Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Rush.

George IV.

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Mr. Crawford.

There was a question as to the establishment of custom-houses on navigable waters. In a circular from Mr. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury, was an inquiry, "How far does the Tombigbee run up?" Mr. Dinsmore's reply was, "The Tombigbee does not run up at all; it runs down." The consequence was, a prompt dismissal from office.

Mr. Moore.

Mr. Moore, a Federalist, and Collector at Alexandria, secured his continuance in office by a happy witticism at Mr. Jefferson's table. Soon after the inauguration of Mr. Jefferson, it was reported he would introduce a proscriptive policy, and Mr. Moore called one day at the Executive Mansion to ascertain his fate, while the President and the members of his Cabinet were sipping their wine after dinner. He was shown into the dining-room, and Mr. Madison politely vacated his chair next the President, and gave it to Mr. Moore. The President inquired the news. Said Moore, "There has been a *recent* event which, when known, will astonish the whole nation." "What is it?" anxiously asked Mr. Jefferson. "That Mr. Madison has vacated his place, and that *I* occupy it," replied Moore. This *bon mot* put Mr. Moore on velvet; he amused the President and his company, and retained his office.

Match race.

Revenons à nos moutons. While the present La Fayette Square was a waste, about 1798-99, at its west angle was an oval-shaped race-course, which crossed the avenue at Seventeenth and also at Twentieth Street, the "running-in stretch" and judges' stand being near the residence of Mr. William T. Carroll, on F Street. On this course was run, in 1798, a celebrated match race, four mile heats, for five hundred guineas, between my father and General Charles Ridgeley, of Hampton, a sort of sectional conflict between Virginia and Maryland horses. The Virginia horse won.

The President's house was the first mansion erected near the Square. In 1800-1, Mr. Adams was its first occupant, in the last winter of his administration, on the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia. Of the discomforts of the house and of the city of Washington, Mrs. Adams has given a graphic description in her published biography.

John Adams.

Mr. Jefferson succeeded Mr. Adams, in 1801, in the occupancy of the Executive Mansion. During his administration, and that of his successor, Mr. Madison, a term of sixteen years, the house and grounds remained in an unfinished and neglected state, the latter wholly unimproved, and inclosed only by a post and rail fence of wood, which assimilated with the democratic simplicity of the day. Mr. Jefferson was equally simple in his dress and equipage. His appearance was in every way plain, his hair reddish, his face freckled. He was a good horseman, and usually rode on horseback. On the day of Mr. Madison's inauguration, the late Mr. Parke Custis, a Federalist, told me that while returning from the ceremony at the Capitol, on horseback, he met the ex-President, entirely alone, and they rode down Pennsylvania Avenue together. Similar neglect of retiring Presidents I have often witnessed.

Mr. Jefferson.

Mr. Jefferson was sprightly and intellectual, with much attractive information on a variety of subjects. He was highly accomplished in the ways of society, and gave delightful *recherché* dinners, with French cookery, French wines, and everything French, well knowing how to select his company.

Mr. Madison appropriately did the honors of the White House, until expelled from it by the British invasion, in August, 1814. The Capitol, the President's house, the public buildings, and a few private houses, were burned by the "vandals," as they were termed, under Admiral Sir George Cockburn and General

Mr. Madison.

Col. Tayloe.

Ross, who, within a month, was killed on the repulse of the British at North Point, near Baltimore. At this time my father was in command of the cavalry of the District. Superseded by an officer of the regular army, he was sent to Virginia to bring up some of its militia in season to aid in the defence of the Capital. His efforts proved ineffectual, and he was returning home, when he met my mother on the road, making her way to his place, Neabsco, near Dumfries, in Virginia. She had vacated the Octagon, and induced Mons. Serrurier, the French Minister, to occupy it, with a view to its protection. After going to Virginia, my parents divided their time between Neabsco and Mount Airy, until they reoccupied their own house, on its being vacated by Mr. Madison, after the war. For the nonce, until another house could be prepared for him, Mr. Madison was the occupant of the Octagon, and there he signed the treaty of peace with Great Britain, in the circular room over the entrance-hall, in February, 1815. The table at which he signed it is now the property of my brother, Edward T. Tayloe, of Powhatan Hill, Virginia. Mr. Madison next occupied the eastern house of the "Seven Buildings," of which the British Minister, Mr. Foster, was the occupant till the war, and remained there for the residue of his Presidential term. Mr. Madison was small in stature, but in every respect a well-bred Virginia gentleman, very hospitable and liberal in his entertainments, with great powers of conversation, replete with anecdotes and well constituted to shine in society. He dressed in the old style, wore powder, small-clothes, and buckles, and was unostentatious in his manners and mode of life. In entertaining general society, Mr. Madison was greatly aided by his wife, who, though not highly cultivated, was a woman of wonderful tact. No one was more amiable or more generally beloved. When a member of Congress, in Phila-

Aug. J. Foster.

delphia, Mr. Madison boarded in the house of Mr. Payne, the father of Mrs. Madison, at that time the beautiful widow Todd. Colonel Burr boarded in the same house. Mr. Madison fell in love with Mrs. Todd, and one day sent her a book to read, and requested her opinion of it. Mrs. Todd asked Colonel Burr to write a note for her in reply, which he did, and soon after Mr. Madison offered himself to the handsome and *intellectual* widow, and was accepted. She made Mr. Madison a good wife, her extreme amiability and tact adapting her to the times; it being beyond dispute that no lady has ever done the honors of the White House so gracefully or acceptably as Mrs. Madison. She never forgot a face or a name.

Mrs. Madison.

As soon as I became of suitable age I had the honor of dining with Mr. Madison, on which occasion I met very distinguished persons,—Sir Charles and Lady Bagot, Rufus King, Governor Barbour, Mr. Forsyth, of Georgia, and others of equal fame. Twice I was Mr. Madison's guest at his country residence, Montpelier, in Virginia. I thought he appeared to better advantage in retirement.

Mr. Madison.

Mr. Monroe, the next occupant of the White House, I also visited, when ex-President, at his residence, near Aldie, in Virginia. He appeared to disadvantage when compared with Mr. Madison. He was plain and awkward, and frequently at a loss for conversation. His manner was kind and unpretending. Mrs. Monroe, a Kortwright, of New York, was handsome and graceful, but so dignified and distant as to be thought haughty. While in the White House, Mrs. Monroe was much out of health. Her daughter, Mrs. George Hay, when Mr. Monroe was Minister to the French Directory, attended Madame Campan's famous boarding-school, and was there the intimate friend of Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter of Josephine, and mother of the

Mr. Monroe.

Mrs. Geo. Hay.

Carnot.

present Emperor of France. When assailed by a mob, Colonel Monroe went to the Tuileries, and tendered his sword to the Directory. Subsequently, he attended a breakfast given to Bonaparte by the Directory, on his appointment to the Army of Italy, in 1796. When Bonaparte retired, Carnot asked Colonel Monroe what he thought of the young general. "He has the talent of silence," was the answer. "That man," said Carnot, "is destined to pull down and rear up empires."

General McNeil.

On the completion of Monroe's second term, "the era of good feeling," sustained by a very able Cabinet, Adams, Crawford, Calhoun, Thompson, and McLean, the latter, continued as Postmaster-General under Mr. Adams, gave in honor of the occasion a distinguished dinner. General McNeil, of New Hampshire, who had won laurels in the war with England as an officer of lower grade, to make himself agreeable to the lady next him at table, remarked, "We have a great improvement now in the White House." "In what way?" she asked. "Mr. Adams is so superior in talents to Mr. Monroe, and Mrs. Adams, for her social qualities, equally so to Mrs. Monroe." "I am sorry, sir, you have such an unfavorable opinion of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe." The lady was Mrs. Hay, who was highly intellectual and accomplished, as well as a wit.

A mistake.

At a Presidential dinner, an accomplished statesman and very amiable gentleman was so unfortunate as to ask the distinguished General J., "Who is the young lady opposite, robed in white, whose bosom is rather nude?" "My daughter, sir," was the curt and haughty reply. "I did not mean her, but the lady beyond," unfortunately an old lady in *black*, up to the throat! No more conversation between them, nor probably between General McNeil and Mrs. Hay.

Mr. Monroe was brave, and had other high qualities, but in

his address was so unprepossessing, the surprise was how he got his advancement. He was not quick, but he had good judgment and great political tact, and has left a high reputation for successful statesmanship with the "Monroe Doctrine," suggested by George Canning to Mr. Adams, and by him adopted, to counteract the Holy Alliance in regard to Mexico and South America.

Monroe Doctrine.

During the last year of Mr. Monroe's administration, the "Nation's Guest," La Fayette, visited this country, and had a most enthusiastic reception everywhere, resuscitating a military feeling that led, perhaps, to the election of General Jackson to the Presidency, whose sole claim was based on the sword. At dinners given to La Fayette, capital toasts were produced. From Mr. Adams, "The heroes of the Revolution: like the books of the Sibyl, they increase in value as they diminish in number." Mr. Everett's, "He reads his history in a nation's eyes."

La Fayette.

During the early part of Mr. Monroe's administration, I spent several years abroad, and had the opportunity of seeing, and sometimes of being introduced to, some of the most distinguished men of a great era in Europe, soon after Waterloo, having been at the English, French, Tuscan, and Roman Courts.

After Waterloo.

In respect to La Fayette Square, there is a legend that in the plan of the city the whole square, from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Street, as far as H Street, was embraced in the Presidential grounds, but under the direction of Mr. Jefferson, as consistent with his notions of republican simplicity, and of the abode of a President of the Republic, it was ordered that the Presidential grounds be reduced to their present dimensions, and the street made from Fifteenth to Seventeenth Streets, cutting off the present La Fayette Square, by which arrangement the original

	<p>proprieters became possessed of the lots east and west of it, facing the Square.</p>
<p>St. John's Church.</p> <p>Dr. Hawley.</p>	<p>On the conclusion of the war of 1812, St. John's Church was the first building erected on the Square, to which my father was by far the largest contributor, and to which he presented the massive church service of silver which formerly belonged to the old church of Lunenburg, in Richmond County, Virginia. Rev. Mr. Wilmer, of Alexandria, while holding the pastoral charge of his own church, was the first rector of St. John's, and was succeeded, after the lapse of a few months, by his assistant, Rev. Dr. Hawley, rector for twenty-five years, until his death. He was a good man, and greatly devoted to his charge. Dr. Hawley was somewhat of an original. In the war of 1812, he was captain of a company of volunteers, chiefly theological students, raised, as was said, solely for the defence of the city of New York. On being ordered to the Niagara frontier with his company, the captain refused to go. To avoid a court-martial, he was permitted to resign. In derision, when rector, some called him "Captain Hawley." Commodore Decatur would not attend his church "because he refused to obey orders." Dr. Hawley was among the last who wore smallclothes and buckles.</p>
<p>Decatur.</p>	<p>The first private house erected on the Square has been known as the Decatur house. It was built by Commodore Decatur, in 1819, almost simultaneously with St. John's Church, it being then contemplated by his associates on the Navy Board, Commodores Rodgers and Ridgeley, to build respectively a somewhat similar house on other angles of the Square. Commodore and Mrs. Decatur lived comparatively in splendor, and were much courted for their different high qualities,—Decatur, the Bayard of the Navy, for his renown; his wife for her accomplishments and intellectual attractions.</p>

Mrs. Decatur was the natural daughter of Mr. Wheeler, an eminent merchant of Norfolk, and the proprietor of ironworks at Elk Ridge Landing, in Maryland, where Mrs. Decatur was born, her mother an obscure woman of that place. Miss Wheeler had the advantage of a fine education, and was at the head of her school. Among her schoolmates were the three beautiful Misses Caton, granddaughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, with whom she was a great favorite. Miss Wheeler, on leaving school, was the reigning belle of Norfolk, and greatly admired in Baltimore, which she often visited as the guest of the Misses Caton. Jerome Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon, then Emperor of France, paid his addresses to her, which she rejected by the advice of her friend, the Hon. Robert G. Harper, who accurately predicted, as the subsequent marriage of Jerome with Miss Patterson proved, that the marriage, if it occurred, would be repudiated by the Emperor, who was ambitious of allying his family with the royal families of Europe.

Mrs. Decatur.

Robt. G. Harper.

Mr. Harper, who detested the character of Madame Bonaparte, the American wife of Jerome, told me that she invented the story that her husband had only intended to make Miss Wheeler his mistress. On an explanation being asked by General D'Evreaux, of South American fame, Jerome denied that he had given any authority for such a statement, and that it was wholly without foundation.

Mme. Bonaparte.

It was reported that Miss Wheeler made advances to Commodore Decatur, then engaged to another lady. His marriage has been regarded as a blot on his escutcheon. Mr. Wheeler, when rich, offered property to Commodore Decatur, which he declined. By his failure he became bankrupt, and died in penury, some years after the death of Decatur.

Mr. Wheeler.

For a year or more after her husband's death, Mrs. Decatur

Stratford Canning

lived in great style, and at much expense, making a great display, at her *recherché* dinners, of the Decatur plate. It was said by some persons that she had chiefly in view a marriage with the present renowned *diplomat*, Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, then Mr. Stratford Canning, H. B. M. Minister to this country. Late in life, Mrs. Decatur became a Roman Catholic, with a view, as the expectant heirs of that gentleman thought, to a marriage with Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, then far advanced in years and verging on senility, but a great admirer of Mrs. Decatur.

Mrs. Decatur was a very accomplished woman, with fine manners and great powers of conversation. The last years of her life were spent in Georgetown, and she died in the convent there in 1855.

Duel.

Com. Elliot.

Commodore Decatur, a special favorite of President Monroe and his Cabinet, took up his residence in the house erected by him on La Fayette Square, in 1819, a short time before his death. The duel between him and Commodore Barron was caused by a free conversation at Commodore Decatur's table about Barron, in which the latter was condemned for not returning from abroad to take his share in the war. This conversation was reported by one of the guests of Commodore Decatur to Commodore Elliot, and by him to Commodore Barron, which led to an angry correspondence, and finally to the challenge by Commodore Barron. It has been said that Elliot used Barron as an instrument wherewith to wreak his own vengeance on Decatur for being the friend of Commodore Perry, and for holding in his hands a correspondence intrusted to him by the latter and reflecting severely upon Elliot. It has also been stated that on his deathbed, Decatur had the correspondence brought to him, and intrusted it to his wife. Commodore Dale told me he

had tried to put Decatur right with regard to Barron, telling him that Barron was a man of honor and no coward, and that he feared Decatur's free remarks about Barron might lead to a difficulty which might as well be avoided. From my own observation, I am sure Commodore Decatur foresaw the hazard of his position. The day preceding the duel I met Commodore Decatur. He looked ill, and seemed abstracted. The Saturday before, I was at a party at his house. He seemed out of spirits, and I was particularly struck with the solemnity of his manner and his devotion to his wife and her music, as she played upon the harp, the company forming a semicircle in front of her, Decatur himself, in uniform, the centre of the semicircle, his eyes riveted upon his wife. The party was given to Mrs. Gouverneur, the daughter of President Monroe, then a bride. The Misses Douglas, of New York, afterwards Mrs. Cruger and Mrs. James Monroe, were among the guests. (Their grandfather, a Scotchman, was private tutor to President Monroe when a boy.) The next week there was to have been a similar party at Commodore Porter's. In the course of the evening, Decatur said to Porter, his confidant, "I may spoil your party."

Barron.

Mrs. Gouverneur.

Commodore Morris told me he was invited by Decatur to be his second. He declined, but offered his services for an accommodation, which, he told Commodore Decatur, *ought* to be made.

Morris.

Late in the afternoon of the following Tuesday I met Commodore Decatur at the end of the pavement in front of what is now Willard's Hotel, and was again impressed by his solemn manner. On passing me, he accosted Commodore Macdonough, and they paced the pavement together, arm-in-arm. I have since heard the latter has said he "knew nothing of the contemplated duel, or he would have prevented it." Commodore Stewart made the same remark to me in regard to himself. The

Macdonough.

Com. Porter.

following morning, about eleven o'clock, I met Commodore Porter near the Capitol, riding at full gallop, on his return from the fatal field, in advance of all others. Decatur had fallen, and died in the basement-room of his house, to the left of the hall, on the evening of the day of the duel. On the following Saturday his funeral was attended by nearly the whole population, and, as it were, "by Congress assembled." John Randolph, of Roanoke, somewhat demented at that time, was very conspicuous, and talked wildly of his readiness to resent an insult in the same way. The remains were deposited in the family vault at Kalorama, then the property of Decatur's most intimate friend, Colonel Bomford, of the Ordnance Corps. Colonel Bomford married a niece of Mrs. Barlow, the wife of Joel Barlow, poet and diplomatist, and bought Kalorama of Mr. Barlow's heirs. Mr. Barlow had purchased the estate from the heirs of my uncle, William Augustine Washington, a nephew of the illustrious general.

Col. Bomford.

Mrs. Decatur.

Mrs. Decatur was so paralyzed by her husband's condition after the duel that she never considered herself able to see him. After his death, she closed her doors for months, and refused to be comforted. Then she took apartments at Kalorama, at first received a few friends, and soon afterward commenced giving weekly the most expensive dinners.

Hyde de Neuville
and Stratford
Canning.

This was the period of the best society in Washington, the first term of Mr. Monroe's administration, from 1817 to 1821. Gentlemen of high character and high breeding abounded in both Houses of Congress, and many of the foreign ministers were distinguished for high birth, talent, learning, and elegant manners. The Baron Hyde de Neuville admirably represented the French aristocracy of the old *regime*, as Mr. Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, did that of Great Britain. On one occasion these gentlemen attended, in diplomatic costume,

with swords by their sides, a dinner given by President Monroe to the diplomatic corps. They sat on either side of the President. During the dinner the British Minister unintentionally wounded the feelings of the representative of France by stating to the President that France had not done her part toward the suppression of the slave trade. As they were passing through the grand hall, on leaving the house, the two ministers came in contact, and De Neuville intimated to Canning, in French, that he felt insulted. An animated conversation ensued, both gentlemen touching their swords. To stop the altercation, the French Consul-General, Mons. Petre, interposed, and was pushed aside by his Minister, who exclaimed, "*Vous etes simplement, Consul-Général; je suis le Ministre de France.*" Canning looked defiance, bowed, and retired. John Randolph was present, and puzzled to know what it all meant—a quarrel, and he not to have a hand or a word in it. The words had been spoken too fast for him to comprehend them. All he knew was it was a quarrel, and that both gentlemen were greatly excited. The next day the matter was amicably arranged.

An altercation.

John Randolph.

It may be said of Decatur that he was brave, chivalrous, and patriotic, but so avaricious of fame as not always to be generous and just, as was manifested in his conduct toward Barron on the field of their encounter at Bladensburg. When mortally wounded, and Barron also wounded and doubtful of his own case, explanations took place. "Why," asked Decatur of Barron, "did you not return to America, when the war broke out?" "I had not the means," replied Barron. "Why did you not inform me of your situation?" said Decatur; "I would gladly have furnished you with the requisite funds."

Com. Decatur.

Barron told my father he would make no explanation under insult.

The duel created a profound sensation in the community. At first great indignation was felt, especially by President Monroe and his Cabinet, toward Barron, but in the sequel Decatur was very generally condemned.

Decatur was eminently patriotic, as shown by his celebrated toast, "My country: may she be always in the right—but my country, right or wrong!"

Mr. Lacock.

When General Jackson threatened to go to the Senate-chamber, and there cut off the ears of Senator Lacock, of Pennsylvania, for words spoken in debate, reflecting upon his conduct in the Seminole War, Decatur remonstrated with him, and obtaining no satisfactory response, said, "If you do, General, you will have to pass over my dead body." The attempt was not made by Jackson. If successful, it would have been a worse case than that of Sumner, in 1856, and might have saved the country from the disastrous consequences of Jacksonism.

Baron Tuyl.

On Mrs. Decatur's removal from her house, she rented it to the newly-arrived Russian Minister, Baron Tuyl, a general in the Imperial service, who lived in seclusion, a martyr to the gout. But still he was an epicure, and established his fame for the excellence of his dinners. He said, "Washington, with its venison, wild turkeys, canvas-backs, oysters, terrapins, &c., furnished better viands than Paris, and only wanted cooks." On his leaving Washington, about the commencement of the administration of Mr. John Quincy Adams, Mr. Clay, Secretary of State, became his successor in the Decatur house. He added to its dignity, and sustained that of his official position. His furniture was handsome. At his sale of it, on his retirement from office, in 1830 (as I was then about going to housekeeping in my house on the Square), I bought, as a reminiscence, the centre-table and the card-tables of the drawing-room. The owner

Henry Clay.

of some other relics of the kind, I will here refer to them. I am now writing on the card-table of General Washington. I have the drawing-room chairs of Alexander Hamilton, and his portable escritoire of the Revolution; some Sèvres plates bought at Mrs. Madison's sale, and previously owned by the Empress Josephine and Queen Marie Antoinette—one of them I presented to Lord Napier. I have a cane which belonged to Napoleon the First, given by him to General Lallemand, and by him to his friend Roberjeau, who presented it to Mr. Grelaud, of Philadelphia, who, at his death, bequeathed it as his sole estate to his physician, Dr. Mütter, by whom it was presented to my wife. In Paris, in 1837, I bought a Madonna, by Carlo Dolce, which had been owned by Napoleon, Lucien, and the Duchess de Berri, taken by the former from the Pitti Palace, in Florence.

Relics.

Mr. Van Buren succeeded Mr. Clay as Secretary of State, and also as the tenant of the Decatur house. He was fond of show, and was not outdone by Mr. Clay in the style of his entertainments, which were very handsome while he was Secretary of State.

Mr. Van Buren.

I recollect that one day dining with Mr. Van Buren, when Secretary of State, New York and South Carolina being then in full accord in their support of General Jackson and his Democracy, I was seated next to the eloquent General Hayne, of South Carolina, who inquired of me, a Whig, rather triumphantly, "Why don't the Opposition show fight?" He little understood at that time the "lineal heir" was not "succeeding." He spoke also of the greater corruption of the North through the bribes of office, though not in other respects more accessible to bribery than the South.

Robert Y. Hayne.

Mr. Van Buren's great intrigue at this period was his supplanting Mr. Calhoun with General Jackson, by warmly espous-

Mrs. Eaton.

Mme. Huygens.

The Livingstons.

ing the cause of Mrs. Eaton. It was the darling object of the General to place Mrs. Eaton at the head of society in Washington. This was resisted by the ladies of his own family, and the wives of his Cabinet ministers, and by other of his most intimate friends. Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. McLane, when the husband of the latter was appointed to the English mission, merely left cards for her. But Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Buchanan supported her cause as warmly as their natures would permit, and gave to her in society all the support in their power. Not only that, Mr. Van Buren made an attempt, though an unsuccessful one, to give her the support of the diplomatic corps. A grand ball was given by the Russian Minister, Baron Krudener. Mr. Van Buren selected Mrs. Eaton to hand her to the supper-table. Mr. Eaton, then Secretary of War, was assigned to Madame Huygens, wife of the Minister from the Netherlands, but she had "no appetite," and declined the honor. On another occasion, when Mrs. Eaton tendered her hand, her own was under her little apron, then a fashionable article of dress, and a convenient one for Madame Huygens. These rebuffs, and the bickerings they caused, broke up the Cabinet. Mr. Van Buren accepted the English mission, and Edward Livingston, of Louisiana, the accomplished statesman and able jurist, became his successor, and the tenant of the Decatur mansion. His beautiful wife and daughter made a great impression in those days, and especially the unequalled toilette of the latter. Nothing could be more *recherché* and elegant. Miss Cora Livingston was accomplished and amiable, and became the wife of Mr. Barton, Secretary of Legation at Paris, when Mr. Livingston was our Minister to France.

I will now advert to the occupants of the White House in this and the preceding administration.

Mr. John Quincy Adams's abilities and statesmanlike qualities were beyond dispute, and to the great benefit and honor of the country he carried on, as President, the policy inaugurated, perhaps by himself, in the preceding term. Although of a cold and unprepossessing exterior, and only appearing well in conversation when excited to it by others, he was a stickler for the forms of etiquette, as explained by him in print. Baron Stackelberg, the diplomatic representative of Sweden, who thanked God emphatically that he had never violated etiquette, proved that Mr. Adams was the Chesterfield of the day. "When," said he, "I had been out all night," for the Baron was a *roué*, "I was in the habit of meeting Mr. Adams in his early walks, while on my way home. Mr. Adams was then too polite to see me; but after three, on leaving his office, and meeting me properly dressed, he would give me a most gracious bow and salutation." This, the Baron thought a more striking evidence of politeness than that of the host who invited his guest to a well-provided sideboard, and then turned his back, that he might not witness the extent of his libations.

For years I had the honor of exchanging hospitalities, sometimes unceremoniously, with Mr. Adams. He could make himself very agreeable, and was most so in a small circle, when wound up to do the talking. He had some peculiar notions. When a Senator, in the same mess with Pickering, Bayard, Tracy, and other Federal gentlemen of the day, some of whom told their stories and cracked their jokes very freely, it was ascertained that he kept a diary, in which he jotted down everything. "This won't do," said Bayard; "I don't talk in a way in which I should be willing to appear in print." Others were of the same opinion. It was decided that his colleague, Mr. Pickering, should speak to him on the subject. Mr. Adams

John Q. Adams.

Baron Stackelberg.

Jas. A. Bayard.

Mr. Jefferson.

admitted the fact, but insisted on his right. He was then informed that he must desist, or he or the others must leave the mess. He left it, and not long after went over to the Democracy, and accused the New England Federalists of being dangerously allied to England. This course won the favor of Mr. Jefferson. The tergiversation of Mr. Adams, and his charge upon his former political friends, has been considered a blot upon his escutcheon. His bias seemed to be with his interest, and his feelings changed accordingly, so that he was not always governed by stern principle.

John Adams.

Adams, *père*, was said to have been influenced by his vanity, his passions, and his prejudices. It would seem he was not indifferent to his son's interest, as for it he abandoned the principles of his own administration and embraced those of Mr. Jefferson, when his son adopted them. The elder Adams was wont to say, "I and General Washington," and "I made General Washington." Mr. Adams was chagrined that Washington should have been the first President. He and his son united with Jefferson in hatred of England.

Gen. Jackson.

A new era, far different from that of "good feeling," burst upon the country under the "spoils system" of General Jackson. The "hero" resembled the elder Adams in being influenced by his passions and by flattery. His political views were personal rather than the result of statesmanship and experience. The extent of his information was circumscribed. He saw things through the eyes of others, and was proud to take the responsibility in critical cases, as if based on his own judgment. He was, however, decided and unwavering, firm in friendship, and unforgiving in hatred. He required subservience from his friends. Though not Chesterfieldian in his manners, he was often dignified, affable, and kind. In some cases I know of his

readiness to do justice to the injured. My housekeeper was often deceived by the tenant of the only house she owned. He paid no rent, and there was no hope of her getting it. He held a good office under General Macomb, at the Headquarters of the Army. At my suggestion, she laid the case before the President. He listened patiently to her recital, decided *ex parte* forthwith in her favor, and handed her a note to General Macomb, informing him that "if Mr. R. did not pay Mrs. T. the stated sum the next day, he must be dismissed from office." The sum due was paid the next day. On another occasion, a similar complaint was made against a Government clerk from Tennessee, a friend of his own, and appointed by him. Said the General, "Get his note for the amount due, interest added for sixty days, and bring it to me." "That will be of no use," was the reply; "he never pays his notes." "Do as I direct," said the General. The note was brought to General Jackson. He indorsed it, and handed it to the complainant, saying, "Take that to the Bank of the Metropolis, and at maturity it will be paid by the drawer or indorser;" and so it was, by the drawer, who tauntingly asked his creditor, a few days after sending him his note, "Why did you want *my* note?" "To get it discounted." "Who on earth would discount my note?" "The Bank of the Metropolis." On the debtor expressing his astonishment, his creditor replied, "I had a good indorser." "Who would indorse my note?" "General Jackson has done it, and says he will pay it if you don't." His payment of the note probably kept the clerk in office.

Gen. Macomb.

Indorsed note.

One day, at the earnest entreaty of some ladies, and of Mr. Van Buren, who escorted them to be presented to the President, I accompanied them. Almost as soon as the introduction was over, General Jackson turned to me with some inquiry about

Mr. Van Buren.

Race-horses.

race-horses; he warmed with the subject, and seeming to forget the presence of the ladies and the Vice-President, he entered into details about his famous horse, Truxton, saying, "With heavy shoes, he ran the mile on my Cumberland Bottom course in one minute, fifty-two seconds." Mr. Van Buren for the first time referred to the subject with the meek inquiry, "Is that fast, General?" "Fast, sir!" replied the General, in a short and reproachful tone, turning his back on Mr. Van Buren, and continuing the conversation with me until the ladies rose to take leave. I afterward heard, on the authority of Mr. Van Buren, that General Jackson said, "Mr. Tayloe can't be a bad man, he is so knowing about horses." A compliment, in spite of my politics.

Civilities.

I received many civilities from General Jackson while he was President; more than from Mr. Van Buren, his successor, with whom I had been in the habit of exchanging civilities before his accession to the Presidency. He was less hospitable than any person I have known in the White House, preceding the present incumbent. Mr. Buchanan was not extravagant in that way, but of him hereafter.

Sir Chas. Vaughan

During Mr. Van Buren's administration, and previously, Sir Charles Vaughan, the British Minister, was the tenant of the Decatur house. He lived in it as a British Minister ought to live; was very popular with all classes, very hospitable, and entertained every one entitled to his attention. I remember being at a small dinner he gave Mr. Charles Kemble and his daughter, not long after their arrival in this country. It was on Sunday, and among the guests were Edward Everett and Senator Archer, of Virginia.

At one of Sir Charles's delightful parties, not a large one, but what was termed "select," of a warm July evening, I remember

the approach to the sofa on which I sat, of a fashionable lady, just from France, in a bright red dress, *tout à fait Parisien*. My next neighbor, Mr. G. W. Featherstonehaugh, afterwards British Consul at Havre, inquired of me, "Who is that woman? She will set us all on fire!" I evaded the answer, her husband being next me. The inquiry was made of him. He coolly and laconically answered, "God knows," and strode away. He was the celebrated Grymes, of New Orleans. Sir Charles was a handsome man for his age, about fifty, refined, talented, highly educated, a Fellow of Oxford, the brother of Baron Vaughan and Sir Henry Halford. To please the Democracy of the land, it was thought he affected bluntness and slang. Soon after his arrival, in warm weather, he made his first appearance in society at a small evening party at Mrs. Kuhn's. On receiving him, Mrs. K. graciously expressed her regret that the weather was so warm. "Warm! madam," he exclaimed; "it is as hot as hell!" Then turning to his Secretary, Percy Doyle, afterwards Minister to Mexico, he called out, "Percy, you little d—d rascal, come here and be presented to Mrs. Kuhn!" He was regular in attendance at church, and at all times attentive to and considerate of the rector, Dr. Hawley.

John R. Grymes.

On his leaving the country, a ball was given Sir Charles at the theatre, at which General Van Ness gave this toast: "Sir Charles Vaughan, H. B. M.'s Minister near the Court of Washington." It was received with much merriment and with shouts of applause.

Gen. Van Ness.

Baron Hyde de Neuville, the French Minister, was a most estimable man, and with his kind wife enjoyed making others happy. On receiving her guests, she used to say, "I am charming to see you." They were the first tenants of the Decatur house, on the removal of Mrs. Decatur to Kalorama. I re-

member a grand ball there at that refined epoch. Two very fashionable belles, the one from New York, the other from Boston, went in front of the company, on their way to supper. My friend, Count de Menou, the Secretary of Legation, sprang into the niche at the head of the staircase, crying out, "I assure you, *ladies*, the supper is not yet ready."

De Neuville.

Baron de Neuville had been an *émigré* during the French Revolution, and lived on the Raritan, in New Jersey, much loved and esteemed by his neighbors. He became intimate with Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth. On the accession of the former to the throne of France, De Neuville came out to America as his Minister. Had the latter followed his advice, at first, he would have saved his throne. At last he told De Neuville, "You are right, and I will do as you wish." "It is too late now, Sire." The die was cast. Louis Philippe ascended the throne. With him De Neuville would hold no relations, regarding him as a usurper. This was the state of affairs when I had the honor of being entertained, in Paris, by the De Neuilles, in 1837. Theirs was then a Carlist house.

Mons. Roux.

Mons. Roux, a gentleman in all respects, a man of letters, an author, and devoted to the fine arts, was a worthy successor of Baron de Neuville during the Bourbon dynasty. He brought with him a very valuable gallery of pictures.

There was a degeneracy in the representatives of France under Louis Philippe and the Republic.

On Sir Charles Vaughan leaving the Decatur house, it passed into the possession of mine host of the "National," Mr. John Gadsby, who occupied it, with his esteemed family, until his death; after which apartments in the second and third stories were rented, first to Mr. Gales, who always entertained handsomely, and for two winters to Messrs. John A. and James G.

King, sons of the distinguished Rufus King, and members of the House from New York and New Jersey. The Kings were accomplished gentlemen, and had lived much abroad. The elder and his brother Charles, late editor of the "New York American," and now President of Columbia College, and a man of fortune, had been educated in England, while their father was residing there as one of the United States Commissioners under Jay's treaty, and where he was held in high esteem. They were at Harrow with the since renowned Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel. Mr. John A. King was Secretary of Legation to his father, when Minister to England under Mr. Adams, and afterwards Governor of New York. Politically he is, and has been for years, ultra-sectional. When a member of the Peace Convention, in 1861, he aided the war party, and told me he wished the Potomac to be the southern boundary of the country. That also is understood to have been the wish of Mr. Secretary Chase, who at first "was willing to acknowledge the Southern Confederacy," as he told me. However, we found the Kings agreeable and sociable neighbors. They were succeeded as tenants of the now Gadsby house by the family of the Hon. William Appleton, the Representative from Boston. He was particularly a benevolent man, so much so that on a complaint by his steward, during a very cold spell of weather, that his wood, which had been left on the sidewalk by his order, was fast diminishing, he replied, "I think it had better not be put away while the weather remains so cold." Mr. Appleton, whose financial talents made him useful in Congress, was, under the storm of abolitionism, succeeded by Mr. Burlingame!

Lord Byron.

Wm. Appleton.

The Gadsby house is now used for offices. Its last tenant was the present Secretary of State to the Southern Confederacy, Mr. Benjamin, when a Senator from Louisiana. He furnished

the house splendidly; partly from the furniture of Louis Philippe in the Tuileries, and his wife came to him from Paris, but they did not entertain company in the style of their predecessors.

We will now pass from the Gadsby house to the magnificent mansion and grounds of Mr. William W. Corcoran, but now occupied for the nonce, as a protection, by Mons. Mercier, the esteemed French Minister, and his family. It was built in part by the late Thomas Swann, formerly of Alexandria, the father of Mr. and Mrs. Mercer, of West River, of Governor Swann, of Maryland, and Dr. Swann, of Philadelphia. Its first tenant, in Jackson's time, was Baron Krudener, the Russian Minister. He was an amiable, witty, and accomplished man, and very highly valued for his social qualities, although very deaf. He was the son of the celebrated Madame Krudener, a devotee, who, through her influence over the Emperor Alexander, brought about the Holy Alliance, which, from a religious object, was converted into an engine of political power.

During Mr. Van Buren's administration, Mr. Aaron Vail, under-Secretary of State, made such by his marriage to Miss Sales, consigned to him with that view when he was left *chargé* at London, on the rejection of Mr. Van Buren by the Senate, occupied this house. Mr. Webster, Secretary of State under General Harrison, became the next tenant, and lived in a lordly style, especially when making the treaty with Lord Ashburton, his near neighbor, "sent out," as Mr. Webster said, "to be acceptable to *me*."

Our estimable President, Harrison, scarce seated in the chair of state one short month, was then dead. Mine was the last house he visited. The evening of the day of his visit to me, for a friendly object, he was taken ill, and in the course of a week the Rev. Dr. Hawley announced to Mr. Webster that "he was *sorry* to inform him that President Harrison was in heaven." It is to

be regretted, for the public good, that his eccentric successor had not preceded him. While meditating a desertion from the Whig principles on which he was elected, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," his Attorney-General, Mr. Crittenden, gave the new President an evening party. His probable course as to the United States Bank was then the great question of the hour. Mr. Clay, as they approached the side-table together, thus accosted him, "How do you decide?" (a pause and general silence, all awaiting the reply, and Mr. Tyler looking perplexed) "in favor of whiskey or wine?" Mr. Clay, in a humorous way, was fond of saying such things, as to Mr. Van Buren, when gathering up the reins in his buggy to take General Jackson a drive, "Taking the reins, eh!" The Swann house was bought by Mr. Webster, and the money raised by subscription to pay for it, but diverted to another object. When Mr. Webster left Mr. Tyler's Cabinet, Mr. Corcoran became its purchaser, and greatly improved the house and grounds, making it altogether the most splendid town establishment in the country. Mr. Corcoran, by his magnificent entertainments, threw all others in the shade. In General Pierce's time, Mr. Corcoran wielded a great influence in Washington. His splendid dinners are well remembered; the most grand, with a file of Senators on each side the table, or intermixed with the foreign and Cabinet ministers; but the most beautiful when he occasionally assembled pretty women, for Mr. Corcoran had an eye to beauty. His taste in all respects is excellent.

We come next to the Madison house, the present residence of Admiral Wilkes. It was erected a little in advance of the Corcoran mansion by the Hon. Richard Cutts, who had been in Congress, and held various offices under government. He was a debtor to Mr. Madison, and on his death the property came

Henry Clay.

Mr. Corcoran.

Richard Cutts.

Mrs. Madison.

into the possession of Mrs. Madison, about the year 1835. Ruined by her son, who got the control of her estate, which would have realized at least \$100,000 when it came to her, she was compelled to retrench her expenses, until relieved by Congress with a grant of \$30,000, the most of which was exhausted to pay the debts of her son, Payne Todd, an epicure and a gambler, who had great influence over his mother, and who spent all her money upon which he could lay his hands. Mrs. Madison made no complaint, but retired to the country to economize, and rented her house in turn successively to Mr. Attorney-General Crittenden and the Hon. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, who, with their families, and also Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, of New York, when the former was in Congress, we found to be agreeable neighbors.

Mrs. Madison was a very remarkable woman, had been very handsome, was graceful and gracious. Her *bonhomie* could not be surpassed. She was loved alike by rich and poor. After her death, her house was purchased by Admiral Wilkes.

Mr. Tayloe.

Next in the order of building was my own house, No. 2 Madison Place. I removed to it early in General Jackson's administration, and it continues my residence under that of Mr. Lincoln. It has been honored with the best company of the land, and that from foreign countries. Its roof has covered Harrison, Taylor, Fillmore, Cass, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Preston, Rives, Legaré, Badger, Scott, Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, &c., &c., the most distinguished of our statesmen and historians, from the date of its erection. In 1862, on one side of me, in the Wilkes house, were General McClellan's headquarters (and when he mounted his charger I have seen him attended by the Prince de Joinville, the Duc de Chartres, the Comte de Paris, and other foreign princes, beside his distinguished American

staff), on the other, in the former Rodgers house, was the residence of the Secretary of State, Governor Seward, who has entertained there the Prince Napoleon and the most distinguished visitors at Washington during the present dynasty. As Senator Seward, he dined with me to meet Messrs. Rives, Summers, Morehead, and other gentlemen of the South, during the session of the Peace Convention, in the chance of some amicable arrangement being brought on the *tapis* to avert a civil war. But Mr. Seward did not believe in war, and could not be diverted from his course.

Gov. Seward.

Soon after my house was built, Commodore Rodgers built, for his own residence, the house south of mine. He was the Nestor of the navy, much distinguished, and of great experience, though not as highly favored by fortune as some of his contemporaries. He was an agreeable and intelligent companion, and told capital stories. Not long after his death, his house was rented to the Hon. Roger B. Taney, while Secretary of the Treasury, to Mr. Paulding, while Secretary of the Navy, and to Mrs. Latimer and Mrs. Keller as a boarding-house. With the former, the Hon. John C. Spencer boarded, while Secretary of War and of the Treasury under President Tyler, and in that house he received intelligence of the execution of his son on board the Somers. Subsequently it was converted into a club-house, in which Philip Barton Key died, a few minutes after receiving the fatal shot from Sickles. After that catastrophe, it was sold, repaired, and rented to Governor Seward, when Secretary of State.

Com. Rodgers.

John C. Spencer.

The house next to Commodore Decatur's had probably been built earlier than that, by Dr. Ewell, of the Navy. His son, the renowned General Ewell, of the Confederate Army, was probably born there. Generals Meade, Pleasanton, and Lovell also resided in Washington in their boyhood. The Ewell house

Dr. Ewell.

Win. C. Rives.

passed successively to three Secretaries of the Navy, Smith Thompson, Southard, and Woodbury, the former and the latter also Justices of the Supreme Court. It was also occupied for a while by my friend, William C. Rives, then Senator from Virginia. Dr. Harris, of the Navy, next became its tenant for some years. His beautiful and sprightly, as well as excellent, wife was the charm of the house. His daughter married Judge Daniel, of the Supreme Court, and came to her death by her clothes taking fire. The house was afterwards bought by Mr. Stockton, an amiable gentleman, and a purser in the Navy. His wife was a niece of Commodore Decatur, and lived with him at the time of his death. On the death of Mr. Stockton, the house was rented to Mr. Sickles, of New York.

Dr. Gunnell.

Dr. Gunnell, dentist, next built his residence at the corner of the Avenue and Madison Place, as convenient for his profession. While so occupied, he received a message from President Van Buren, desiring to see him. Not doubting it was a professional call, he took his dentistry box under his arm. To his surprise, he was invited to receive the unthought-of appointment of City Postmaster, provided he made his brother-in-law, Mr. Mackall, who was an active politician in Maryland, his chief clerk. The terms were arranged, and Dr. Gunnell, to general surprise, as well as his own, became postmaster of the city of Washington.

Lieut. Maynard.

On his death, Lafayette Maynard, partly through my agency, bought the property for \$40,000. He was a man of rare merit, previously a lieutenant in the Navy, and distinguished himself by saving the passengers of the Atlantic steamer, wrecked on Fisher's Island, an event which all will remember from the beautiful incident of the tolling of her bell through the action of the waves on the wreck; as it were, a requiem to the lost. Prior to Mr. Maynard's purchase, the house was rented to Mr. Hub-

bard, of Connecticut, Postmaster-General under President Fillmore. Mr. Hubbard's hospitable entertainments have left pleasant recollections. His wife was the reigning spirit,—intelligent, industrious, spiritual, and ambitious. Near the house is the headquarters of General Heintzelman, the military governor of Washington, where he and his staff are to be seen daily superintending the defences of the Capital.

Mr. Hubbard.

About the time Dr. Gunnell built his house, Matthew St. Clair Clarke, Clerk of the House of Representatives, built his magnificent mansion next to St. John's Church, now occupied by its present owner, Colonel Freeman, late of General Scott's staff. Independent of his good income from his clerkship, which he lost under the decree of Jacksonism, that none but those of the true faith, a few special favorites excepted, should hold any office under the Government or Congress, Mr. Clarke fancied himself worth at least \$200,000. It was swept away by speculation about the time he was making large expenditures in building and furnishing his house. The white marble portico, never removed from the marble-yard in Baltimore, was to have cost \$5000. When Mr. Clarke's affairs were embarrassed, Mr. Gales's family occupied apartments in the house, and entertained handsomely. They lived afterward in the same way in the Decatur house. Mr. Clarke's house was rented to Lord Ashburton, Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Minister, Mr. George Riggs, and Mr. Meredith, Secretary of the Treasury under General Taylor, until it passed into the possession of Colonel Freeman.

St. Clair Clarke.

The next house built was the one east of Mr. Corcoran's, by his brother Thomas, who died before its completion. It passed to the possession and occupancy of Thomas Ritchie, the distinguished editor, and Government printer under Mr. Polk. The transfer of Mr. Ritchie to Washington by Mr. Polk and the poli-

Thomas Ritchie.

180	LA FAYETTE SQUARE.
Francis P. Blair.	<p>ticians of his school, ultimately drove Francis P. Blair into the Opposition, and especially to the South and the Southern institution. To recover his former influence, Blair selected Lincoln. Lincoln was his man. Blair knew him, a sort of connection through a marriage in the family—(while I write, President Lincoln is passing my window, followed by a cavalry escort with drawn swords)—and placed him over Seward. Ritchie was a remarkable man, the great champion of State Rights and the doctrines of '98. He was for some thirty years or more, through the "Richmond Enquirer," the voice of Virginia Democracy. For his social qualities and kindly disposition, apart from politics, Mr. Ritchie was much respected, happy in his family, all of whom were socially imbued with aristocracy.</p>
Mr. Welles.	<p>On the death of Mr. Ritchie, Mr. John Slidell, Senator from Louisiana, became the occupant of the house until his resignation, in 1861. Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, is its present tenant.</p> <p>Some years elapsed before another house was added to the Square. Towards the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration, the three houses opposite the southwest corner were built, the northern house by my clever friend, Mr. Trowbridge, formerly of the Army, the next by General Townsend, of the Army, and the third by Dr. Parker, formerly our respected Envoy to China, who still resides in it.</p>
John Tyler.	<p>Thus I have referred to all the houses facing the Square, and to their occupants, most of them our friendly neighbors. I will now revert to several occupants of the White House, succeeding General Harrison. By virtue of his office, but for no other virtue or qualification, Vice-President Tyler succeeded to the Presidency. Delicacy on the part of Leigh and other Virginians in the Harrisburg Convention, prevented their opposition</p>

to his nomination. They knew his political tergiversations, and distrusted him. False once to the Democracy, he was also false to the Whigs. He was intoxicated by vanity, success, and power. In needy circumstances, with a large family, and a poor prospect before him, Tyler sought office, if only for its emoluments. He was not sordid or dishonest in pecuniary affairs, but a man of generous impulses. With great confidence in himself, and great loquacity, he wanted refinement. In electioneering for himself, his boldness was unblushing. I have understood he made his bargain with Polk for the succession at the expiration of the latter's term. Polk was hardly elected, however, before General Jackson forbade the bans, doubtless holding in remembrance Tyler's desertion of himself. Robert Tyler said to me, "Do you know Polk has actually treated us with insult, not even noticing my letters?" Mr. Tyler's place in history is not an enviable one. When President, he was civil to me, but from self-respect I ceased to visit him, as I did Mr. Buchanan in the last winter of his term, from a feeling that both were doing all the injury in their power to the country by their course and example.

John Tyler.

Robert Tyler.

Mr. Polk was a man of mediocrity in every respect, of ignoble appearance and manners, but civil. I knew but little of him personally. His wife was amiable, and her manners were kind and cordial. No one felt unkindly to her.

Mr. Polk.

General Taylor, in the burst of martial enthusiasm, as the hero of great victories in Mexico, beat for the Presidency the "Hero of Hull's Surrender." General Taylor was as honest and straightforward as he was brave; a polite, modest, and unassuming gentleman. My own relations with him were agreeable and somewhat intimate. Walking with him one day on the Avenue, we parted, and on meeting again, half an hour afterward, we resumed our walk together. The General re-

Gen. Taylor.

Mr. Fillmore.

marked, "I have been walking with General Cass since we parted, and Cass said, 'It will be thought something is in the wind on our being seen together.' I said, 'No one will suspect me.'" I believe the sterling integrity of General Taylor was never more suspected than that of General Washington, and was above suspicion. His successor, Mr. Fillmore, in the honest administration of the Government, followed the example of his "illustrious predecessor," and with a natural dignity sustained that of the Presidential mansion as of yore. The era of good feeling was restored, and with it the restoration of the prosperity of the country under the able counsels of Clay and Webster. Fillmore was too upright and dignified to suit the vulgar, trading politicians who ruled his successors in a way that led to the present deplorable state of the country.

General Pierce.

General Pierce was the successor of Mr. Fillmore. He was elected over General Scott to be the tool of the Nullifiers, and the greatest credit he seems to deserve is his fidelity to his party. He was always well-dressed, and polite and courteous. But politics were with him the first consideration. On his receiving at a levée President Duer, of Columbia College, a gentleman by birth and education, and of distinguished appearance and dignified manners, President Pierce contented himself with presenting Judge Duer to Mrs. Pierce, and then retired to the embrasure of a window with one of the "unwashed Democracy," a newspaper reporter, perhaps, and took no more notice of Judge Duer. On leaving the house, I asked the latter what he thought of the President? His reply was, "He might do for a gentleman usher." Judge Duer, in his youth, was much about the Houses of Parliament and the British Court, under the auspices of his distinguished relative, Mr. Rose, M. P., &c. His remark above quoted seems more to the point than John Van Buren's

Wm. A. Duer.

to Governor Cass, when Minister to France. After presentation to Louis Philippe, for whom our Envoy had the most profound respect, he asked Mr. Van Buren, "What do you think of the monarch?" "As I think of any other snuffy old Frenchman," was the reply.

John Van Buren.

In my humble opinion, General Pierce, as President, did irreparable injury to the country by furnishing the ground of the civil war. This he did by making Kansas the shibboleth of his party to reunite it after a split over the "spoils." He united the Democracy, but divided the Union. On the latter fell the Pandora's box furnished by Pierce, and filled to the brim by his successor, Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan was our thirteenth President, and, without intending it, our political Judas. He was ambitious for another term of the Presidency, and with that object in view was willing that divisions should exist in his party, in the hope of its reunion for his benefit. What I saw and heard has led to this conclusion.

Mr. Buchanan.

Mr. Buchanan had not the advantages of a liberal education; he had, however, the advantages of foreign travel, and was often agreeable and instructive in conversation. He was not deficient in talent or culture, but lacked judgment and firmness.

It was unfortunate that the honor of entertaining the Prince of Wales devolved on him. If he had desired to disgust the Prince and his suite, he could not have succeeded more entirely than he did by throwing open his doors at the literally public reception, and admitting the *oi polloi*, even the hackmen, whip in hand! who were seen in close contact with the Prince and his party.

Prince of Wales.

Mr. Buchanan sent the Prince also to see Virginia under the most unfavorable circumstances, in a revenue cutter to Aquia, thence by a railway through a poor country to Richmond.

Virginia.

Miss Harriet Lane

Wm. B. Shubrick.

This, I had hoped, might be avoided. For the sake of Virginia and the honor of the country, I took the liberty of laying a different programme before the President. He said "the boy" should be civilly treated by him, because "his mother was *my* friend;" that Congress had made no appropriation for his entertainment, and that he should entertain him as he did others. I tried hard to convince him that the Prince of Wales (heir expectant to the British crown) was to be considered as the nation's guest, and that the country would sustain him in entertaining him accordingly, if he had to put his hand deep into the Treasury for the purpose. I seconded Miss Lane that she should give the Prince a select ball, if the President could not do so. I recommended that Commodore Shubrick, as our High Admiral, should be put in command of a suitable vessel of war; one was then lying at Norfolk every way suited for the purpose, commanded by Captain Ingraham, and ready for sea, that a telegram would have brought to Washington in advance of the Prince. As the Duke of Clarence, afterward William the Fourth, in that way did the honors to the crowned victors of Napoleon when they visited England, we should to the best of our ability in like manner do honor to the Prince of Wales. I also suggested that on leaving Washington Commodore Shubrick should take the Prince by the Chesapeake up the James River, and on his return, either to Baltimore or New York, as the Prince might prefer. I had even made arrangements for his suitable entertainment at the princely mansion of Westover. All the delicacies for the occasion were provided, and the guests to meet the Prince invited. He would then have seen Virginia, its most fertile and improved lands, and its classic and historical places, to the best advantage. Mr. Buchanan chose to pursue his own programme, to the mortification of at least every Virginia gentleman, if not of others.

Mr. Lincoln's residence in the White House I leave for the record of that History which he has said was being prepared for him. May he leave the house of his predecessors in peace, and the country as prosperous as it can be under the losses it has sustained during his administration. Let it speak for itself hereafter. Socially, if not otherwise, *ignoro*.

Mr. Lincoln.

Thus have I referred to every house on La Fayette Square, and to every tenant, many of them my good neighbors, including the venerable Crittenden, of whose death at seventy-seven I have heard to-day. He was frequently at my house. I respected his virtues, his patriotism, his courage, his delicacy, and his fine and sensitive feelings. I knew him as an orator, and would throw a veil over his foibles, the weaknesses of ambition or of age. As a Damon, Clay should have been his Pythias. He should never have swerved from high principle for a temporary object. On speaking to him of the fate of our country, he burst into tears, and could scarcely say a word. The last time I saw him the subject was revived. He had fears of the encroachment of power to the subversion of our institutions and our liberties, yet expressing a hope that the mind of the administration turned on peace, and that with its connivance foreign intervention might bring it about. A Union man, ready to make any sacrifice for Union, he then, last February (1863), seemed wholly at a loss as to his own course, and declared most emphatically he had been deceived by the administration.

Jno. J. Crittenden

I must now pass hurriedly over a notice of houses not facing La Fayette Square, built upon the half square on which I live, such as Commodore McAuley's house, Riggs's banking-house, formerly the Branch Bank of the United States, the house on Fifteenth Street, built by Harrison Smith, the first editor of the "National Intelligencer," the one at the corner of H Street,

Harrison Smith.

186	<i>LA FAYETTE SQUARE.</i>
Miss Kerr.	<p data-bbox="380 315 1217 564">occupied by Baron Gerolt, built by the accomplished Captain Jefferson Page, now of the Confederate service, the one next, the residence of Miss Kerr, and the one west of it, Mrs. Hill's, presented to her by her brother, Mr. William W. Corcoran. This brings us to the house of Admiral Wilkes, next to which is my own.</p> <p data-bbox="413 574 1002 609">In this way, for the present, my task is done.</p> <div data-bbox="534 1046 1022 1225" data-label="Image"> </div>

AMERICAN GENTLEMEN
OF
THE OLDEN TIME.

The following papers on "American Gentlemen of the Olden Time" were contributed by Mr. Tayloe, in 1851, to the New York "Spirit of the Times."



AMERICAN GENTLEMEN OF THE OLDEN TIME,

ESPECIALLY IN MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

I.

IT is to be regretted that old men do not more frequently give you and your readers the benefit of their recollections. Something of the sort, treasured up among my reminiscences, either coming under my own observation or traditionary, will perhaps interest some few of your friends.

An article in your paper expatiates on the illustrious lineage of our equestrian aristocracy. I will confine myself to that of some few gentlemen (such as were so in the strict acceptation of the term) named in the article referred to, and those connected with them; that if "blood," from remote ancestry, causes additional respect on the other side of the Atlantic, it may be understood there that some of our Americans are descended from the very best blood of England. Cotton Mather has aptly said, it required the seed of *all* Europe to produce the American of this country. Has not Miss Martineau said something of the kind? The pedigree of Washington has been published, showing his descent from the royal Plantagenets. This may augment the respect entertained for his memory in England, but nothing of the kind can add to the veneration of his own country. Washington was one of Nature's noblemen. We have others without the advantages of birth. But there are families in our land whose lineage, it is believed, can be traced to an earlier origin even

Ancestry.

Cadwaladers.

than that of the Plantagenets, especially that of the Cadwaladers, of Pennsylvania, sprung from a very ancient race in Wales. In this country it has been distinguished for its high chivalric character, at least for the last three generations. The grandfather of the present General Cadwalader (one of the heroes of the war with Mexico) is an historic name of our Revolutionary war. He was the warm personal friend and companion in arms of Washington, whose wrongs General Cadwalader avenged, according to its desert, upon General Conway. The late General Cadwalader, son of the first, was the Chevalier Bayard of his day—a most accomplished gentleman, “*sans peur, sans tache!*” His beautiful sister was married to the present Earl of Buchan, known in this country as the Hon. David Erskine, son of the eloquent Lord Erskine, the great advocate, &c., and H. B. M. Minister to the United States about the close of Mr. Jefferson’s administration.

The turf.

It has been stated in your paper that “long before Braddock’s defeat” there was racing of a distinguished character in Maryland, in which “Governors, Councillors,” and other of the first gentlemen participated. The association was so exclusive as to give to the members of the Jockey Club a special mark of consideration; as at a later period, at Charleston, South Carolina, when such unmistakable gentlemen as the Pinckneys, Rutledges, Hegers, Heywards, Izards, &c., were its members, at the time when General William Washington, General Wade Hampton (whose son has so gracefully succeeded to his honors), General McPherson, Colonel Allston, &c., trained and ran their own horses. With these gentlemen, as those of the more “olden time” in Virginia and Maryland, racing was a mere pastime, never pursued in a way to materially increase or diminish the fortunes of the opulent gentlemen engaged in it. They were willing to be only at such cost as they could readily afford with their horses and dogs, as is still the case with some of the nobility and gentry of England. Our gentlemen of those days were as elevated in character and as refined in manners as the nobles of Great Britain, who have most honorably sustained the turf in that kingdom.

In colonial times, the Governors appointed by the Crown were very generally of aristocratic birth and bearing. Governor Sharpe's name has always been cherished with respect in Maryland. Governor Samuel Ogle presided over the colony from 1732 to 1742, and from 1747 to 1752, his father-in-law, Colonel Tasker, acting as President of the Council during the absence of the Governor in England, his administration having closed with his death, at Annapolis. As Governor Ogle had, by marriage and otherwise, so closely connected himself with Maryland, a reference to his illustrious lineage will not be out of place. He was descended from the Ogles of Northumberland, of whom it is stated, in Scott's "Border Antiquities," in the account of Bothwell Castle, that "the Barony of Bothwell belonged for several centuries to the family of the Ogles, a race of great antiquity in the county of Northumberland, where they possessed an extensive property before they succeeded to the Bothwell estate." In Hexham Abbey "is the tomb of Sir Robert Ogle, with the arms of the Bertrams and Ogles quartered, and an inscription in brass dated 1404. These were ancient families in Northumberland; the Ogles owned seven Lords and thirty Knights of their race, having large possessions in the northern parts of the kingdom *before* the Norman Conquest." "The seventh and last Lord Ogle" having no son, his daughter Catharine "was created Baroness Ogle." She married Sir William Cavendish, afterwards the Marquis of Newcastle. The husband of his only daughter became the Duke of Newcastle, whose only daughter married the Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, and at length the possessions of the last Lord Ogle descended in the female line, through another only daughter, to the husband, "the Duke of Portland, in which family they now remain."

The Ogles.

The male line of the Tasker family has been many years extinct. Their monuments are yet to be seen in the churchyard at Annapolis. A most beautiful, classic, and costly monument (from the chisel of Bailey), to the memory of "Ann Tasker," mother to the wife of Governor Ogle, had been erected, by one of her munificent and filial descendants, within the church at Annapolis, but when that struc-

The Taskers.

The Tayloes.

ture underwent a change, some few years ago, the monument was removed, and I have never heard of its restoration. I trust that act of justice, if not done, will not be long postponed. This monument, to an artistic eye, was the chief object of interest in all Annapolis.

But to proceed with our review of the gentlemen named in the article, we next come to a reference, in 1752, to "Colonels Tayloe, Byrd, and Thornton." The first was styled "The Honorable Colonel John Tayloe," of Mount Airy, in the county of Richmond, in Virginia—a gentleman who owned extensive landed possessions along the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers, and was a member of the Council, under the Crown, with Lord Dunmore, and of the first Republican Council, during the administration of the patriotic and eloquent Patrick Henry. He died in 1777. (His son, the late Colonel John Tayloe, so well known to the readers of your paper, inherited his landed possessions, and at the instance of his hereditary friend, General Washington, built his town house in the city of Washington, where he died about twenty years ago. The last Colonel Tayloe married the daughter of the second Governor Ogle, the son of the first, as above mentioned.)

Colonel Byrd.

Colonel William Byrd, of Westover, on James River, had associated with the nobility of the highest rank in England, and had in himself every claim to be regarded as a nobleman of his own land. He had rare endowments and accomplishments. It has been said of him, that, when quite a youth, at Brooks's, or a kindred establishment, in London, he won on the turn of a card, from the Duke of Cumberland, £10,000 sterling, with which he defrayed the expenses of an extensive tour in Europe, engaging in no game of chance until many years afterwards. Yet, from play, he died a bankrupt. "*C'est le premier pas qui coute.*" "Byrd's lottery" will be long remembered. He owned the site of the city of Richmond, and presented to the state its public grounds there. His was said to be the best private library in the country, through which it was diffused after his death. There is still to be seen at Westover, Mount Airy (though the main building has been partially burnt), Shirley, Stratford, and other of

these baronial halls of "the olden time," with their broad acres, the remains of the lordly magnificence of other days. At Westover, its former hospitality is still enjoyed, as most generously dispensed by Mr. Selden, the grandson of Hon. Miles Selden, member of the Council of Virginia some fifty years ago, at a time when he was a distinguished leader upon the turf.

Hill Carter, Esq., as is well known, most worthily fills the place of his ancestors at Shirley; as does William H. Tayloe, Esq., at Mount Airy. The present year, about forty thousand bushels of wheat are said to have been produced on the Shirley estate. Not far from it is Berkeley, the seat of Governor Harrison, where his son, our lamented President, the late General Harrison, was born; which is still occupied by one of the family, as also the Upper and the Lower Brandon. In the former is to be seen the portrait of William Byrd; and I am told in the Wormeley family is preserved a portrait of the late "Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill," on the Rappahannock, near Urbanna, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. He is represented in his robes as a student at Cambridge. He bore off the highest honors of the University. He and his connection, Grymes, ancestor to the distinguished barrister of that name, at New Orleans, were the pride of the head master at Eton. Inheriting a large estate, Mr. Wormeley became a gentleman of high standing and influence in the Colony, son-in-law to the first Colonel Tayloe (as mentioned above), and a member of the Council, with him, under Lord Dunmore. But, unhappily, his bias was in favor of the Crown, on its separation from the Colony. Stratford now stands in the midst of desolation, in Westmoreland County, a monument of the magnificence of "President Lee," by whom it was built, while he was at the head of the Council, during the absence of the Governor.

Most of these gentlemen had been educated in England, as were some few at a later period, such as Francis Corbin, Esq., of the Reeds, another gentleman of aristocratic birth, whose cultivation of mind and manners, with graces that would have charmed a Chesterfield, as inherited by his son of the same name, would

Hill Carter.

Ralph Wormeley.

Francis Corbin.

have made him an ornament and a man of mark in any court of Europe.

Some derision has been cast upon the "F. F. V.'s"—said to belong to "the first families of Virginia;" but it is very certain that those named, who were the basis to these pretensions, were gentlemen of no ordinary merit, as were also the Randolphs, the Nelsons, the Pages, the Burwells, &c., &c., of the days of our Revolution.

Sir Edw. Wade
Thornton.

I do not exactly know which Colonel Thornton it was we find named in the article under review. If of Northumberland House, he was the father of the present Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Wade Thornton, H. B. M. A. The family espoused the royal cause in 1776, and went to England. Sir Edward distinguished himself in Flanders (where he lost an arm), under the Duke of York; and was afterwards equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, the present King of Hanover.

Col. Edw. Lloyd.

We come next to Samuel Galloway, Esq., a gentleman of opulence and respectability in Maryland; whose descendant, the lady of Colonel George Hughes, of our Army, now resides at the venerable ancestral mansion, Tulip Hall, on West River, near Annapolis.

Colonel Lloyd's name is next introduced. He was a gentleman of great wealth, and married the eldest daughter of Colonel Tayloe. She was a lady of such rare worth, that on her death, some twenty years since, the Legislature adjourned, by resolution, for the purpose of attending her funeral. Colonel Edward Lloyd, of Wye, in Talbot County, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, was the father of the late Governor Lloyd, a United States Senator; and grandfather to the present Colonel Edward Lloyd, who has succeeded to the landed estate of his ancestors; on which, at this time, it is said, from thirty thousand to forty thousand bushels of wheat are raised annually. The "Lloyd House," at Annapolis, cannot fail to arrest the attention of any stranger. But it has passed out of the family.

Captain Byrd Willis, of Fredericksburg, has been too recently among us—a representative of the warm-hearted, fun-loving, and the true old Virginia gentleman—to require more than a passing notice.

His beautiful daughter, the present Madame Murat, was married to a nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, Colonel Achille Murat, son of King Joachim.

Madame Murat.

In running our eye along the James River, a little below City Point, it falls upon Claremont, the residence of Mr. Allen, who succeeded to the estate, some six or more plantations, containing together about forty thousand acres, of the late Colonel Allen, one of the last gentlemen of opulence in Virginia whose horses graced the turf. His celebrated mares, Vanity and Reality, own sisters, were trained by the late Mr. W. R. Johnson, of such turf celebrity as to need no further mention by me.

Mr. Allen.

I ought not to omit a notice of Mr. De Lancey, of New York—another gentleman of the old school, connected with the best blood of England. The present Bishop De Lancey is of his family; also the wife of J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq.

Having thus run over, in review, the article you have published, I have to apologize for occupying so much of your space and time, with the garrulity of age, and on subjects perhaps of but little interest to “Young America,” that is going ahead in the race of progress, “under any kind of leaders,” unmindful, if not forgetful, of ancestry; of which some may be proud, as not owing their elevation to others, but to their own efforts.

But the Hon. D. Webster says: “It is wise occasionally to recur to the sentiments and to the character of those from whom we are descended. Men who are regardless of their ancestry and of their posterity, are very apt to be regardless of themselves. The man who does not feel himself to be a link in the great chain to transmit life and being, intellectual and moral existence, from his ancestry to his posterity, does not justly appreciate the relations that belong to him. The contemplation of our ancestors and of our descendants ought to be within the grasp of our thoughts and affections. The past belongs to us by affectionate retrospect, and the future belongs to us no less by affectionate anticipation of those who are to come after us. And then only do we do ourselves justice, *when we are true to the*

Mr. Webster.

blood we inherit, and true to those to whom we have been the means of transmitting that blood."

The author of "What is Gentility?" remarks, on the subject of our aristocracy, that it ought to be regarded as having its origin with the patriots of the Revolution, from whom all should be proud to trace their descent.

XV Psalm.

The best description of a gentleman, according to my understanding of the term, is found in the 15th Psalm of our Prayer-book: "Lord, who's the happy man," &c.; or, if not so elevated, one who respects the rights and the feelings of others as he would his own.

As an accomplished and graceful man, the late King George IV, of England, was proud to be regarded "the first gentleman in his dominions."

For one, I would wish to see revived the days of gentlemen of the olden time, as nearly as they can be approached, under existing circumstances.

II.

Gouverneur
Morris.

MY former article concluded with the remark of a "wish to see revived the gentlemen of the old school," whose words were as their bonds. Their truth, their honor, and their integrity, were not to be questioned. Courage, generosity, and hospitality, were their sterling virtues. The distinguished Gouverneur Morris, of Morrisania, near the city of New York, who was a gentleman by birth, education, and the most lofty bearing, on being asked for his definition of a gentleman, replied, in the words of the Psalmist:

" 'Tis he whose every thought and deed
By rule of virtue moves;
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbor's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report
By malice whispered round.

Who vice in all its pomp and power
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though clothed in rags,
 Religiously respect.
 Who to his *plighted words* and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And, *though he promise to his loss*,
 He makes his promise good.
 Whose soul in usury disdains
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe
 The guiltless to destroy."

[This psalm was copied by Mr. Jefferson, in the smallest hand and neatest manner, in his commonplace book.]

In our trading and money-loving community how many can stand this test? It is to be feared that but few gentlemen are to be found, according to *this* standard, among our merchants, lawyers, and politicians. However refined may be their manners, or however great and varied their accomplishments, it seems indispensable to the character of a true gentleman that he should respect the rights and the feelings of others: to do to them "as you would they should do unto you."

The true gentleman.

Having touched upon some few of the gentlemen of Virginia of "the olden time," I am prompted to furnish you with an extract from a late letter from "an old lady," dated "Locust Farm, Westmoreland County, Virginia," respecting "the birthplace of the Revolutionary heroes of Virginia:"

"I am now away down here in the Northern Neck of Virginia, and not far from the spot on which Washington was born; and scattered here and there, and all around me, are the birthplaces of Madison, Monroe, and Richard Henry Lee. Yesterday I was on the ground on which rest the ruins of (Chantilly) the residence of Richard Henry Lee. All that stands upright of that (once) imposing mansion is the kitchen chimney. In front, scarce half a mile distant, is the shore of the lordly Potomac, here about nine miles across, upon whose beach roll its billows. Lee is gone, his house is in the dust, his garden

Northern Neck.

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<div data-bbox="231 419 360 439">Richard H. Lee.</div> <div data-bbox="231 1042 290 1062">Carter.</div>	<p>a wild ; but here are the same sky, the same lands, the same Potomac, and the same dirge that of yore broke in murmurs on the shore. The remains of Lee lie in the midst of a cornfield, some five miles distant, over which, I am told, is a stone, with his name engraved upon it. What a leveller is Time ! Talk of that ancient personage as you may, his footprints, although as soft as down, crumble the hardest substances, and bury all things. ‘Where is Carthage?’</p> <p>“From a ride over the grounds once cultivated by Lee, we took the road home by the old Yeocomico Church. I wish I could send you a drawing of the inside as well as out. It was built ‘Anno Domini 1706,’ some twenty-six years before the birth of Washington. What a ruin is this church ! It would seem, to look at its glazed and unglazed bricks, its many timbers, and its brick door and passage-ways, that Time could not in a thousand years have worked so mighty a change in it. But it has required only the years I have named to effect so signal a change. The tombstones mark the spot where the dead lie, and those that remain are so broken up and scattered, and have the inscriptions so effaced, as to render them useless. The name of Carter is on the stone that has suffered the least. How melancholy is all this, and what a lesson it teaches ! Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried by our survivors. How true it is, as Cowper says :</p> <div data-bbox="553 1270 1051 1379"> <p>“ ‘We build with what we deem eternal brass— A distant age asks where the fabric stood ; But, sifted, alas ! and searched in vain, The undiscoverable secret sleeps.’ ”</p> </div> <p>And who was this “Carter,” buried in the Yeocomico churchyard ? Was this all that remains of the once mighty “King Carter,” of Lancaster, whose lordly domains spread over so many counties, from the highlands above the tide-water of the Potomac to the fertile lowlands of the Rappahannock and James River ? Or, was this the grave of the other patrician, “Councillor Robert Carter” (member</p>

of the Council, under the Crown), of Northumberland Hall? In the whole Northern Neck, one alone of that illustrious family connection, Colonel Robert Wormeley Carter, of Sabine Hall, on the Rappahannock, still occupies the halls of his ancestors. Three miles from his residence, Sabine Hall, on an eminence overlooking the plantation and an extensive curve of the river, stands Mount Airy, the ancient and beautiful mansion of the Tayloe family, now occupied by a worthy and hospitable member of it, William H. Tayloe, Esq. Higher up on the river, some forty miles, eligibly situated, are the handsome but modern residences of Colonel Edward T. Tayloe, and of the widow of the late Charles Tayloe, Esq. Opposite the latter, on the south side of the Rappahannock, is Port Tobago, the ancient residence of the Lomaxes, now passed into other hands. A few miles lower down is Blandfield, the ancient family mansion of the Beverleys, now occupied by Colonel W. B. Beverley, who unites the blood of the Tayloes and the Byrds with that of Beverley. Lower down the river still, not far from its mouth, the venerable mansions—once the abode of elegance, refinement, high mental culture, and hospitality, and graced by the Hon. Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill, and the accomplished Colonel Grymes, of Brandon—have totally disappeared. As the Rappahannock is ascended, on the south side, one meets the stately mansions of the late Paine Waring, Esq., of Essex; and in Caroline County, between Port Royal and Fredericksburg, the fine estates and comfortable houses of the Bernards, the Lightfoots, of Mr. Taylor (the successor to the Hon. John Taylor, of Hazlewood), and of James Parke Corbin, Esq., of Moss Neck. At Fredericksburg the mother of Washington spent her last days, and now sleeps beneath a monument, yet unfinished, that was erected, nearly to completion, through the munificence of a gentleman of New York, Silas Burrows, Esq. Descending from Fredericksburg, the north shore of the Rappahannock, in about twelve miles, is met the land of the Taliaferros, of whom the venerable John Taliaferro, of Hagley, now in office at Washington, was, perhaps, a greater length of time in Congress than any other member of the House; he

Sabine Hall.

Blandfield.

John Taliaferro.

Fairfax.

entered it when Mr. Jefferson came into power, and retired only a few years ago, in the vigor of health and of mind, though an octogenarian. May he long continue to enjoy both, as he does the esteem of his many friends.

The Lees.

But we are wandering from our subject. The Northern Neck was an ancient grant from the Crown to Lord Fairfax. The title became extinct with the death of one who never claimed it, Thomas Fairfax, Esq., of Fairfax County, who died there only a few years ago. George Washington was descended from this family. The place of his birth, Wakefield, on the Potomac, near Pope's Creek, in Westmoreland County, has passed out of the family. No vestige of the family mansion remains; but part of the Washington manor—that which belonged to the elder branch of the family—has descended to Lawrence Washington, Esq., and to a daughter of the late William Augustine Washington. She unites the blood of the Tayloes and of the Bayards, of Delaware, with that of Washington. Three Presidents—Washington, Madison, and Monroe—were born in the Northern Neck, between the Potomac and the Rappahannock, within fifteen miles of each other. Not far from the birthplace of Washington was that of the illustrious Lees—Lee of Chantilly, and Lee of Stratford; the latter a lordly mansion described in my last communication. The white and the black Lees, as they were called, to distinguish the families, were so denoted from their complexions. Stratford was the residence of the late General Henry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, renowned in arms, in letters, and for eloquence. His son, Major Henry Lee, of literary distinction, was the last of the family who owned Stratford. The Lee family is a very ancient one, of French extraction, whose name was originally De Lis. Richard Henry Lee was the most finished orator of the first American Congress. He moved the Declaration of Independence. The neighbor of his youth, Washington, led the American arms to victory! Thus, in Westmoreland County, on the shores of the Potomac, we are truly on classic ground.

Mount Vernon.

Mount Vernon, on the Potomac, where rest the mortal remains of

the illustrious Washington, is some thirty miles north of the frontier of the Northern Neck. Not far from Mount Vernon stand the walls of Pohick Church, where Washington worshipped. His pew door was marked with his name, in painted letters. A friend of mine, a few years since, sought this pew door as a valuable relic; it was traced to an old negro's hovel, where it had been used for a hen-coop, but not found. "To what base uses!" &c. "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?" A rat running off with the heart of Napoleon in his mouth!

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The Northern Neck of Virginia, and along the tide-water of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York, and the James Rivers, was literally, as well as figuratively, in days of yore, the abode of the *first* families of Virginia; those who were held in the highest esteem there *before* the Revolution,—the Washingtons, the Fairfaxes, the Lees, the Carters, the Berkleys, the Corbins, the Wormeleys, the Byrds, the Beverleys, the Tayloes, the Nelsons, the Pages, the Burwells, the Randolphs, the Harrisons, the Bollings, &c.

Tide-water region

It will be remembered that Peyton Randolph was President of our first Congress, and Benjamin Harrison of the next.

If I have awakened curiosity on these subjects, so as to have more light shed upon them, or shall have gratified any of your readers by my recollections and present knowledge of them, I shall feel satisfied for the trouble I have had.





RANDOLPHIANA.

In the spring of 1866, a list of horses, purporting "to be bred by Colonel John Tayloe for the Hon. John Randolph," was published in the "Turf, Field, and Farm," from a manuscript found among the papers of that eccentric, but distinguished, Virginian. With the exception of six, the horses named were the property of Colonel Tayloe, and not of Mr. Randolph. In correcting this mistake, Mr. Ogle Tayloe was led to record in the same paper the following anecdotes and reminiscences of Mr. Randolph, which were published in April and May, 1866, just before his departure for Europe.



RANDOLPHIANA.

I.

THE name of the pride of Virginia, in the days of her great men, of itself excites attention. This gifted statesman was a man of rare wit, an almost unequalled orator; more distinguished for his intellectual endowments than as a great turfman; which surely he was not, either in the stud or in the field. His horses rarely won. His greatest achievement was his match-race, towards the close of the last century, against Sir John Nesbitt, an English gentleman, both of them riding their own horses,—Mr. Randolph was the winner. This was at one of the race meetings at Charleston, South Carolina,—the American Ascot.

Match-race.

That the original manuscript, from which the copy is made, “is in Mr. Randolph’s own handwriting,” there can be no doubt; nor of its “genuineness.” It undoubtedly “shows what deep interest he felt in his racing stud;” and in the best, of the olden time, in “the Old Dominion,” that of the late Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, who was long the head of the American turf; in the days of the Hamptons, the Allstons, the Seldens, the Ridgelys, and of other gentlemen distinguished on the turf, at that now remote epoch.

“The verbatim copy from John Randolph’s Register,” apart from that of Colonel Tayloe, contains a notice of only *six* horses, that may or may not have belonged to him; while that of the latter, as numbered, amounts to “ninety-four;” copied “from his race book, for

Col. Tayloe.

J. R.," but *not* "bred" for him. There was never anything of the kind. Those gentlemen were for many years on terms of intimacy. Mr. Randolph had the use of the books and papers of Colonel Tayloe, whose horses of that date were the most renowned in America. From his two renowned sons of Medley, Gray Diomed and Belair, are descended Eclipse and Henry. The fame of Colonel Tayloe's father was inscribed on the turf, before the Revolution, as the competitor of Colonel Byrd, of Westover, and of Colonel Tasker, of Maryland, who beat both of them in 1752, with Selima, the renowned daughter of the Godolphin Arabian. The senior Colonel Tayloe also owned Yorick, the ancestor to Oscar, and of the most renowned horses of Kentucky—Gray Medoc and the Lightning and Asteroid families.

It clearly appears that Mr. Randolph's manuscript was rather a register of Colonel Tayloe's stud than his own; and that the last column and more related to their remote ancestry, Jolly Roger, Janus, Traveller, Partner, Fearnought, and others of celebrity, imported into Virginia many years before the war of the Revolution.

II.

Jolly Roger.

MR. RANDOLPH'S manuscript exhibits the deep interest he took in the turf, and sheds some further light on its American history. It refers to such patriarchs as the Duke of Kingston's Jolly Roger, that was a "good runner" (in England, "in 1747, and a famous stallion in Virginia;" also to Janus, another high-bred and distinguished race-horse, foaled in 1746, and in 1753 "stood" in Virginia. It will be remembered that, in 1764, the renowned Eclipse was foaled in England, and the great American race-horse Selim, in Maryland. The same year also produced Lycurgus, a renowned winner in the peninsula of Virginia. Racing in that colony and Maryland had been pursued many years earlier, giving celebrity to Colonel Byrd's Tryall. But his laurels were snatched from him in

1752, by Colonel Tasker's Selima, the famed daughter of the Godolphin Arabian. A few years later, Colonel Tayloe's celebrated Yorick, brother to Tryall, was also at the head of the turf in Virginia. Between 1750 and 1770 there were fashionable race meetings at Alexandria, as I learn from my great-grandfather's correspondence. In them our since distinguished Washington may have participated, as it is known he was once upon the turf. At Belvoir, near Mount Vernon, about the year 1750, we are told by Irving, that the accomplished Lord Fairfax, nature's nobleman, as well as a noble by birth, was Washington's Gamaliel: that "his lordship was a staunch hunter, and kept horses and hounds in the English style,"—that "fox-hunting in Virginia required bold and skilful horsemanship;" and that "he found Washington as bold as himself, and as eager to follow the hounds." "Under the tuition of this hard-riding old nobleman the youth imbibed that fondness for the chase for which he was afterwards remarkable." Such blood and such training produced the chivalric bearing that has made illustrious the many sons of Virginia whose names adorn our history. I refer more particularly to the times of an undoubted aristocracy in Virginia that are now only traditional—the age of the most liberal and magnificent hospitality—when each great landholder had his pipe of wine annually shipped to him from Madeira; and when Belvoir, Brandon, Corbin Hall, Mount Airy, Mount Vernon, Rosegill, Sabine Hall, Shirley, Stratford, Westover, &c., vied in splendor and refinement with the palatial country mansions of England. The Virginia gentlemen of those days rejoiced in their horses, their dogs, their deer parks, and their shooting. "*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*" I now refer to the traditions of nearly one hundred years ago. Their influence was felt in the days of my youth; *pars fui*. My earliest recollection of a race-course was Fairfield, near Richmond. I remember the many equipages and other things that strike the minds of children, but have no recollection of the horses. These may have been the days of Leviathan and Gallatin, about the beginning of the present century. Years thereafter it has been my good fortune to see many

Lord Fairfax.

Hospitality.

Old times.

of our best horses run, coming down to Hampton, Tuckahoe, Sir Hal, Vanity, Lady Lightfoot, Eclipse, Sir Charles, Trifle, Boston, Fashion, Peytona, Planet, and Albine—horses scarce inferior to Lexington and his renowned sons. It may be evidence of age in me to believe we had as good race-horses in the days of our fathers as in these days of unequalled time.

These reflections will be taken for what they are worth ; of more value, perhaps, by being suggestive in respect to turf matters.

A few words more about "John Randolph, of Roanoke." He was unquestionably a man of genius, of rare eloquence, and of high literary attainments. His penetrating and mellifluous voice was wonderful (though not equal to Clay's), its low notes reaching every part of the largest hall. He and Clay were rivals in eloquence and debate. They represented opposing political parties and principles. The one a patrician by birth, the other sprung from the people. Both were born in Virginia. "There were giants in those days." Randolph started in life as a tribune of the people, a follower of Jefferson ; but, when a leader himself, he changed some of his opinions, and became aristocratic, proud, and overbearing. He prided himself on the *forte* and style of an English gentleman. He dressed well and appropriately, importing his clothes from England. When he rode his blood horse—the way he usually moved—he wore leather breeches and "white tops." He drove his phaeton, his servant following on horseback ; or was driven in his "chariot and four," the carriage and harness from Longacre, London. But, in some respects, Mr. Randolph was a *lusus nature*. The Hon. Richard Rush, in a controversy, described him, not inaptly,

Mr. Rush.

"A fiend, lean and lank,
That moved upon a spindle shank."

Mr. Randolph was tall and thin, as straight as an Indian. He walked like one, and prided himself on his descent from Pocahontas. He was quick at repartee, and unsparing in satire. For meanness and pretension he expressed the greatest scorn. A few examples

will suffice. In one of his walks along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, he was overtaken by an obese gentleman, puffing from his exertion, with the remark, "You walk very fast, Mr. Randolph." "I can walk a little faster," was the reply, striding away from him. A sycophant followed him to a coachmaker's repository and volunteered his opinion of a close carriage. "Please examine the interior," said Mr. Randolph, and then fastened him in and walked off. A person meaning to be very civil to Mr. Randolph, on meeting him at Richmond, said to him, "I lately passed by your house." "I hope, sir, you'll always pass it by," was Mr. Randolph's reply. On his being a prosecutor in the celebrated trial of Judge Chase, it was remarked to him, by a supple M. C., of his kinsman, the accomplished gentleman, David Meade Randolph, whose testimony favored Judge Chase, that "it was not to be relied upon." "I would sooner believe Mr. Randolph's word," was the reply, "than yours, sir, upon your oath." In reply to a sophomorical sort of member of Congress, who had eulogized Mr. Randolph's great talent, concluding with the remark, "but were he obliged to take his heart with his head, he would prefer to remain as he is,"—Mr. Randolph, with mock humility, deprecated the praise, "although coming from one of the high moral qualities of the honorable gentleman; but if I were obliged to have his head, even with his noble heart, I too should prefer to remain as I am." In the war of 1812, a pretentious politician, a militia general, at a dinner-party, boasting of our American prowess, used the word "we." He was silenced by Mr. Randolph's reply: "Did you say *we*, General?" To another general, in debate on the floor of Congress, he having been unfortunate in an attempt to invade Canada, and then making an onslaught on the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Randolph replied, by quoting from his proclamation, with significant emphasis: "The gentleman is *at last* carrying the war into the enemy's country." One of the earliest speeches Mr. Calhoun made in Congress, was to assail Mr. Randolph for his "audacity in comparing himself to the great Lord Chatham." Mr. Randolph modestly disclaimed the pretension, but added: "In

Judge Chase.

General Smythe.

Jno. H. Pleasants.

one thing we are alike," pointing his finger to Mr. Calhoun, "*every* scoundrel assails *me*." An able, but a vain member of Congress, attacked Mr. Randolph in debate. He merely replied, to the other's great indignation: "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, all bark at me." The distinguished Mr. Pleasants resolved to avenge an insult, and planted himself in front of Mr. Randolph, on the main street in Richmond, saying: "I don't get out of the way for a d—d rascal." "But I do," was Mr. Randolph's prompt reply, stepping aside. Mr. Pleasants laughed, and acknowledged himself beat. He and Mr. Randolph were afterwards on friendly terms. When Lord Brougham was bent on the ballot vote in England, a scheme of his own, he met Mr. Randolph at a fashionable dinner-party, in London, and inquired of him the opinion in his country about the ballot. The reply was: "In my state, Virginia, there have been many foolish measures; but we have never had there such a jackass as to propose the ballot." The subject dropped. An English friend, meeting Mr. Randolph in one of the parks of London, asked him "his opinion of England." Just then, a splendid equipage passed by, as a miserable pauper asked for alms. Mr. Randolph, with a significant gesture, replied: "It is a heaven for the rich, a purgatory for the middle class, and a hell for the poor."

Duel with Clay.

Mr. Randolph's arrogance and insults made him many enemies. Duels and challenges were the result. In one he wounded the distinguished General Taylor, of Norfolk. They were then young men. Mr. Randolph had the advantage of being considered a great shot. He was far from it, though he made a great show of his guns and dogs. When about to fight the distinguished M. C., Mr. Eppes, General Breckenridge, of Virginia, was requested to prepare Mr. Randolph by a little practice, for the conflict. He recommended to the distinguished Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, who was to be the second of Mr. Randolph on the field, "by all means arrange the matter, for Mr. Randolph can't hit a barn door!" An accommodation took place. On making up with Mr. Clay, after his bullet had rent Mr. Randolph's flannel dressing-gown, that he wore on the occasion of

their duel, he said: "Mr. Clay, you owe me a gown." Clay promptly replied: "I am glad I am not *deeper* in your debt." There was a correspondence that has never been revealed to but a few, between the Hon. Daniel Webster and Mr. Randolph, in which there was an invitation to the field, but the meeting was prevented by the interposition of friends, in which Colonel Benton took an active part.

Daniel Webster.

III.

HEREWITH you will receive my third and last instalment in respect to "John Randolph, of Roanoke." Much has been written about him in Garland's book and other publications. My attempt has been to furnish anecdotes and incidents, not before known, coming under my own observation. Those that have been published, I wished to omit. I have passed by debates in Congress, at which I was present, when Roanoke "came in second best" in his encounters with Clay and Calhoun. In that with the proclamation general, which I also witnessed, the latter was completely floored. The great orator of Virginia was no more to be "intimidated" by him than his enemies in Canada in the "war of '12."

This communication will be confined to Mr. Randolph's connection with the turf—*pars fui*—to which I can refer with confidence. The breaking down of Sir Charles, that prevented his contemplated match-race with Eclipse, is now historical; also that, in his disabled state, he started on an impromptu match, when his leg entirely gave way, is also well known. As they were saddled for the race, I was present, near the stand, when, in behalf of Mr. Randolph, his friend told Mr. Harry Walter Livingston, of New York, another aristocratic gentleman of the old school, that Mr. Randolph's bet of one thousand dollars with him was drawn, having been made on the race that was not run. The bet is believed to have been revived when Eclipse beat Henry. Mr. Randolph saw that race, and felt the deepest interest in it. On that occasion, he said: "It was not Eclipse, but the job-

The turf.

Wm. R. Johnson.

sters, that beat Henry." He referred to the illness of Mr. William R. Johnson, that kept him from the course on the day of the race, caused by a lobster supper. In the absence of the "Napoleon," there was no lieutenant to command. The mismanagement to which the result was ascribed was deplorable. The nine miles Henry led were most anxiously watched. Judicious riding on one side, and very injudicious on the other, led to the result. This produced another challenge from the South, which was declined, a day or two after the race. This is also historical. (See the Memoir of American Eclipse, in the first or second volume of the American Turf Register.)

Mr. Harrison.

The autumn following the race that was run in May, 1823, it was intimated, in New York, Eclipse would be brought out again, were there sufficient inducement. This being told to Mr. Randolph, he authorized your correspondent to renew the challenge—the race to be run at New York, as before, or at Washington, by named competitors. A friend of mine at New York conveyed to the proper authorities Mr. Randolph's proposals for another race. His letter to me, on which mine was based, is unfortunately mislaid or lost, unless it has been consigned to some collection of autographs. My friend, in reply to my communication, wrote me: "My own [his] impression is, that you Southern gentlemen push this matter too far. We never courted the competition which now exists. Mr. Harrison [Sir Charles's owner] opens the drama by a vaunting challenge against the United States with his Southern horse that was to have 'outstripped the wind.' [It has been believed Mr. Harrison was justified in making the challenge with a horse that has been considered superior to Henry.] We met the challenge on their own ground [near Washington]. To show we could not be stumped off the ground, we pitted one of our horses against all theirs. We triumphed again. The race was no sooner concluded in our favor than the Southern gentlemen made an effort to stump us again"—believing, as they did, that both Sir Charles and Henry, *cæteris paribus*, were able to beat Eclipse. This correspondence closed with a note from the Secretary of the New York Jockey Club, as follows: "In compliance with your request, I

have laid before the Club Mr. Tayloe's letter. In answer, I am instructed to say, if these gentlemen are very anxious to meet Eclipse, they must carry equal weights, which they consider only equal to his age and hard service. I remain, &c., Henry Lynch. New York, January 4, 1824." This, Mr. Randolph regarded equivalent to declining his challenge, and he let the matter drop. But the glove was taken up by Mr. Harrison, who, through my agency, sent another challenge, with several propositions; among others, that both horses "carry a feather"—such weight as each party pleased. The race-horses of reputation at the South were under five years old—Flirtilla. Bertrand, and others. These propositions were also declined, on the ground that Eclipse would never be started again, under any consideration.

Henry Lynch.

I have been led into this historical statement, never before published, not only from its connection with Mr. Randolph, but with some of the great turf events of our country. These occurrences having been more than forty years since, I have preferred to rely upon written testimony.

Of Mr. Randolph's distinction on the turf, it is only necessary to remark that his horses were usually trained and run by his friend, Mr. W. R. Johnson. One of them, Janus, beat Henry, which gave a high reputation to the victor. He was offered for sale. With a view to his purchase, and at a large price, a stranger visited Mr. Randolph. On the way to his house, he accepted the tender of the company of one who professed to be on terms of intimacy with the haughty patrician. They arrived at his house on a cold winter's day. A fire was made in the parlor. Presently, Mr. Randolph, who had been ill, came in, shrouded in a loose, white flannel gown. He scarce recognized his *soi-disant* friend, who expectorated tobacco-juice freely on the fire. Mr. Randolph called out, "Juba, bring a spit-box for the gentleman." And presently, "Bring two spit-boxes, or he will put out my fire." A large offer for Janus was declined, and the two gentlemen retired, not a little chagrined.

Janus. ✓

Juba.

One of Mr. Randolph's peculiar and characteristic letters happens

Characteristic
letter.

to be before me, which, being pertinent to these times, I will here copy *verbatim* :

"SATURDAY MORNING, $\frac{1}{4}$ to four o'clock. March 8, '28.

"I looked for the last time at my watch before I fell asleep & it was a little after two. I now want 5 minutes to four, I am more than a quarter too fast. Out of this interval then is scooped all that I have had or shall have until to-night of rest for more than 24 hours past, & at least sixteen to come. I did not dismiss my faithful John until one, & then I read my northern mail until 'as aforesaid' past two. The blade is cutting out the scabbard. My cough is much increased. I am determined to live out this Session, with the blessing of God. To-day I offer a Resolution, of which I gave notice yesterday, respecting the police of this place [Washington], in regard to slaves and free negroes. They have been here every night, not secretly, but openly and ostentatiously, in front of this house, Dowson's [on Capitol Hill]. At least they did so every night. I took them, such was their array, &c., for the marine band; but at last I was undeceived. I sent a servant to order them to disperse. It was a bad night. I was sick and could not go myself, under pain of being saluted by a volley of bright Bristol shot. The law here is that of Maryland, as it stood thirty years ago, when she was not quite so philanthropically *free negroish* as at present. I always disperse unlawful anti-religious gatherings of negroes, bond or free, *manu forti*, as I would shoot down the first mutineer in an army, or the first dastard that fled from his quarters in a sea-fight."

Well for Mr. Randolph. What he would think of the *city of Washington* now, with its multitude of lazy, licentious, and profligate negroes, needs no philosopher to divine!

I have been induced to palm my prolixity upon you, gentlemen, from the connection of Mr. Randolph with great turf events that produced an extraordinary sensation throughout the country, in their day, more than forty years ago. This I well remember, connected with other circumstances. But Senex has run his race—he "can't repeat"—and his record has been made. There is no occasion for him to furnish other reminiscences.

As Paul Pry says—"Hope I don't intrude."

Purdy.

In the haste with which I *concluded* my article "Randolphiana"—interrupted by visitors—I omitted a notice of *Purdy* that by all means ought to be introduced. It should come in after the reference to the mismanagement of Henry, as follows: "It was almost uni-

versally conceded to Purdy's superior jockeyship that Eclipse won. Henry, the winner of the first heat, in the second was driven from the start, Eclipse following directly on his track, to the alarm of the lad on Henry, until at last, on a turn of the fourth mile, Eclipse took the lead, winning that and the third heat. On his victory being proclaimed, the welkin rang with uproarious shouts. The ladies even were greatly excited. Eclipse was brought to the stand, the band playing 'the conquering hero comes.' A jubilee in New York followed."

Jubilee.

Mr. Randolph, dining that day in company with Mr. Van Buren and other political gentlemen of distinction, at the mansion of the Hon. Rufus King, at Jamaica, near the Union Course, said, "I am glad no one on the course thought of nominating Purdy for the Presidency, for it would have been carried by acclamation." That year Messrs. Adams, Jackson, Crawford, and Clay (Calhoun drawn) were the candidates before the people. At the session of Congress succeeding the election of Mr. Adams, complaints were made in debate of the early and factious opposition to the President. Mr. Randolph replied, "Was not that the way Purdy won with Eclipse, by driving his adversary from the start? In the same way we mean to beat Mr. Adams." Mr. Randolph hated the Adamses—father and son. On another occasion, General Jackson was objected to on the ground of his want of statesmanship and education. To this Mr. Randolph replied, "If General Jackson does not know how to write he can make his mark, and has done it." No one aided the election of General Jackson more efficiently than Mr. Randolph, and he was rewarded with the mission to Russia. The imputation deeply mortified him, that for political services he should accept office. This was considered inconsistent with his proud nature and his professed principles.

General Jackson.

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<p data-bbox="232 486 297 505">Descent.</p> <p data-bbox="232 1309 326 1328">Dr. Hosack.</p>	<p data-bbox="776 348 825 378" style="text-align: center;">IV.</p> <p data-bbox="384 393 1228 466"> FINDING I have not exhausted the theme, I am induced to take another last adieu of Mr. Randolph—somewhat biographically. </p> <p data-bbox="384 472 1228 848"> “John Randolph, of Roanoke,” was descended from one of the most patrician and distinguished families in Virginia. His English origin is traced to Yorkshire. His aboriginal, to Pocahontas, the heroine of history and romance. Eighth or ninth in descent from Mary, Queen of Scots, and from Pocahontas, the daughter of King Powhatan. His whole career has been of undying interest. The public has greedily seized upon all he said or did. This may attach some value to my humble contribution, from what I have seen or heard. Some more observations will be now arranged, chronologically, to close the subject. </p> <p data-bbox="384 858 1228 1044"> It is worthy of notice that John Randolph, born in 1773 (of course under the Crown of Great Britain), was almost from the <i>natale solum</i> of the celebrated orators, Patrick Henry and Henry Clay (both born in Hanover), as well as from the vicinage of Winfield Scott, also born a few miles from Petersburg, in Virginia. </p> <p data-bbox="384 1054 1228 1554"> In 1787 young Randolph began his academic course at Princeton, New Jersey. While there he fought a duel with another young gentleman from Virginia. This probably caused Randolph’s removal to Columbia College, in the city of New York. While at College there was great alarm by the building being on fire. When it had subsided, Randolph was found quietly reading a Greek author, not having been moved by the excitement. So the celebrated Dr. Hosack told me; and that, more than thirty years thereafter (at the period of the Eclipse and Henry race), they met for the first time after parting at college. Dr. Hosack said to him, “You don’t know me, Mr. Randolph.” “Yes, I do, Dr. Hosack.” To his surprise, Mr. Randolph added, “My memory is like adamant; it retains everything engraved upon it.” </p> <p data-bbox="384 1564 1228 1632"> In 1795, the period of the celebrity of Colonel Washington’s Shark on the South Carolina turf, at the annual Jockey Club races at </p>

Charleston, there was a match-race run between Sir John Nesbitt, of Dean Hall, in Scotland (at that time a resident of South Carolina), and Mr. John Randolph, each gentleman riding his own horse. After a close struggle, Mr. Randolph won the race.

At that time Mr. Randolph had a gentlemanly mentor with him from Virginia, on whom he practiced his jokes, slapping him familiarly on the back, and calling him "Old Jack." By the way, when Mr. Randolph had become endeared to the people of Virginia, exercising a great influence over them, they usually spoke of him as "Jack Randolph." In those days he was hilarious, and probably continued to be so until he lost his health. Through life he was fond of society, almost constantly at parties, frequently made for him. He was the ornament of whatever company he was in, a brilliant guest at dinner-parties. He talked well; sometimes rose and spoke by the hour, yet all delighted to listen.

He entered Congress in 1799, when it held its last session in Philadelphia. He then made his mark by his eloquence, his wit, and his eccentricities. He appeared so youthful that, on being sworn in, the Speaker inquired, "Are you not too young, sir?" "Ask my constituents, who sent me," was the haughty answer. At this time, it was said by his partisans, "Randolph's pistols are to keep Harper in order."

The brave and eloquent Robert Goodloe Harper, a native of Virginia, but a representative from South Carolina, was the leader of the Federal or Administration party in the House. He was afterwards a Senator from Maryland. During the Congressional canvass, on Mr. Randolph's replying to a speech of Patrick Henry, one of his friends said to the old orator, "Let us go; it is not worth while to listen to that boy." "Stay, my friend," said Henry, "there's an old man's head on that boy's shoulders." Through life, Mr. Randolph, like his Indian ancestors, was beardless.

In Congress his oratory, his wit, his sarcasms, and his readiness, coupled with boldness and independence, made him at once a leading opponent to the administration of the elder Adams, then President.

Popularity.

Enters Congress.

Robt. G. Harper.

The Adamses.

Mr. Randolph had an unmitigated antipathy to the Adamses, father and son. In Congress he opposed the administration of both of them. He was more distinguished in opposition, which was best suited to his talents and disposition, than when on the side of the party in power.

When a child, about the year 1804, I first saw Mr. Randolph, and our acquaintance continued to the close of his life. He seemed to recognize a kind of hereditary claim.

In 1811, and on several subsequent occasions, he was thought to border on insanity. At those times, his health gave way. He said of himself, that for years his life had been "a long disease."

Henry Clay.

As long ago as the War Session of 1812, Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay were near coming into personal conflict; their duel was in 1826. In his address to his constituents, a few days preceding the declaration of "the war of '12," referring to his speeches, he said: "The glowing words—the language of the heart—have passed away, with the occasion that called them forth." He deplored that "the blood of American freemen must flow to cement power. And yet, my friends, we are told, as we were told in the days of Mr. Adams, '*the finger of Heaven points to war.*' It announces the wrath to come on those ungrateful for the bounty of Providence, *not satisfied with peace*, liberty, security, and plenty at home, who fly, as it were, into the face of the Most High, and tempt His forbearance." He deemed war "the heaviest of all possible calamities," and tried his utmost "to arrest and avert it from our happy country." "I beseech you," he added, "to put it to your own bosoms, how it becomes you, as freemen, as Christians, to give your aid and sanction to this impious and bloody warfare against your brethren of the human family. To such among you, *if* such there be, who are insensible to motives not more dignified and manly than they are intrinsically wise, I would make a different appeal. I adjure you by the regard you have for your own security, for the liberty and inheritance of your children, by all you hold dear and sacred, to interpose your *constitutional powers* to save your country and yourselves from the calamity, the issue of which is not given to

War.

human foresight to divine. If, which may Heaven in His mercy forbid, you and your posterity are to become hewers of wood and drawers of water to the modern Pharaoh, it shall not be the want of my best exertions to rescue you from the cruel and abject bondage." How it is to be lamented that counsels like these, such as would have been given by Clay and Webster, had not prevented our people engaging in its deplorable civil war, that has deluged the land in blood, filling it with wailing and suffering, with widows and orphans, attended with the direful consequences foretold, which every patriot and true philanthropist must bemoan! Such were the statesmanlike predictions of Mr. Randolph. The extract furnished is a specimen of his style, but no pen can describe his oratory and the wonderful effect it produced.

During the years 1815-16, Mr. Randolph had strong religious impressions; and was a regular attendant of St. John's Church ("Parson Addison's"), Georgetown. I remember to have seen him often, almost constantly, in the pew of his friend, Frank Key, of "Star-Spangled Banner" memory. Both were very devout, kneeling and making audible responses. The voice of one was melodious, of the other, silvery and penetrating. Better readers than either were rarely to be found anywhere. But after awhile, the old Adam resumed his sway over the peculiar organization of Mr. Randolph. He could not resist the temptation of striking at Clay, as it was thought, by an insult offered to a very courteous, unoffending, and accomplished gentleman, Mr. Bolling Robinson, formerly of Petersburg, Virginia, and a remote relative of Mr. Randolph, but then the representative from Louisiana. Mr. Randolph, in reply to his speech, charged him with being a "renegade." "Does the honorable gentleman from Virginia intend to apply to me the epithet, renegade?" asked Mr. Robinson. There was no reply. Mr. Clay, the Speaker, interposed. He hoped the honorable gentleman from Virginia intended no insult, dwelt on the gravity of the charge, and implored him to recall the misapplied and offensive words. Mr. Randolph remained silent; and the debate was resumed. A challenge ensued,

Religion.

Bolling Robinson.

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Chas. F. Mercer.	<p>which Mr. Randolph declined, on the ground of religious scruples, that were urged upon him by his friend and colleague, the distinguished Charles Fenton Mercer. His counsel having become distasteful, producing an imputation upon Mr. Randolph's chivalry, these old friends were estranged, and their friendship was never renewed. Mr. Clay has, of late years, told me he had been warned, many years ago, to beware of Mr. Randolph, that he was bent on a duel, saying, "He preferred to be killed by Mr. Clay to any other death." For years Mr. Randolph sought a duel, which Mr. Clay had averted, until at last he thought it unavoidable.</p>
New England.	<p>The Missouri Question, sectional between the North and South, was agitated in 1820, when Mr. Randolph became the leader in Congress of the Southern party, and until a compromise was brought about by the conciliatory ability and untiring efforts of Mr. Clay. About this time Mr. Randolph objected to the New England policy; that it was one which must end in the utter subversion of the rights of the States generally, and that it would be impossible for the South to submit to its oppression. Was not this the prescience of a statesman; and, under present circumstances, does it not strike us as remarkable?</p>
Edw. Everett.	<p>Mr. Randolph took a lively interest in the sectional match-races of 1822-23. On going North, to witness the second race with Eclipse, he said, "I take with me one thousand dollars for the benefit of Mr. Livingston," and so it was.</p> <p>The accomplished Edward Everett entered Congress in 1825, and had his seat near that of Mr. Randolph. He did not question Everett's superior erudition and ability to quote from the classics. This was forestalled by Mr. Randolph. In one of his speeches he paused, bowed to Mr. Everett and said, "I was about to make a quotation, but I must remember I am in the presence of a professor." The end in view was accomplished, as Everett sought to sink the scholar in the statesman. On another occasion, Mr. Everett denounced a scandalous article in Isaac Hill's "New Hampshire Patriot," as an infamous and outrageous slander on both Mr. and Mrs. Adams.</p>

After reading the article, Everett threw down the paper with disgust, suiting the action to the word. Mr. Randolph replied, expressing his own disgust; but more so that the infamous article should have been read, with every indecent particular, to the whole House, until no more of it remained—crying Shame! shame! that such indecency should be perpetrated by the gentleman. I do not pretend to give his words, but being present, I well remember their effect, and the deep mortification of Mr. Everett and his friends. The nomination of this Mr. Isaac Hill to be an Auditor was rejected by the Senate, to which he was soon after elected a Senator. On which it was said, "The Senate had disgraced Hill, but now he was coming to the Senate, to disgrace it."

Isaac Hill.

Mr. Randolph was removed to another arena in 1826, the Senate, where his eccentricities became more conspicuous. With his hunting-whip in hand, during a debate, he was accustomed to enter Congress Hall, followed by his dogs. On one occasion the feet of one of them was trod upon by a member of the House. "You are the most of a puppy of the two," was Mr. Randolph's angry remark. He frequently had his head bound by a handkerchief when he spoke. In the Senate he drank several bottles of porter while making a long speech. "Tims, more porter," is historical. (Tims was the doorkeeper.) In one of his erratic speeches in the Senate, he compared the union of Adams and Clay, to that of "Blifil and Black George—the puritan and the blackleg." This caused the hostile but bloodless duel between Clay and Randolph. They were reconciled. In his last visit to the Senate, as from feebleness he reposed on a sofa, on hearing Clay speak, he said, "Raise me up, I wish to listen to that voice once more."

More porter.

During General Jackson's administration, in 1830, Mr. Randolph went to Russia, as our Minister. While in England, staying at the London Hotel (in the city), where merchants congregate, after witnessing at the theatre the performance from Shakspeare, by Kean, or some other great actor, he was accosted civilly by an English commercial gentleman, relative to the play. "What right have

In London.

Speech at Hull.

you, sir, to know anything about Shakspeare or acting?" was the haughty and contemptuous reply. Mr. Randolph's friend significantly touched his own forehead, unseen by Mr. R., which prevented a rejoinder.

Mr. Randolph always attracted marked attention wherever he was. At the Lord Mayor's feast, he made a speech. He was at Hull, an entire stranger, at an election, and addressed the people in an unrivalled speech, and was the observed of all observers.

He would have seen more of the distinguished society of England had he desired it. The Duke of Sussex, brother to King George IV, Lord Brougham, and other celebrities, were invited to dinner by Mr. McLane, our Minister, to meet Mr. Randolph. He did not come, but came the next day, as if by mistake. Perhaps in England he would manifest that rank had no allurements for him.

Death.

He made several visits to Europe, and died in Philadelphia, in 1833, when on his way to embark at New York. "Remorse" was the last word he spoke.

Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. His reported speeches do injustice to his oratory. He pronounced the reports "inaccurate." His manner and emphasis could not be reported.

Mr. Randolph was always courteous and respectful to ladies, not insensible to their attractions; but he was never married.

At the hazard of troubling you and myself again about Mr. Randolph, I must now hasten to a conclusion of my prolix article, having buried the last of Virginia's great orators.

These reminiscences will be received for what they are worth, not knowing that I could add anything that is not known already.

Chancing to fall upon the notes to me from Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, relative to a proposed match-race (after the one with Henry) against Eclipse, I transcribe them. They are copied for you to make the narrative more complete:

"Mr. Randolph presents his best compliments to Mr. Tayloe, and returns thanks for his obliging note. The substance of Mr. Lynch's letter will go to Richmond by this day's mail. In a few days an answer will be received.

"Tuesday morning."

SECOND NOTE FROM SAME TO SAME.

"Extract of a letter from W. R. Johnson, Esq., to J. R., of R., dated Richmond, January 17, 1824.

"I did not know before (the receipt of my letter) that there had been any proposition, &c.

"I have only to say that I will run with Eclipse next spring, over the Long Island Course, agreeably to the rules there, four mile heats, for a sum to suit them (the New Yorkers) the same way the other race was made, viz.: I am to run what I please, as an equivalent for going to their own ground; or, if they will meet me at Washington, I will name a nag, and run them agreeably to the rules there."

Eclipse.

The sequel has been furnished, I having sent a copy of the last note to New York; that proposition, and ultimately all other propositions for another race with Eclipse, were declined.

The next year was the match-race between Flirtilla and Ariel, for \$20,000 a side, three mile heats, which Flirtilla won, as has been admirably described by "An Old Turfman."

I embrace the occasion to add a few additional anecdotes of John Randolph, of Roanoke, that may not have been published, and which escaped me when I last wrote to you.

The fewest words frequently conveyed his idea. His wit was sententious. I will *repeat* one example, and furnish some others. "The lobsters beat Henry." A member of Congress, who had been a watchmaker, made an attack on Mr. Randolph in debate. He merely replied with the inquiry, "What o'clock is it, *Mr. Little?*" In reply to Mr. Dana, offering some boon, "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes."

Mr. Dana.

Mr. Dana was a distinguished representative from Connecticut, and esteemed a wit.

Referring to certain aspirants for the Presidency, he negatived their pretensions: "Too slow for the turf, too weak for the draught."

Mr. Randolph had great respect for learning and talents. He was often moved by pity. His appeals were touching and deeply pathetic.

Of his benevolence we have an instance in his kindness to his negroes, and their emancipation by him.

Governor Lloyd.

Some curious anecdotes are told of him of a different character from those narrated. He was a great whist player, and would devote whole nights to the game if he met congenial spirits. There is a case in point: Governor Edward Lloyd, then Senator from Maryland, during a session of Congress at Washington, about the year 1820, had a whist party at his lodgings, the present Willard's Hotel, then kept by Strother. The party consisted of Mr. Randolph, Mr. Clay, and General Gibbs, of Rhode Island, besides the host, Governor Lloyd. Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay were partners the whole evening. They were winners. Yet months after Mr. Randolph *fancied* he had won \$20 from Mr. Clay on that occasion, and reminded him of it. Mr. Clay blandly replied, "If I had remembered the debt, I should certainly have paid it." "You surely owe it," said Mr. Randolph. Without a word more, believing in his thorough conviction, Mr. Clay forthwith paid the money, though sure he had not lost it. "In these matters," on Mr. Clay's telling me the anecdote, he said, "I feel I am beyond reproach."

A mistake.

Mr. Petrie.

Mr. Randolph, about the same year, 1820, was present at a violent altercation between the French and English Ministers, the Baron Hyde de Neuville and the present Lord de Redclyffe, then Mr. Stratford Canning. This occurred in the hall of the President's house, after a diplomatic dinner, given by the then President, Colonel Monroe. Both gentlemen wore court dresses, with swords, which they touched significantly. The angry conversation was carried on in French. The French Consul-General, Mr. Petrie, interposed. Neuville haughtily exclaimed, pushing him aside, "Je suis le Ministre de France, vous etes simplement Consul-Général."

Mr. Randolph, from the volubility of their conversation, could not understand the case. He was bewildered, and for once took no part in the affair. It was arranged amicably between the belligerents the next day.

V.

MR. RANDOLPH treasured up wise saws, and was happy in their application. He was well versed in Rochefoucault. His landlord, Dowson, became needy. Mr. Randolph asked for his bill and paid it. Dowson, in alarm, inquired if he had taken offence and meant to quit the house. Mr. Randolph replied: "I intend to leave: as we shall part friends, and as I entertain respect and regard for you, I fear, from my knowledge of mankind, that in your altered circumstances, something might arise to change my opinion of you, so we had best part;" and Mr. Randolph removed to other quarters. He gave currency to a Spanish proverb: "Save me from my friends, I can guard against enemies." He felt deeply wounded by the imputation put upon his chivalry, and said: "I shall never again take refuge under the communion table." The evening preceding his duel with Mr. Clay, his seconds, Messrs. Tatnall and Hamilton, called upon him to make the last arrangements. They found him reading Milton; and he entered upon an essay on his beauties, from which he could not be diverted until the hour was so late that very few words were said about the duel or anything else. He was adroit in extricating himself from difficulty. He had one with the celebrated McDuffie, that threatened serious consequences. The South Carolina orator returned more than a Roland for Mr. Randolph's Oliver. On the next day, prematurely announcing the death of the dying Pinkney, Mr. Randolph eloquently referred to his hallowed grave, around which no resentments could be entertained, that he felt none, and made such an appeal to Mr. McDuffie that he responded in the same spirit, producing an immediate reconciliation. Mr. Randolph was one of the committee to count the votes of the House that exactly elected Mr. Adams to the Presidency; not one too many, nor one too few. Mr. Randolph at once exclaimed, so as to be heard over the whole legislative hall, that was as silent as a church: "The cards are stocked!" In this way was anticipated the proclamation of the count. After Clay and Webster had retired from Congress, a dis-

Dowson.

Milton.

McDuffie.

Mr. Irving.

tinguished member from Vermont said to me: "Randolph is head and shoulders above any man in the House."

Randolph, on his return from Russia, in 1830, made a visit to London, and was presented at court. Louis McLane was the American Minister at the Court of St. James at this time, and Washington Irving Secretary of Legation. Mr. Irving, according to his biographer, gave an amusing account of this presentation as it came under his own notice. Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for Mr. Randolph, and found him prepared to accompany them with black coat and black smallclothes, with knee-buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword, and a little clack hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely, with his odd figure, to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. "No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by ——!" To some observation as to the propriety of his dress, "I wear no man's livery, by ——!" "But," said Mr. Irving, "the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword." "Oh! now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by ——!" Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. "There, now, Randolph," said he, "you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume." In the antechamber the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence-chamber he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned Mr. Irving. "Irving," said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time, "who's your friend, Hokey

Duke of Sussex.

Pokey?" Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis, "That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States." Some time afterwards, Mr. Irving was dining with the Duke of Sussex, and he inquired after McLane, who had returned to America; then, pursuing his inquiries, he added, with a significant smile, "And how is our friend Hokey Pokey?"

Hokey Pokey.

The editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm* thus alluded to the Randolphiana, to which were appended the signature of "Senex:"

"'Senex's' reminiscences of Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, and the American turf, will attract much attention, as many of the anecdotes furnished by him are new to the people of this age. The writer is now an old man. He has been an enthusiastic turfman, and having enjoyed an intimacy with the prominent men of this country of the past century, his recollections of them are of peculiar interest, bringing us, as it were, face to face with the honored dead. His anecdotes of the illustrious Randolph are not the mere creations of fancy, or the exaggerated statements of traditional gossip, but they are the truthful records of eccentric passages in the life of a man with whom the writer in question enjoyed a personal acquaintance, many of the events occurring under his own observation. Time has dealt kindly with 'Senex,' for though his hair is frosted with scores of winters, his heart retains many of the warm impulses of youth, and the vigor of his intellect, for the clearness of which he has been distinguished throughout life, remains unimpaired. We trust that he will find time and occasion to furnish us with other valuable reminiscences of the American turf, when it flourished in an earlier period of our country."

"Senex."





LETTERS FROM EUROPE.





LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LEAMINGTON, ENGLAND, August 5th, 1866.

HAVING been at the most charming and delightful race meeting in the whole world—no parallel to be found to it anywhere—the unequalled Goodwood, the “Ducal” course, where princes of the blood, the high-born aristocracy and others, meet in social unison, at a spot only to be described by a Shenstone or a Thomson, it would be extravagant in me to attempt a description that would fall far below the reality. Fancy the beauty of the Lebanon Valley and its mountains, combined with all that is picturesque and improved in the adjacent woodlands of Berkshire, and the parkish scenery of England at Blenheim, and some idea may be formed of Goodwood Park. The portals thrown open; by a winding and gradual ascent, shaded by noble oaks, artistically arranged, as if by nature, the lordly mansion is passed, and we ascend the mountain, through plantations of noble trees, through which fine views, bounded by the distant ocean, are presented, nearly as far from the base as the one west of Lebanon Springs, and there, amidst hills and valleys, is the famed Goodwood Race-course. Its full distance, about three miles and five furlongs, lies, as it were, on the rim of a punch-bowl, bounded on one side by a deep hollow of alternate woodlands and cultivated fields, and on the other by patches of woodlands, interspersed with lawns; the most beautiful of them, adjacent to the race-track, an open, level space, above which, on a slope of some

Goodwood.

English nobility.

six feet, is another level, shaded by noble beeches, along which seats are arranged that command a near and a perfect view of the race. This is the favorite spot for the ladies, where one sees the fashion and beauty of England, with all the adornments of dress. There I saw youthful and beautiful duchesses, and others of the first rank, with princes and nobles at their feet. However much every part of the world was surpassed in other respects, I was not willing to admit that America yielded the palm of beauty. The equipages were superb, with every equipment, coaches and four, and the horses not to be excelled for beauty and grooming. Why should it not be so? Were they not the equipages of the royal and noble guests of the Duke of Richmond? One need say no more than among them were the Prince and Princess of Wales and their friends. The lawn and the grand stand, accessible for five shillings, was open for all. I almost realized "a cat may look upon a king," and the cat, too, might even almost touch royalty on the grand stand at Goodwood, unrebuked. One fine, sunny day, the Wednesday preceding the Cup Day, I saw a large assembly of well-dressed and well-behaved people that are nowhere brought together as at Goodwood. The *vulgus profanum*, as seen at Epsom and Ascot, is kept off by the aristocratic atmosphere, but more especially by the distance from large towns, about eighty miles from London. At the pretty little town of Chichester, four miles distant, one pays two shillings a night for a bed; such was the charge I paid.

ENGLAND, August, 1866.

Charges.

THOUGH the Goodwood meeting was not thronged, as usual, "yet there was a great throng for a country meeting." Those who could afford to go at all from London went in good style; the lower stratum was conspicuously absent. "The flymen and bus drivers (from Chichester) reduced nothing of their prices from the exorbitant charges always obtained at Goodwood." For the former a guinea to the course, four miles, and two shillings sixpence for a

seat in the latter, about sixty cents of our money. On the Cup Day, the weather was fine and the course was "cleared without difficulty, and just at the same time, while his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh came with Prince Edward, of Saxe-Weimar, and the Countess of Guichen, from Molecomb, the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived with the Duke of Richmond's party from Goodwood House." So writes a "Special Correspondent," from whom I quote. "The Duke of Cambridge (cousin to the Queen) was seen in the royal box, and near him the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; while all around was to be seen a fourth of the peerage and a third of the House of Commons." Parliament, as usual at this season, being on the eve of prorogation, when fashionables from London seek the country. "They obviously enjoyed, as on the previous day, the wondrous beauty of the scenery lying in front of the Grand Stand," all embraced within the extensive Park of the Duke of Richmond, the monarch of all he surveyed. "There is nothing of the kind more lovely within the limits of the British Isles;" the scenery and the society were the attraction at Goodwood to a large majority of those who usually congregate there. As "the fashionable throng moved about the lawn, the picture became pictorial."

Assemblage.

When "the Prince and Princess went to luncheon, the lawn was alive with grooms and footmen unpacking hampers and laying plates, and carving fowls and pies." This is but one of the *fêtes champêtres* often to be seen in the green fields of "merry England" at this season. In various kinds of field sports consist a large portion of the merri-ment of England—certainly, a most happy land for its aristocracy and well-bred people of property, as well as to many more in humble life, who have their own enjoyments.

Merry England.

In my recent tour through part of the southern and midland counties, I have seen the beginning of the harvest, and the latter are now in the midst of it. The rains, so detrimental to the sport at Goodwood, do not seem to have done any injury to the wheat, which, I learn, promises to be a very fine crop, in the aggregate, throughout the kingdom. All other crops are most promising.

With fine crops, an abundance of money, large dividends from its securities, a climate for enjoyment at this season, there is much in store and in promise for the happiness and pride of England.

PARIS, November 6th, 1866.

Horses.

THE carriage horses here are exceedingly fine—large, well formed and spirited. The French drive very rapidly ; and threading their way through crowds of carriages, in all public places here, most skilfully, turning in the least possible space, owing much to their construction. With the incongruity often seen among the French, you not unfrequently see beautiful and light-limbed thoroughbreds in harness, and drawing heavy carriages. The omnibuses and other heavy conveyances are drawn by the heavy, strong, compact, and well-formed Normandy, or, rather, Brittany horses, usually stallions, and gray the preponderating color, as may be said of others throughout Paris, the taste of the French being for what is showy rather than useful. The closer calculating English have discovered that the soundest, the most enduring and useful horses are the bay. While referring to the English, I will remark that, in my opinion, they have impaired the appearance of their coach horses by their too near resemblance of hunters or thoroughbreds. The latter, too, have been impaired for endurance, since the days of Eclipse and Highflyer, of Snap and of Medley, by being bred so much for speed alone as to become “weedy.” “Bottom,” in England, is nowadays a secondary consideration.

Louis Napoleon.

The greater splendor of Paris, compared with any other city, arises from its being more cosmopolitan—the capital of the world. The present Emperor has made it so. He is the Augustus of the age who has succeeded to the honors of his renowned uncle. Napoleon the Great had no more at heart the glory, honor, and welfare of France, with the desire to improve and embellish its metropolis in every way, than the wise Emperor now upon the throne of France.

Yet the democrats make a strong opposition to him; and, with a view to overthrow his dynasty, it is not unlikely they would have all the aid the Bourbon legitimists could render, for a chance of another restoration of the Bourbons.

The published obituary notices of Mr. Francis Corbin, of Virginia, from the pens of Mr. Madison and of John Randolph, of Roanoke, have lately fallen into my hands, with also an unpublished letter of that distinguished gentleman—the American Chesterfield—a scholar, a philosopher, a financier, an orator, and a statesman; but above all, a kind, benevolent, and good man, with whom I am proud to claim kindred. Somewhat in the way of “Old Mortality”—to rescue his memory from oblivion (he having died more than forty years ago, during the better days of the Republic,—I embrace, in this communication, extracts from the obituaries and from Mr. Corbin’s letter, that I believe will be read with much interest.

Francis Corbin.

President Madison wrote of Mr. Corbin that “he was a member of the celebrated Convention of Virginia which ratified the Constitution, and whose deliberations furnish, perhaps, the ablest expositions of constitutional law anywhere to be found. He took an active part in support of the Constitution, and shone among those luminaries, whose appearance in the political firmament constituted the brightest era of Virginia eloquence.” He entered the arena reputably with such champions as “Henry, Madison, Marshall, Monroe, Lee (‘Light-horse Harry’), Pendleton, Randolph” (Edmund), Nicholas, and others, “and exhibited no ordinary proof of ability.” He was on a committee with the most distinguished of those named, “to prepare and report a form of ratification.” His eulogist, Mr. Randolph, adds: “He lived until old party distinctions had, in a great measure, subsided, only as an American, who was proud of his native state, and who gave it that preference, which, at least, in him who had seen and studied men and manners in other climes, cannot be considered as a narrow and unenlightened prejudice. He was a decided enemy to the new-fangled constitutional doctrines,” and “he died with the conviction that the centripetal force of this confederacy is greater

Mr. Madison.

John Randolph.

William Pitt.

than its centrifugal." In a letter to Mr. Randolph, in 1818, he thus expresses himself: "I see, with a great deal of concern, that men of a certain description are resolved, at all hazards and by all means, to break down the state sovereignties, our only barrier against Federal tyranny, and to erect on their ruins a uniform system of consolidated despotism." Such a far-seeing and statesmanlike opinion came from one who, besides his close connection with Washington, Madison, Hamilton, and other fathers of the Constitution, "had been on terms of intimacy with Pitt, Fox, and other magnates of England the years immediately succeeding the war of our Revolution. Mr. Pitt is said to have given a testimonial of his regard for him when Premier of England, by causing it to be intimated to the American Government that his appointment to the embassy to London would be highly agreeable to the Court of St. James. Though he enjoyed the personal friendship and esteem of Washington, his claim was postponed in favor of older men."

The Corbins.

In a letter dated April, 1815, to his friend, Mr. Tench Coxe, of Philadelphia, relative to a family connection, Mr. Corbin thus expresses himself: "As to family—this, under our present system, is a delicate topic to touch upon, and might betray a sort of vanity and aristocratic pride which policy, prudence, and philosophy would avoid. Suffice it to say that in point of ancestry (if this is a matter of any moment), it is second to none on the Continent, and equalled by but few in Great Britain, as the Heraldry Office and Dugdale's Antiquities will show. Our family is of French extraction, and went from Normandy with William the Conqueror; was established in Worcester on a large estate," . . . "till it was centred in William Lygon, one of Fox's peers, to whom, and to his politics in opposing the American war, he was a uniform and a staunch friend in the House of Commons. I was intimate with him in England." The relationship with the "Earl of Ferrars, whose proud lineage traces to the Plantagenets," as given *in extenso* by Mr. Corbin, is here omitted. He adds: "Between this nobleman's family, General Washington's, and my own, there existed an interwoven connection before the two

Earl Ferrars.

latter migrated to this country." . . . "If the subject were not too trifling to occupy our philosophic minds for a single moment, I could go on with heraldic proof to show you that one-half or more of the British peers are *novi homines*, compared with ourselves. Under the royal government, previous to the Revolution, my family held the highest rank, and shared more of royal favor than any other. After the abdication of Lord Dunmore, the King, *ex mero motu*, appointed my father Governor of Virginia. But when he received the commission, it was too late for his conciliatory wisdom to do anything. The ferment had risen to too great a height, and he promptly put it away in the secret drawer of his *escritoire*." This interesting document has since been found in the English archives at London. In the same letter, Mr. Corbin furnishes the following anecdotes connected with his visit to General Washington: "In the year 1783, when I returned from Europe, I brought dispatches, or friendly letters for General Washington from Mr. President Laurens and others. I carried them to him at Princeton, in the neighborhood of which place (at Rocky Ridge, I think) he had his headquarters. I went from Philadelphia in the stage-coach to Princeton. One of the passengers happened to be Major Pierce, or Pearson, a paymaster. He went on immediately to headquarters, and there mentioned that I was at Princeton, on my way to visit the General, and would be with him the next morning. But the next morning, when I was gone out to hire horses for my servant and myself to ride out to Rocky Ridge, the General, his suite, and his body guard, arrived at the tavern in search of me. I went into the room immediately, where he was attended by Colonel Humphreys, I think, Colonel Hamilton, and Dr. Craik; when, after embracing me *à la mode Française*, he asked me, 'How I left his worthy old friend, my father?' I replied, 'In good health for one of his years.' He rejoined, 'I am glad to hear it; he is a worthy man, and one of the best friends I ever had.'" (General Washington's first military commission, that of Colonel in the Colonial army of Virginia, was conferred upon him by Mr. Richard Corbin, of Laneville, King and

Richard Corbin.

Washington.

Queen County, then President of the Council. For the correspondence on the subject, see Marshall's *Life of the illustrious chief*, vol. i, pages 3 and 4, in a foot-note; edition in two volumes, published by James Cressy, in 1836.) Mr. Corbin continues:

Mrs. Washington. "We then rode off to headquarters, where I remained with him for a week. After dinner, on the same day, he was, as Colonel Humphreys or Colonel Hamilton assured me, more gay and lively than they had ever seen him. Mrs. Washington, knowing the sphere in which I had been moving in London, asked me a great many questions about 'the beau monde;' and amongst others, 'How I was received by the King, to whom I was presented'—turning to the General—'by our relations Lord Ferrars and Lord Townsend.' I replied, 'Pretty much in the same manner, allowing for the difference of etiquette, that I was received by the General himself. After the usual ceremony of kissing hands, the King asked me, "when I heard from my father? I hope he was well; he is a good man—a good one—the best subject I ever had in America." He then passed on to the next person in the circle.' Mrs. Washington's remark was, as might be expected from a well-bred, benevolent, and excellent woman, for such she was: 'Such men as your father will always be esteemed everywhere.' My father was opposed to the Revolution. In 1787, when I attended General Washington to the Convention, I dined with Dr. Franklin, who was, I think, then Governor. In his inquiries after my father, whom he knew personally, he said, 'He is one of the wisest men we have.'

George III.

"My father, brother, uncle, and three more relations" (including the grandfather of your present correspondent) "and close family connections, occupied six out of twelve seats in the Council Board. My father was also the Receiver General."

Henry Laurens. In a note, Mr. Corbin says he "was the first person who, by permission, visited Mr. Laurens in the Tower." Hence arose their intimacy.

The memoirs of the two Mr. Corbins, father and son, appearing to be historical, and furnishing facts that are unknown to many of the

best informed of our countrymen, I have concluded to enter on the subject, in this way, somewhat *in extenso*, as Corbiniana.

N.B.—Mr. Francis P. Corbin, well known in turf circles in England and France (a member of the Paris Jockey Club), is son of the distinguished Francis Corbin, of Virginia. It will be remembered that Mr. Francis P. Corbin bought in England the renowned Sir Hercules lineally, in the paternal line, I believe, ancestor to Gladiateur), but was induced to resell him, which prevented his leaving the kingdom; but Mr. Corbin subsequently bought for exportation the renowned Trustee (sire to Fashion and Revenue, out of a Sir Charles mare), also Cetus, winner of the Ascot Cup, and some other of the best bred horses that have been sent to America.

F. P. Corbin.

While Mr. Tayloe was in Barcelona, in Spain, in December, 1866, on a visit to his brother-in-law, James Baker, Esq., British Consul at that port, he fell in with a very rare book, written by Mr. Anthony St. John Baker, a well-known English diplomatist, of which only three copies were printed. The following letter refers to many interesting matters recorded therein, with extracts relating to Napoleon, John Randolph, Madame de Stael, Saratoga and Washington City in 1811, and Mount Airy, the family seat of the Tayloes in Virginia:

A rare book.

SPAIN, December 15th, 1866.

MY valedictory communication I supposed had been made from England; but an interesting subject unexpectedly presenting itself, I was led to write you from France; and now, travelling in Spain, I chance to meet a very rare work (three copies only in existence), the memoir of a distinguished diplomatist (who rendered more than ordinary services to his country, both in Europe and America, from a period more than fifty years ago); it is entitled "*Memoirs d'un Voyageur qui se repose.*" I copy from the work according to date. In 1802 he "had been provided with letters from the British Embassy at Paris; but, owing to some difficulties which occurred, Lord

Anthony Baker.

Mr. Merry.

Napoleon I.

Tilsit.

Whitworth delayed so long his arrival that he had no opportunity of presenting them, and merely saw Mr. Merry" [a few years afterwards H. B. M. Minister to the United States], "who represented British interests there, and whom Bonaparte called M. *Toujours Gai*"—a very solemn and circumspect gentleman, however, of whom Mr. Randolph said: "If any one asked him, 'What o'clock is it?' would be apt to reply, 'I will write to my Government for instruction.'" On coming away, however, our diplomat had an excellent opportunity of seeing the great man of the day at the Tuileries, on his going out to review the Consular Guard; some of the ladies present, with the politeness always shown to foreigners, placing him in the front rank as Bonaparte passed through the rooms—a kind of gallery—on his way out, surrounded by his aides-de-camp, one of whom preceded him to receive the numerous petitions and applications which were presented. He was at that time a totally different person in his appearance from what he became afterwards: thin, with a hollow countenance, of very pale or rather olive complexion, with his eyes deeply inserted. The review was a very splendid one. A regiment having, on some occasion, behaved ill, had crape fastened over its colors, but subsequently recovering its character, appeared at the review, when Bonaparte, riding up, tore the crape from the colors, and casting it to the ground, made his charger, previously so taught, no doubt, to trample it to pieces. Our diplomat, in March, 1807, being charged with important dispatches for the British Embassy at Vienna, had to go by the way of Heligoland and Memel, through Poland, in order to avoid the countries occupied by the French armies. This was the interval between the battles of Eylau and Friedland; the object in view, to form a coalition with Austria against Napoleon, which was defeated at the time by the treaty at Tilsit between the Emperors Napoleon and Alexander. "Vienna was now enjoying the repose of the peace of Presburg, concluded in December, 1805, soon after the battle of Austerlitz, and the failure of the *third* coalition. The treaty, and the triumphant superiority assumed by France throughout Europe, put an end, for the

moment, to any attempt at resistance on the part of Austria, who was content to wait for better times [such as came in 1814, after the invasion of Russia], at the expense of as little concession to France as possible." [An historical Memoir of the Mission was published in London in 1844 by Sir Robert Adair.] The feeling in Vienna was favorable to the views of England, and our diplomat, with other members of the mission, was treated with the greatest consideration, in a routine of receptions, dinners, balls, and other festivals, as at the celebrated Congress in 1815. Of the descriptions furnished we will only refer to his meeting at dinner "Madame de Stael, who had been sent out of France by Bonaparte,—on which occasion she is said to have exclaimed, '*Eh bien, ma plume contre son épée,*'—[and did not the pen triumph at last ?] had taken refuge in Vienna," as described in her work on Germany. We regret being unable to furnish in our circumscribed limits the notices of other *distingués*, such as Prince de Ligne, Prince Lichtenstein, Prince Esterhazy, and other princes. Passing by their great wealth, he refers to that of a duke, "who," as he informed us, "could travel from Chivet to Luxemburg, a distance of eleven leagues, without quitting his own woods." "Prince Kurchin made his appearance soon afterwards. He had on an epaulet composed entirely of pearls of large size, and fastened with a clasp of brilliants. He met a brilliant assemblage at Prince Trautmansdorf's. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was certainly right in saying that Vienna is the paradise of old women. There was one upwards of ninety years of age, whose head shook like an aspen leaf. She was ably supported on the right and left by about twenty ladies, the youngest of whom was more than sixty." Passing by further descriptions, and of his journey, in a diplomatic capacity, to Constantinople, by the way of Trieste, Malta, Sicily, and Albania, we will only mention that our diplomat, as the French say, "assisted" at Constantinople, January, 1809, at "the signature of the treaty" concluded on the Asiatic shore by Sir Robert Adair with the Ottoman Porte. [Mr. Stratford Canning, formerly H. B. M. Minister to the United States, was one of the suite.] Our diplomat took "the Turkish

Mme. de Stael.

Old women.

Augustus Foster.

Belair.

Saratoga.

ratification" to England. After waiting some months in England, at length an opening was afforded of gratifying his wishes for employment,—Mr. Augustus Foster, second son of the Duchess of Devonshire, by a former marriage, being appointed by Lord Wellesley to the post of Minister in the United States, where he had already served as Secretary of Legation, under Mr. Merry, [*toujours gai*] our diplomat occupied that position under Mr. Foster. On the 29th of June, 1811, they arrived at Annapolis, Maryland, "the Essex frigate, with Mr. Pinkney and family on board, anchoring nearly at the same time. I went on board the Essex with a complimentary message to Mr. P., who was not behindhand in fine speeches." Next day they went to Washington. "At about half-past twelve we arrived at Belair, the seat of Mr. Ogle. After a dinner at four, we continued our journey and arrived at the Union Tavern in Georgetown, about two miles from the Capitol; in Washington, about nine." Passing by his "account of the reception of the Mission at Washington by the American Government, which still remained there for the purpose of commencing negotiations with the British Minister," we will confine ourselves to a few anecdotes on other subjects. "July 25th—visited Dr. Thornton, the head of the Patent Office, who has been very ill. Among the visitors was Mr. Fairfax, of Virginia, next brother of the representative of the title of that name [also a Virginian], but who does not bear it. He seems, however, to have a good title to it." In another place, in his description of Saratoga, our diplomat remarks: "Some of the great objects of speculation are the young Southern planters—mostly rich, of good address and education—who form a kind of aristocracy, and are courted by the mothers. Some of them now here are very gentlemanly men, and have mostly travelled in Europe, and form what is called the first society; to be ranked in which is a great object of ambition." [*Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*]—Worthy of a place in the "Randolphiana," we copy, somewhat *in extenso*, the remarks on the Honorable John Randolph, of Roanoke: "An embargo having been adopted on April 4, 1812, Mr. Randolph made his great speech in

opposition to it, and the impending war with England, which brought down upon him the denunciations of the Democracy, and he was burnt in effigy at Philadelphia." "Mr. Randolph is by far the most remarkable man in the United States. He is familiar with every kind of English literature, and has the latest publications regularly sent him. He adores Shakspeare, and calls his works the lay Bible. He plays well at chess." Our diplomat adds, "December 23d, 1811. I was in the House when Randolph, one of the representatives from Virginia, and whose fame is spread over the whole Union, delivered his speech relative to the raising of ten thousand additional troops. The resolution [which Randolph opposed] was debated as one of peace or war. Nearly every person who could, made a point of going to hear him. The galleries, at a very early hour, were crowded with company, the front rows being filled by ladies. Randolph's speech lasted more than three hours, and during the whole time he was listened to with the greatest attention. His manner is so commanding and engaging that it gives an interest to what from other members would be hardly listened to. He is very tall and thin, with a juvenile appearance, and his voice is particularly clear and sonorous. It would be impossible to do justice to his speech. He argued, 'the United States suffered everything from France, but was particularly alive to the slightest aggression on the part of England.' Bonaparte he painted as the arch-enemy of the human race; and alluding to his regulations by which all tobacco imported into France is purchased on account of the French Government, he called him 'The Imperial Tobacconist.' He made a most eloquent appeal to the Anglo-Saxon blood in the veins of the Americans, and to the common principles of civil liberty, to the laws, manners, and customs which they had in common, and which they had inherited from England." [The want of time and of space forbids a much further extract, which may be furnished hereafter.] "He was at a loss for terms to express his detestation of France and of French principles." He concluded with "descanting on the great talents of Chatham and Burke, and their high sense of independence, and alluding to having

John Randolph.

Bonaparte.

Virginia.

himself, from his rigid adherence to the strict principles of honor, drawn down upon him 'the hatred of every scoundrel in the nation,' in which he exulted, his feelings quite overpowered him, and he was obliged to sit down. A dead silence ensued." . . . "No other man in the Union would have dared to have been the *first* to utter these sentiments. But Randolph delights in following the dictates of his own independent judgment; and I have heard him declare, his pertinacity in an opinion he knows to be a just one is exactly in the inverse ratio of the danger and difficulty attendant upon it. He is one of the oldest and most respectable land proprietors of Virginia." . . . "The great proprietors of Virginia resemble the Polish Palatines. They have the same proud spirit of independence, and yet exact the greatest subordination from the people on their estates, and exercise the greatest hospitality." [*O tempora! O mores!*]

The races.

We will now turn to extracts from our diplomat's journal of another kind:

"Three days after our arrival at Washington [from the North], October 23d, 1811, the races took place. I attended them, Mr. Foster driving me in his curricule. He had the best equipage on the ground. His horses are very fine ones, and his grooms sported their best liveries. Mrs. Madison was present, with four grays in a chariot, and Mrs. Tayloe in a coach and four, which were the only equipages deserving of notice; Madame Jerome's [the wife of the King of Westphalia] being very modest, with a pair of horses. Serrurier, the French Minister, was there on foot, followed by a servant."

"There is no stand for the ladies, and the carriages are suffered to drive on the course."

"Two four-mile heats were run on the first day, and the race gained by a lame horse, his antagonist, who won the first heat a few seconds short of eight minutes—the preceding day had been wet—being drawn. [Names of horses or of their owners are not given, but, according to my recollection, these were the days of Hampton, of Duroc, and of Miller's Damsel, the two last the parents of American Eclipse, and the two former may have been in the race.] The

two other horses were distanced. One of them belonged to Dr. Thornton, who, in spite of physicking his jockey, which he told me he had done most plentifully, found him too heavy on weighing, and the poor fellow was obliged to ride on a pad, as being lighter than a saddle. After a few paces, the pad slipped away and left the unfortunate jockey on the bare back of the horse, from which circumstance he was deprived of all command over him."

Dr. Thornton.

Some years subsequently our diplomat made an excursion in Virginia, where he witnessed more racing, of which an account is here presented, with what he saw besides, in his own words. In May, 1827, he "yielded to the earnest invitation of Colonel Tayloe to visit the chief family seat in Virginia, called Mount Airy, situated in what is named the Northern Neck, about one hundred and fourteen miles south of Washington, and occupied by the second son, William, who farmed the estate, a very extensive one, of more than eight thousand acres." This was "the first tour he had made in Virginia," somewhat similar to that of Lord Napier, at a subsequent period, along the James River. On the 17th of May, at about six, he arrived at Mount Airy. "Met with a very kind reception from Mrs. William Tayloe and the ladies there. Mr. William Tayloe was absent at a race, but joined us while strolling over the garden before tea." Next day, "a large number at breakfast. The gentlemen left us soon, their presence being required at the club, on the course. After luncheon, repaired there at half-past twelve—a field belonging to Mr. Tayloe. Met there Major Joseph Lewis, of Loudon County, an old friend, formerly in Congress—[by the way, called by Mr. Jefferson "the residuary legatee of Virginia Federalism," being the only representative of his State in Congress opposed politically to President Jefferson]—whose horse, Rattler, son of Dr. Thornton's, was matched against a gray of Mr. Tayloe's, a remarkable horse, that easily beat the Major's, both heats, two miles; time, less than four minutes. I won a bottle of champagne from the Major. Some handsome ladies on the course. Took a long walk in the evening, with the ladies, in the park; thickly wooded, and many fine deer." Next day, "ex-

Mount Airy.

Wm. H. Tayloe.

Major Lewis.

Sabine Hall.

plored the grounds, and was visited by Major Lewis. In the evening, Colonel Robert Carter came to tea. He is a very gentlemanly man, owner of Sabine Hall, an estate contiguous to Mount Airy, a mile and a half distant. He regretted much our short visit prevented his seeing us at Sabine Hall."

Oaken Brow.

"The Mount Airy house was built by Mr. William Tayloe's grandfather, of dark stone found in the neighborhood [faced by white stone imported from England]. Handsome elevation, with two square wings, connected by covered ways. Large hall, in centre, through the house; up stairs, a long gallery, with family portraits, the Corbins, Platers, &c. The conservatory large, with orange and lemon trees put out on the grass. An extensive garden, in squares and terraces, according to the fashion of that period," as now in France and Italy. "In front, lawn planted, and terrace, with flowers on pedestals. No slaves lost from any of Colonel Tayloe's estates during the war; a proof of their good treatment." Our tourist also visited Colonel Tayloe's estates in King George County: "the Hop Yard, a beautiful estate of twenty-three hundred acres—a delightful view; and Oaken Brow, twelve hundred acres, in excellent order. From the house, on an elevated ridge, is a fine view of the Rappahannock River, and of the opposite shore."

But for the prolixity of this article, we would follow the diplomatist from the declaration of war with Great Britain, through his further career, and on the several interesting pilgrimages he made in Europe—but *siste*.

PARIS, January 12th, 1867.

French horses.

RACING is a prominent institution in France. There are no race-horses superior to the French in any part of the world. This is not surprising, when we reflect that no cost is considered in procuring the combination of the best blood, transmitted from the best race-horses of England, to breed from in France. From such stock Gladiateur, the modern Eclipse, had his origin. According to

recollection, he was got by Monarque (the winner of the Goodwood Cup, when Prior and Prioress were beat), dam by Gladiator (second to Bay Middleton for the Derby, which he could have won almost any other year), and grandam by that unrivalled race-horse, Bay Middleton.

From a late Paris paper, I quote the relative position of the most renowned "winning stallions in France, in 1866." They head the list as follows:

Race-horses.

The Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton; Barbelle, nineteen winners, won	£8065
Fitz Gladiator, by Gladiator; Zarah, seventeen winners, won	7654
Monarque, by the Emperor; Poetess, thirteen winners, won	7368
West Australian, by Melbourne; Mowerina, nineteen winners, won	6746

These renowned horses were winners of the Derby, the St. Leger, the Ascot, or the Goodwood Gold Cup—several of these races won by some of them, as every intelligent turfman in America is already well informed.

Having lately returned from a tour in Spain, some few passing impressions may not be out of place here. I refrain from descriptions. I adopt some opinions. On asking at Pau, in France, for books on Spain, the first handed was the "Notes of an Attaché in Spain, in 1850," from the pen of an accomplished young American, Mr. John E. Warren, of Chicago, published in London, in 1852. "Oh, lovely Spain! romantic land!" is now as if it had stood still from the time of the deluge. There is much ground for the impressions ascribed to Adam, on revisiting the earth, that he was perplexed about Italy, could not understand Germany, was more bewildered in France, altogether confounded in England, "but in Spain, to his infinite satisfaction, he was quite at home, so little had things changed since his absence, or from the day of the creation." A Spaniard, on hearing the story, remarked, "Adam was right, for Spain is Paradise." Another anecdote has equal force: "The Angel Gabriel proffered to grant such blessings as were asked for Spain. He granted the most delicious climate and the most fertile soil," but

John E. Warren.

	<p>on being asked for "the best government," he refused that boon, because, "if that also was granted, no Spaniard would wish to go to Paradise" The true Spaniard firmly believes in the superiority of Spain to all other countries, and boasts of her incomparable prowess. Even in these days, he talks of his country as if her armies were still led to victory by the mighty Charles V, or had the councils of Philip II. He believes Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" was written "in a spirit of envy and jealousy against the heroic armies which alone trampled on the invincible eagles of Austerlitz."</p>
Thiers.	<p>When the historian Thiers was seen at Madrid, the Spaniards, on his going away, said of him, "He dares not remain, nor raise his eyes from the ground in this land, whose vast superiority wounds his personal and his national vanity." Foreigners in Spain are regarded as outside barbarians. They are repelled rather than encouraged to visit it. Before reaching the hotel at Barcelona, my baggage had undergone four examinations from the time of its introduction from France, within twelve hours. Vessels from France had still to undergo a quarantine of ten days, under a law passed at the time of the cholera. Other foreign ships fared no better.</p>
Priesthood.	<p>The gorgeous and magnificent churches of Spain, its bigoted and domineering priesthood, its ignorant, corrupt, and tyrannical government, remain the same as under Ferdinand VII. In their religious worship, the Virgin "is held by every Spaniard to be the brightest luminary and the sole empress of heaven." I saw her statue in the churches as if decked for a Parisian ball, and I saw it enthroned under a princely canopy carried through the streets of Madrid, escorted by the military, with a band of music, followed by church and other dignitaries in full costume.</p>
Characteristics.	<p>The Attaché writes of the Spanish: "Naturally indolent, through the influence of a voluptuous climate, they have been readily reduced to the present unfortunate state of lethargy and sloth by the paralyzing tendency of a falsely-conducted and badly-managed government acting upon a popular mind constitutionally disposed to inaction and repose, and lacking the stern energy and force which demand</p>

at the cannon's mouth the restoration of privileges withdrawn and the establishment of rights which selfishness and avarice have denied them. They have been bound down likewise by the heavy yoke of ecclesiastical intolerance and superstitions. 'They writhe and groan under the tyrannical sway of an impious and sacrilegious priesthood.' 'Nature has profusely lavished her beauties upon the country and the race.'" The existing evils are traced by the author not only to bad government and to superstition, but to "the corruption of the marriage state and to the loose ideas disseminated among women generally in regard to female chastity and honor." Of this the reigning Queen, in 1867, is a striking example; though she is a bigot, having a regard, as she professes, for her own "soul," rather than for the welfare of the realm; thousands governed by the "bleeding nun," "Father Claret," and her premier, Narvaez, she sets at defiance her marital and other obligations. While I was in Spain, she out-Heroded the Stuarts, of England, by the breaking up of the Cortes, and the exiling of all of any note who dared to exercise free speech and to question her notions of prerogative. The violence of contending parties has frequently, of late years, led to bloodshed, and now threatens revolution. But the people are disarmed, and they need a Bonaparte or a Cromwell to lead them. There is a prediction that the present year (1867) will witness the downfall of the Bourbons in Spain, and of the Pope's temporalities in Italy.

Isabella.

In works of architecture, painting, and sculpture, Spain is almost unrivalled. The Attaché describes the Cathedral at Seville to be "without exception the most magnificent ecclesiastical edifice in Spain, and probably the most solemn and religiously impressive one in the world. Here one reads in the marble and unchanging granite the history of departed ages. Unworthy thoughts fled from my mind, while springs of deep reflection started into action within the recesses of my soul." Having visited many of the grandest cathedrals and churches of Europe, Mr. Warren adds: "Not one of them, even St. Peter's, at Rome, gave me so powerful an impression of solemnity and awe, as I experienced on entering the stupendous Cathedral of Seville."

Seville.

Queen's Palace.

He describes the Queen's Palace, at Madrid, as unsurpassed by any in Europe, and (agreeing with him) "I have doubts whether any other in the world equals it." In December, 1808, after the conquest of Spain, and placing on its throne his Viceroy brother, the great Napoleon made him a visit, and on being received by King Joseph, at the foot of the grand staircase, the Emperor, placing his hand on the marble lion, the symbol of strength, remarked: "At last I hold Spain," then, turning to the titular King, added, "But, my brother, you are better lodged than I am;" in fact, than any monarch in Europe, if I may judge from what came under my own observation. The extensive stables correspond with the magnificence of the palace. In them, being with a party, we saw at least two hundred fine horses of different breeds. When the stables are full there are three hundred horses. But some of them had been lately sold. There are said to be five hundred men and boys attached to the stables. We saw the Spanish (the Andalusian the best of them), the Arabian, and the English horses. We saw there the stout, wild shaggy horse, on which Velásquez painted his high-born dames. The grooms were then harnessing fine carriage horses, all bays, and of English appearance. The Queen always drives six. Excepting the King, others of the royal family and the suite drive mules, six to each coach, and gorgeously caparisoned like the horses. In a separate stable, among the many fine horses owned by the King, we saw beautiful saddle horses, their names affixed to their stalls—"President" and "Radical" standing quietly side by side. Radical is the stoutest and strongest, but by no means the best horse. There was another stable devoted entirely to beautiful mares, nearly all the horses being stallions. From here we were taken to a different establishment for scores of mules, the finest and largest I ever saw. Twelve of these, richly harnessed, we saw led out to the carriages. We found all the stables close and warm. This reminded one of our party of a Russian Minister, General Baron Tuyl, who gave the best dinners in Washington in a cold dining-room, comforting his guests by telling them that "horses never eat well in warm stables." The most remarkable

The royal stud.

feature of the royal horses was the very great length and fulness of their tails. They are specially cultivated in Spain. We went next to the great carriage-house, saw fifty or more carriages of different kinds, most of which are magnificent; some lately from Paris for the King are very beautiful. Those for ordinary use are handsome; but the handsomest in the collection, from its pictorial and classic ornamentation, like that on the finest Sèvres, was a present from the Emperor Napoleon to his brother Joseph. The state coaches are most luxurious, but too gorgeous. There is a heavy, absurd sort of car, built for Queen Christina, covered with gilding. Nearly all are richly gilt. All these carriages came from abroad, there being no coachmaker in Madrid. We saw, too, every variety of travelling and light carriages; among the latter we thought some must be American. But the harness-room, hundreds of feet long, struck us with most astonishment. Here was not only every variety of harness, the different sets richly embossed with gold and silver, but they were white and blue, as well as black. Also every variety of saddle, and of the richest embroidery, from the antique Moorish to the latest English saddle. The saddle-cloths too, some of them centuries old, are richly embroidered. The whole in perfect preservation. Bridles and whips of all kinds, in great number, to correspond. Heavy gold-headed canes, with the large gilt knobs repeated below the handle, several of them of the time of Louis XIV; these were for servants' use. Then came the liveries, also in glass cases. There were state liveries, with cocked hats and gold lace; and travelling liveries, and country liveries, and jockey liveries—enough for a regiment. The Armory, which we visited, is part of one of the quadrangles of the palace. It is one of the finest collections in the world, if not the very best. Here, it is said, are the swords of the noblest champions of Spain, "the helmets of the wisest, and the breastplates under which the greatest hearts beat." Here we saw the armor of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Columbus, of Cortez, of Pizarro, of Charles V, of Philip II, and of the Duke of Alva, too, at whose name one shudders. Through the centre of the room are chieftains on horseback,

Carriages.

Old armor.

The Prado.

men and horses in full armor that is curious, inlaid with gold, and very flexible. The best is foreign, German and Italian. There was every variety of sword, of gun and pistol, richly inlaid, and very rare.

From here we drove to the Prado, the fashionable drive, which, although the day was not particularly fine, we found crowded with superb equipages. People make every sacrifice here to support a handsome establishment. Here we saw beautiful Andalusian saddle-horses—fine carriage-horses, too—all distinguished for their long and thick tails that are so prized. Driving was rapid, perhaps because it was cold. A clever writer on Spain, says: "The Prado is the mirror of Madrid, and here they do their best to denationalize themselves, and to destroy with suicidal hands their greatest merit, which is the being Spanish. Spain's best attractions are those which are characteristic of herself. The Roman toga, the capa, is now giving way to the English pea jacket, and the graceful veil, the mantilla, yields to Boulevard bonnets."

John P. Hale.

Having intended some other reflections, I must reserve for another letter a further account of my travel in Spain, with the impressions received. In justice, however, to our Minister at Madrid, ex-Senator Hale, I must remark that he is unmistakably American; and that I found he commands much more respect at the Spanish Court than was entertained for his foreign predecessors. He lives and moves in a style becoming his station.

I will now merely refer to the improvement of morals in France, under the reign of the present Emperor, as seems to be generally conceded. In his "Histoire de César," Napoleon III writes:

"La force morale, si nécessaire à tout gouvernement, n'existe plus nulle part ('t'an 696 de Roma') en plutôt elle n'existait pas là où les institutions vaillant qu'elle fût, dans le Senat; et selon historien Allemand, cette assemblée, qui gouvernait le monde, était impérisante à gouverner la ville. Ainsi, à Roma, la venalité et anarchie: à l'armée le dévouement et la gloire." (2d vol., quarto, page 357.)

The enemies of America rejoice in the hope that the present situation of our country is like that of Rome preceding the loss of her

liberties consequent upon the battle of Pharsalia, exclaiming, in reference to the posture of affairs at Washington, as Napoleon speaks of Rome. They say "La Revolution va bien," as, when liberty was extinguished in France by the "coup d'état" of Brumaire, the finale of the French Revolution at the close of the last century.

Of the present weather in Europe—even in the south of France, as has been lately said of that in England—it is "nivoise et pluvieuse," but not "ventose," as there. Here, at Paris, it is wintry and rainy, the mercury as low as 35 at 10 o'clock A.M., to-day, which is a degree of cold unusual in this region of country. It has lately been below zero in England, and more snow has fallen in London than for many years.

PAU, January 23d, 1867.

SPAIN is full of historic associations. In December we left Perpignan, in France, and crossed the "Oriental Pyrenees," on the road by which Hannibal, Pompey, and Cæsar had marched their victorious legions, and recrossed on the western side, where Napoleon and Wellington had led their armies in triumph. The length of the chain of mountains, from east to west, from near the Gulf of Lyons, on the Mediterranean, to the Bay of Biscay, on the Atlantic, is about two hundred and seventy miles. They rise almost perpendicularly from the ocean on each side. They extend like a vast wall from sea to sea; and, except occasional roads, travelled by pedestrians and equestrians, and the two great roads at each end, they are almost impassable. There was no avoiding travelling in the night, by the French diligence from Perpignan to Barcelona, which, however, was comfortable; but the delays on the route were very tedious, the baggage being examined no less than four times before our arrival at a hotel in Barcelona. The last three hours we came by railway, which is in progress to connect with France. It may be here remarked, that both in France and Spain, as well as in England, the travelling in the first class of railway coaches (for coaches they are)

Pyrenees.

Railways.

Barcelona.

is much more comfortable, as are also the railway stations, under strict police regulations, excluding all but travellers and officials, than in our country. The example might be copied to advantage.

On arrival at Barcelona it was evident we were in a region and climate very different from the one we had left ten hours before in France. The national peculiarities were striking. As if under a tropical sun, the people, in crowds in the streets, were engaged in their outdoor pursuits and amusements—in gaming, gymnastics, and music. Gambling is the occupation of all classes throughout Spain, from morning till night; and at the clubs during both day and night. It was, perhaps, more striking, being the Christmas holidays. Barcelona is a well-built, beautiful, and thriving city; more French in appearance and customs than any town in Spain. In population and wealth it is only second to Madrid, and occupies the first rank commercially. Yet the harbor has no wharves for the shipping, which rides at anchor, and is only protected from the Mediterranean by a sea wall. The Manchester of Spain, where cotton goods are manufactured, is nearer to it by a railway than the great manufacturing town of England is to Liverpool. The Catalonians are the most money-making people of Spain. The people of Barcelona are ostentatious and fond of pleasure. Besides theatres, they have a beautiful opera house, the grand marble staircase elaborately carved, the largest in the world. With the Carnival, masked balls were introduced, given every night by one of twelve associations, said to be beautifully gotten up. The public buildings line the Ramble, one of the finest boulevards to be seen anywhere, which runs through the centre of the town, and extends around a large part of it, connected by a walk along the sea wall, with another boulevard. The pedestrian walk, lined with trees, is along the centre of the street, the carriage ways on the sides of it.

Opera house.

To Madrid.

From Barcelona we went by railway to Madrid, about four hundred miles. The first day's travel was mostly through a desolate and mountainous region, where we again saw patches of snow, until, by a gradual descent, we reached the fertile plains around Lerida,

the scene of one of Marshal Suchet's conquests. Again ascending among the mountains, we arrived at Saragossa, at the close of the day. Here we reposed and spent the next day. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the historical associations connected with the capital of Aragon, or of the sieges of Saragossa, among the most memorable the world has ever known. The town is beautifully situated on the Ebro, almost surrounded by distant mountains, the Pyrenees in view capped with snow. Two of its churches are worthy of special consideration for their magnificence. The Cathedral, of Grecian architecture, is very large. It contains the Madonna of the Pillar, venerated and famed for its miracles throughout the world. It is reputed to have been carved by St. Luke, and, being of wood, is blackened with age. The other great church, the Leo, Gothic, though not so large, is more imposing, and astonished us with its affluence of fine statuary, rich gilding, marble pillars, wainscoting and floors, all in perfect preservation.

Saragossa.

Fine arts.

From Saragossa we had to travel by the railway all night to reach Madrid at ten o'clock the next morning. This nocturnal travel is far from desirable; but it is unavoidable in Spain. Madrid is reached no other way from France. The income for carrying the mail, essential to the support of the railways, is alleged to be the cause. The mails leave nearly all the capitals of Europe at night.

To describe Madrid will not be attempted. Connoisseurs place its Musée before the Louvre for its celebrated pictures, by Murillo, Velasquez, Raphael, Titian, and the other great masters, unsurpassed anywhere. "The Perla," by Raphael, that was "the gem of the Escorial," had been owned by Charles I of England, and was purchased in the time of Cromwell. For four pictures in the collection, £80,000 sterling have been refused. A Spaniard's pride will not permit him to part with an article in the way of trade, or to fail to make a display on the Prado, until reduced by poverty to actual suffering. Such a one would not sell his box at the opera, a stage box in which I saw him, on an offer of \$20,000, which would have enabled him to live with comfort.

Climate.

Madrid, in the centre of Spain, elevated two thousand feet above the sea, exposed to the chilling blasts of the Guadarrama Mountains, is a magnificent, but a peculiar city. Its superb palace, with the gorgeous royal appurtenances, has been already described ; also some other things. It has the reputation of being unhealthy. There is an adage that a breeze which will not extinguish a candle will take one's life. Exposure to its noxious atmosphere produces pneumonia. The disease is often fatal in a few days. The sky is so clear and the atmosphere so dry (as we found it) that the danger is not thought of until too late. From the palace grounds we saw snow on the mountains ; and for a moment were deceived with the idea it lay in the valley, the ground was so whitened by the clothes put out to dry along the margin of the Manzanares. Along all the small streams of Spain and of the south of France we saw the poor washerwomen engaged in their vocation. All wash in cold water, and out of doors, even in the towns. Fires in most of the houses are unknown.

Agriculture.

Everything is dear in Madrid. Nothing is manufactured there. Every article is brought from a distance. The country all around it to the great palace, the Escorial, and beyond it, is the picture of desolation. No trees nor verdure were to be seen ; yet, on the plains, wheat is said to be produced at the rate of ten bushels to the acre. From it is made the best bread in the world. It cannot be surpassed. But the agriculture is of the most primitive character. Implements long used in other countries are unknown in Spain. The wheelbarrow and shovel along the railway routes are of recent introduction. We saw sand taken up by hand and removed in baskets from a central street in Madrid. A radical change in tillage with proper agricultural implements is necessary to do justice to the once productive soil of Spain. In the words of an able writer, but not of recent date, "It has indeed required the utmost ingenuity and bad government of men to neutralize the prodigality of advantages which Providence has lavished on this highly favored land, which, while under the dominion of the Romans and Moors, resembled an Eden, a garden of plenty and delight." A sad change has come over this

fair vision, and now the bulk of the peninsula offers a picture of neglect and desolation, moral and physical, which it is painful to contemplate.

As in the days of Don Quixote and Gil Blas, one may see priests and peasants in their national costume, monks and mantillas; and balconies, too, on which fair ladies listen to the music of the guitar—from street musicians now, instead of Romeos and troubadours. Of the thirteen historical divisions of Spain, each retained its peculiarity. Andalusia, sometimes called the four kingdoms—Seville, Cordova, Jaen, and Granada, the “*quatro naciones*” of the hotels; Murcia, with its silver mines, &c.; Valencia, with its manufactures of silk and wool; Catalonia, manufacturing cotton and “concocting revolutions;” proud Aragon; next Navarre, with its green valleys among the Pyrenees; the Basque Provinces, the unconquered descendants of the aborigines of the Peninsula; the empire province of the Castiles wrested from the infidel Moor; Estremadura, with its flocks; Leon, “a time-honored kingdom;” Galicia and Asturias, that “constitute Spain’s breakwater against the Atlantic.” These different nations, as they once were, are supposed to have inherited the characters of their ancestors, the rulers of the settlements made by them: Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Moors, and others, and still maintain their peculiarities.

From our observation, we are inclined to believe the Spaniards of these days are a very temperate and well-disposed race; but even the most polite are devoid of the graciousness and *empresement* of the French. We found them very civil, and ready to render services asked of them. They need to be trusted, and to be approached with civility and respect. But foreigners are annoyed by their inveterate habit of smoking; at the table, in the diligences and railway carriages, even in the presence of ladies. Their customs are peculiar to the country. They rise early. In our night travelling we have seen the laborers going to their work before daybreak, yet they are reputed to be an indolent people. As far as we can judge, they partake of the character of our Indians and of our Negroes; as proud as

Old customs.

Early risers.

the one and as improvident and idle as the other. When ladies and gentlemen leave their beds, they take their chocolate, as an Englishman his tea, or a Frenchman his coffee. About midday a substantial breakfast is taken, followed by a siesta; dinner to close the day; and in the evening some amusement,—the opera, the theatre, balls, or gaming. But few able to go out ever stay at home. To be amused is the great object of life. Dinner-parties, as in England and with us, are almost unknown.

Wellington.

On a bright January afternoon, at three o'clock, we left Madrid, by the railway, and travelling all night, arrived next day, about midday, at Bayonne, in France. We came from Spain alongside of the road on which Wellington marched his triumphant army, following his signal victory at Vittoria, in 1813. An Englishman, these days, is proud to recall to his recollection scenes that were marked by deeds of British valor, at the close of the Peninsular war. We almost followed his track from the passage of the Bidassoa to the field of his victory at Orthez. But for his wound, his only one, it has been said, the battle there might have closed the campaign, instead of the obstinate and sanguinary one at Toulouse. We saw the walled cemetery adjoining the field of battle that contains the remains of many a hero who fell on the ensanguined plain. To the enduring fame of the illustrious Duke, it will be remembered that so far from laying waste the country of France and injuring private property, he established such discipline that he was everywhere received, so says a French writer, as a *libérateur*, a deliverer. By a general order, he directed "the inhabitants should be well treated," and that "private property must be respected, as it has been hitherto." "To revenge cruelty on peaceable inhabitants would be unmanly and unworthy." This is in keeping with the well-authenticated anecdote, that on the Duke's arrival at Brussels, "after Waterloo," he walked up and down the apartment in a state of the greatest agitation, burst into tears, and uttered these memorable words: "The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this." He also said on another occasion, in answer

to a remark, "What a glorious thing a victory must be!"—"The greatest tragedy in the world, except a defeat."

The road from the frontier of Spain into that of France is not only of deep interest on account of historical associations, connected with the heights so gallantly defended by Marshal Soult on the invasion of the allies in full view of St. Sebastian, so valiantly won by the late Lord Lyndock; next north of it the port from which La Fayette embarked to engage in our American war of the Revolution; but it also presents views of mountains and of sea-coast of rare beauty.

St. Sebastian.

Bayonne is one of the most remarkable walled cities of France,—a *chef d'œuvre* of Vauban, that successfully defied Wellington's army in 1814. From the citadel a brilliant sortie was made upon it, just about the time the news of peace came from Paris. There are other memorable associations connected with Bayonne. Here remains the ancient château, now occupied by soldiery, in which the cruel Catharine de Medici concocted, with the infamous Duke of Alva, the St. Bartholomew's massacre at Paris. Here, in 1808, Napoleon I intrigued with Charles IV of Spain, his son, since Ferdinand VII, and the minion Godoy, "Prince of Peace," for the overthrow of the Bourbons of Spain, to be supplanted by the Bonapartes. Hence arose that Peninsular War, closed by Wellington on French territory, which so essentially aided the hurling of Napoleon from his own throne. According to present appearances, it is not impossible the day may be at hand when the Spanish Bourbons will be again dethroned by French interposition. It has been suggested that Belgium will be again annexed to France on its present monarch being translated to the throne of Spain!

Bayonne.

The country around Bayonne is beautiful, fertile, and highly improved. From there we went to Biarritz, about four miles, the celebrated bathing-place on the sea-shore of the Bay of Biscay. Nothing can surpass the beauty of its position and the scenery around it, rendering it in all respects more attractive than the Brighton of George IV, or than any sea-shore we have ever seen. The day we

Biarritz.

Villa Eugenie.

were there, in January, was as bland as the north of our country in May—just the temperature to be preferred. Here the Empress has a delightful palace, the “Villa Eugenie,”—every brick English, cost an English sixpence; not large, but conveniently commodious, on a slight elevation, immediately on the ocean. Her patronage and influence have developed the attractions of Biarritz, and made it the resort of fashion, and for the English during winter.

Pau.

Bayonne is a commercial port, and is distinguished for its export, among other things, of superior hams, that come chiefly from the Pyrenees. From there, five hours by railway, along a beautiful valley, brought us to Pau, the ancient capital of Bearn and of the kingdom of Navarre,—the land of Henry IV of France.

The weather is now mild and delightful at Pau. But last week it had its share of the inclemency that prevailed throughout France. At Pau the snow lay on the ground for a week, an unusual occurrence, and one morning, by Fahrenheit, the mercury was as low as 24°! It has been much colder in other parts of the South, where the snow, too, has been deep the whole way from Calais to Marseilles. It snowed seventy-two hours at Havre—more than two feet of snow in depth!

PAU, FRANCE, February 12th, 1867.

Imperial stables.

WE have visited, on the outskirts of the town, the Imperial Stables (“Haras Imperial”), beautifully situated on a plain bordering the Gave, in which are royally lodged sixty thoroughbred stallions, belonging to the Government, and placed there for the improvement of the breed of horses in this part of France. There are twelve Arabians, some few of superior form and of good size, and forty-eight of other breeds; the best among them English, some of which are said to have ran with distinction in England. This can be ascertained by “The Stud Book” and the “Racing Calendar.” (I am told no French Stud Book has ever been published.) In the largest stable, the most esteemed horses are placed in four large

boxes, two at each end. The others, with abundant space in stalls, are arranged in line. (I must here remark on the perfect neatness and beautiful order of this stable. The abundant bedding was kept in place by double fringes of woven straw. The number of grooms seemed to be countless.) From this we went to another stable, where are sixteen of the most valued horses, a few held at 30,000 francs, or \$6000 each. All these occupy large boxes, which open both externally and internally, so that every horse can be visited without opening the doors for general entrance. These two stables are a considerable distance apart. A very spacious and fine mansion, with tastefully cultivated grounds between them, for the accommodation of the Master of the Stud.

In the most choice stable, I noticed the following very superior horses, some of them of fine size and form. We may rank at their head: 1. Strongbow, brown, eighteen years old, by Touchstone, out of Miss Bow—English. 2. Souvenir, seven years old, by Caravan—Emilia—English. 3. Meteor, by Jocko, out of Jessica—English. 4. A fine bay horse, five years old, bred in France, and winner of the French Derby. 5. Tippoo Saib, twenty-two years old, white. A highly prized and fine-looking Arabian, the sire of good stock.

Horses.

In the other stable, the most distinguished in all respects, are: 1. A son of Faugh a Ballagh, black, eight years old, out of Espoir—English. Held in esteem next to Strongbow. 2. A son of Pyrrhus, out of Miss Malton—English. 3. Bethlehem, bay, by Gladiator, out of Pauline—English.

The three are fine-looking horses; but the others, though some of them are handsome, do not deserve particular notice. Their names and pedigrees, as given, are placed opposite each box or stall. The stud is well cared for. Their services are to be had at a trifling cost, which it is necessary to establish to prevent abuses.

In this connection I will relate an anecdote of "the ring" and "the turf" that has lately come in my way, made pertinent by the election of Mr. Morrissey to Congress. "A few days after," in 1807, "an opportunity presented of seeing the most popular prize-fighter

The ring.

Gully.

of the day, young Gully (who had just beaten 'the champion of England,' Gregson, in a terribly bloody encounter)," at his own hostelry, "The Plough," in London. "He wore a white apron after the landlord fashion, and served his visitors with whatever drink they required." "After an interval of five-and-twenty years, in 1832, at a grand entertainment given by Earl Fitzwilliam, at his seat in Yorkshire, among the assembled groups, one attracted universal attention,—a fine, manly, athletic, yet well-formed and graceful figure; resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of the assembled multitude, about eighteen and twenty years old. 'Who are they?' 'Who can they be?' They received as much attention from Earl Fitzwilliam as any of the guests, which heightened curiosity. At length it was discovered they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his daughters! He was then member of Parliament for Pontefract; had acquired a large fortune, most honorably, on the turf; had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Hare Park, near Pontefract." Our countryman, "Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke," said he found Mr. Gully as much a gentleman as any one he met in England, and his association was with the best, the *haut ton* of the kingdom.

Wellington.

Having met here a diplomatist, "*qui se repose*," who was in England, in an official capacity, when the Duke of Wellington was Minister for Foreign Affairs (Sir Robert Peel the Premier), has recalled some anecdotes of him worthy of repetition. My friend said of "the Duke," nothing appeared so remarkable as his directness and truthfulness. "The Duke said English horses were best of all for military service. Mares are better than geldings. They endure more fatigue and recover from it sooner. At Waterloo," he added, "I rode Copenhagen" (thoroughbred) "from four in the morning till twelve at night, and when I dismounted he threw up his heels at me and went off. If he was fed, it was on the standing corn" (wheat) "as I sat in the saddle. He was a chestnut horse. I rode him hundreds of miles in Spain and at the battle of Toulouse. He died in 1835,

blind with age, at twenty-eight years old, and lies buried in a ring fence at Stratfieldsaye."

The fertility and productiveness of this part of France is scarce equalled anywhere in the kingdom. It is both a grain-growing and a grazing country. It abounds with the finest fruits; grapes for wine, apples, pears, peaches, nectarines, apricots, and figs; but oranges and lemons are only produced in gardens. At this season, the magnolia, the holly, and other evergreens, with the laurestina and some flowering shrubs, add greatly to the beauty of the landscape; the richest verdure extending to the base of mountains that are capped with snow.

This will be closed with a quotation from this part of the world, that may strike the eye of a theorist: "We have been in the habit of thinking that with a genial climate and a fertile soil, where the farmer tilled his own land, with none so powerful as to oppress and none so poor as to suffer, a man must exist in his most natural and happy state. Here among the Pyrenees, I have seen it carried out to a degree of perfection I had not previously believed to exist, in the present state of society. Here there is not that inequality of property to complain of, which is so frequently the cause of unfair assumption on one side and of envy on the other. Every one has his portion, three or four acres, or even one. A few months' observation on the actual state of society as it exists, under the circumstances, was sufficient to convince me that although natural and simple and apparently conducive to happiness, it is in reality a state but little calculated to promote either moral or intellectual improvement. That very equality of rank and property, for which theorists sigh in vain in other countries, is here productive of its necessary result, in the limited sphere of action to which each individual is confined; while the absence of all ambition, which we are apt to think contributes to social and domestic peace, renders the peasant of the Pyrenees as poor, ignorant, and destitute at the present day as he was a hundred years ago."

Fruits.

Equality.

PAU, FRANCE, February 22d, 1867

Climate.

BEING still at Pau, I must talk of it. Notwithstanding its boasted salubrity, we have found it, during the last month, both cold and wet, having had a severe snowstorm, the snow lying on the ground nearly a week. Yet, strange to say, when the sun shines every one is walking about with white umbrellas over their heads. They tell me it is no affectation, but a necessity. I certainly found umbrellas by the side of the laborers cracking stones on the road. The danger is sunstrokes. From the number of blind persons, and green and blue spectacles I see, there must be some special cause of blindness here. This is said to have been an extraordinary winter at Pau, and is doubtless so. The striking feature of the climate is its calmness. Even light winds are rare. I should say it is too relaxing for bronchial affections. The confirmed consumptive, with a little exercise of prudence, may here find a most comfortable and agreeable home. If disease be not entirely eradicated, it is frequently checked.

Florida.

It is my belief that in our country we have far better climates than in Europe,—in Florida, Georgia, the back part of the Carolinas, not to speak of Tennessee and Kentucky, and other salubrious spots. We have not, to be sure, the appliances for amusement, society, and healthful exercise, as furnished at European resorts: hunts, races, rides, drives, Bath chairs, trained donkeys, clubs, theatres, balls, libraries, &c., &c. Yet, on the whole, I would recommend the sands of Florida in preference to the rich meadows of the Basses Pyrenees. There is, undoubtedly, something in stirring one's romance and chivalry; and there is abundant food for that about us. Here Froissart's heroes flourished; Charlemagne, Roland, Gastou de Foix, the Black Prince, and Henry IV; and, at a more recent epoch, those renowned chieftains, Napoleon, Wellington, Bernadotte, Murat, Soult, and other distinguished generals. So, you see, history is forced upon us. Navarre suggests reminiscences of Roncevaux, where Charlemagne

met defeat ; and also the bloody fields of Orthez and Toulouse, disastrous to the armies of Napoleon.

At the remote period of Queen Jeanne D'Albret, born in the Château of Pau, as well as her illustrious son, Henry IV, "the good king," there were grand tourneys and progresses in Navarre. But the career of the great monarch began in simplicity. Under the direction of his mother, he was trained like the children of the mountains, and was treated as they were ; was subjected to a Spartan-like discipline,—his food of the same coarse bread as that of the peasants ; clothed in the same humble costume,—the woollen vest and bonnet,—he "trod the mountain-path with bare feet, and not unfrequently fought with his little comrades, excelling in their favorite games," partaking of their enjoyments and sports. His first language was the patois of Bearn ; and this knowledge gave him great power over the young men whom he led to the conquest of Paris. The queen mother, Jeanne, received friendly tokens of esteem from Elizabeth, the great Queen of England. Having warmly espoused the Protestant faith (the effects of which are still felt here), Queen Jeanne, of Navarre, won the admiration of the English monarch. For the same cause she excited the hostility of the sovereign of France, the celebrated Catherine de Medici, who is supposed to have wreaked her vengeance on the queen, who had but lately entertained her with regal magnificence in the château at Pau. The Queen of Navarre was believed to be the victim of poison shortly preceding the massacre of St. Bartholomew, at which it had been intended Henry himself should be sacrificed.

After this notice of *le bon roi* Henry IV, the other remarkable king, also born at Pau, is not to be overlooked. From necessity, his early training was the same as that of the patrician monarch. The "son of a poor saddler" could not be trained in luxury. He was born in an humble dwelling in the centre of the town ; over the doorway, on a marble slab, is inscribed, as translated : "Charles John Bernadotte, King of Sweden, called to the throne by the unanimous wish of the Swedes, was born in this house the 26th of January,

Henry IV.

Queen of Navarre.

Bernadotte.

1763." He left Pau, as a drummer-boy, in 1780. General Bernadotte, in 1798, married Eugenie Desiree Clary, sister to the wife of Joseph Bonaparte. On the occasion Napoleon wrote from Egypt to his brother that he wished "Desiree to be happy if she married Bernadotte. She deserves him." In 1795 Napoleon himself had proposed marriage to this "Desiree." She probably declined the offer because of the manner it was made by letter, that "the affair must be finished or broken off." A few months after Napoleon was married to Josephine. Bernadotte never was a friend of Napoleon. Their estrangement may have had its origin in jealousy, that never was extinguished.

Wellington.

In my last I omitted some anecdotes of Wellington associated with this part of the country, which have fallen in my way. On his invasion of France, aided by a Spanish army (partly brave Basques, who boast their country never was conquered), it required all his energy and firmness to prevent reprisals on the French for injuries inflicted on Spain. On a subsequent occasion he said, "The French in Algeria ought to have done as we did in India,—respected private property and the customs and habits of the people; in their stead they introduced a system of spoliation and plunder." (Has not a similar mistake been made in our own country?) Wellington was "sure Moscow was burnt down by the irregularity of Bonaparte's soldiers." (A different opinion is entertained in Russia, that it was the work of the patriotic and self-devoted Rostopchin.) Wellington also said that "if Bonaparte had been contented with organizing Poland, and had established Poniatowski there, it would have been well for him." It should, however, be remembered to his credit, that, in all his campaigns, Napoleon took special care to protect private property. In 1805 he wrote to his brother Joseph: "It is my intention to enrich the generals and others who have served me well, so that they will not dishonor their noble profession by cupidity and degrade the character of the soldier."

Spoliation.

I have widely wandered from the subject of royal progresses in Navarre. One was made here by Napoleon and Josephine, and the

present Emperor and Eugenie have made several visits to Pau. But Biarritz, near Bayonne, is her favorite summer resort. There she has a villa of her own, from which she looks upon the mountains of her native Spain. She is hailed with welcome wherever she goes, her kind heart and gracious manners having made her a universal favorite, as the Empress Josephine formerly was.

The Empress.

A few days since we went over the château, the castle, or the palace, all of which it has been and continues to be, which once shielded Calvin and other reformers during the period the house of Navarre ardently cherished the Reformation. The château stands on an eminence which commands the town and all its surroundings. It was built centuries ago, when it served as an impregnable fortress. From the tower is seen, confessedly, one of the most extensive and beautiful views of Europe. The immediate country, even now green and charming, is under a high state of cultivation, studded with châteaux, within thirty miles of the chain of snow-capped mountains, Pelion on Ossa. On the one side the Pyrenees are seen almost to Bayonne, bordering the Atlantic; and on the other, the peaks near Perpignan, that cast their shadows over the Mediterranean. The château has been repaired, and furnished by Louis Philippe to resemble, as near as possible, the furniture of former days. But the object of most interest is the veritable tortoise-shell cradle in which the little Henry swung. It is now suspended, and is in tolerable preservation.

John Calvin.

One of the charms of Pau is its beautiful park, with walks of unsurpassed beauty, elevated above and running beside the ever-murmuring Gave, looking over wheatfields and verdant meadows to snowy peaks. Here one meets multitudes from every nation and clime. In former days, this park was very extensive, and was then used for hunting the wild boar. It is now much reduced in size, though, for miles round, clumps of its fine old trees are still to be seen. But we are now daily pained by the excessive pruning to which trees here, and generally in France, are subjected. The outrage on nature is so great, one almost wonders whether a leaf will ever again appear on the skeleton trunks.

The park.

Peasantry.

Although this is a most productive and fertile region, producing the cereals (two-thirds more Indian corn than wheat), besides the grape and a variety of other fruits, the agriculture is nearly the same as ages ago. The peasants who labor in the field are about as ignorant as our negroes, though, possibly, they may have more ratiocination (a quality in which our African race is lamentably deficient), but still the peasants have not as many comforts around them, either in food, clothing, or lodging, as our negroes of the South had, under kind masters. The French peasant of this region rarely eats meat; his clothing is scanty, and he wears wooden shoes on bare feet; he never has fire to warm himself in his uncomfortable dwelling.

Women.

The women deserve special commiseration. They perform the most menial and degrading duties of the farm. They load and unload the dung-carts, and drive them. They carry heavy burdens on their heads, heavier than our negroes. They are to be pitied when seen along the wayside washing clothes, at this season of the year, in the cold streams, or tending cattle in the inclosed pastures, frequently sitting on the bare ground, to the injury of their health, spinning with the old-fashioned distaff, or knitting, when standing, while the cattle are grazing. Even in England, multitudes of the lower classes have cause to envy what was the state of our negro slaves, to say nothing of the greater cruelties in the mines, the army, and the navy. Nor do I learn that the habits or morals of the European peasantry are at all superior to those of our negroes when in servitude. There is no greater regard for the married state, for marital obligations, or those of parentage. These plain facts do not seem to have been understood either in Europe or America.

Morals.

Agriculture.

The agricultural implements and customs in this part of France are as primitive as of yore. Cows are worked in carts, as well as oxen. They have no yokes, but draw by means of a wooden bar across their heads, attached by an iron ring to the crooked pole of the cart, which usually follows the cartman, who is frequently singing. This is the land of song. With the customs and picturesque dresses of neighboring Spain—the red sash and ornamental buttons

—one may fancy, at times, he hears “the Postilion of Lonjumeau.” A few days ago, about fifty recruits of the army, all young men, were seen walking in one body, arm in arm, joyfully singing in chorus, a privilege allowed them for several days after their enlistment. But *revenons à nos moutons*, the cattle. They are mostly of dun color; and in the carts and in the pastures they are covered with linen sheets, to protect them from the weather. Another peculiarity is observed here; about twenty “nannygoats” pass through the streets and are milked at the doors of customers, as the female asses are in Spain.

Cattle.

In this connection, it is proper to remark that at no preceding period was France ever as prosperous as at this time, and that its true interests have been more promoted by Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon than by any other monarchs.

Within the week we attended the “meet of the hunt” a few miles from town. There was the master of the hounds, Captain Alcock, with the pack; and there were the foxes, too. One was unbagged fifteen minutes before the start, and was run down in seven minutes, the ground being heavy from late rains; the other was sent half an hour in advance of the dogs, and was seized by them in fifteen minutes. At the sound of the huntsman’s bugle the start was made. It was a beautiful sight to see twenty or more huntsmen in scarlet coats and otherwise *tout à fait Anglais* streaming over the fields and through the leafless woods after the hounds. They were generally well mounted. All who chose were allowed the privilege to follow the chase, as many did. Numerous fashionable equipages and vehicles of all descriptions were in attendance, and others of the *haut ton* of both sexes on horseback. English women are bold riders and disregard falls.

Fox-hunt.

Two days ago I saw the Pau races, confined to one day, the weather resembling that of Charleston, South Carolina, at the same season. They were exceedingly pretty and gratifying to the assembled multitude of all classes. One might have imagined himself on an English race-course, but for the language and universal civility and politeness.

Races.

Race-course.

Steeple-chase.

The enthusiasm too of the French is greater than on the other side of the Chaunel. There was no Gladiateur on the ground. Though the pace was slow, the close competition created no small excitement. In the four races run, the best horses, and the winner too of the great event, were by Ethelwolf, son of Faugh a Ballagh, one of the choice stallions of the "Haras Imperial," mentioned in my last letter. The races were run in a beautiful plain, on a round course, about three miles from town. They began at two o'clock, and continued every half hour, until concluded. The first race was run by four hunters, for four hundred francs, once round the course, a little over a mile; the second, the chief race of the day, called a "steeple-chase handicap," but more properly a hurdle race, alongside of the race track, impeded by a stone wall, a hedge, and several mounds of earth, was run by seven well-bred horses, that at a slow pace kept together, jumping beautifully, each jump lauded with shouts, till, near the run in, the two of the get of Ethelwolf singled themselves out and made a close finish. The race was for two thousand francs, near three miles, the start on the back of the course. The next, another "steeple-chase," for two hundred francs, twice round the course, had no other interest, beyond the equality of the horses, than being from the valley d'Oissan; they were rode by the owners or their friends, not jockeys, in the costume of the valley *de rigueur*,—red jackets and small clothes of different colors, white stockings, and shoes. The last race, for four hundred francs, for *bonâ fide* hunters, another steeple-chase handicap, twice round, excited the most interest. Before the race was over, every horse had fallen except the winner, a light weight, which won by the fall of Captain-Alcock's Shamrock, the favorite. After taking a decided lead, nearly throughout the race, he fell at the last hurdle, about one hundred yards from home; on getting up it was too late to make up for lost time, and to general surprise and regret the best horse was beat a long way.

Thus terminated the races of the day, that had given the highest satisfaction to the fashionables and others at Pau. The visitors contributed largely to the purses. For entrance to the privileged

space, between the paddock and judges' stand, the charge for a four-wheeled carriage is a Napoleon, equal to four dollars.

"Order reigns at Warsaw." Peace is the order of the day throughout Europe. It transfers to French pockets the money from all nations. Paris is the metropolis of the world. "Vive la France. Vive l'Empereur. Vive l'Imperatrice. Vive le Prince Imperial. Vive tout le monde."

France.

The following letter, containing many interesting reminiscences of the turf in America, may be cited as a remarkable evidence of the strength and accuracy of Mr. Tayloe's memory. It was written when he was past seventy, and without reference to the slightest data of any description :

ARCACHON, FRANCE, 29th April, 1867.

ALTHOUGH this goes from France, my theme is entirely American. Your late notice of the Washington City Race-course recalls many long-forgotten associations. I presume no person living knows more about the spot than myself, if I except a veteran general of our army, General Andrews, than whom lives no better judge of a horse, nor a wiser turfman. He could recall, if he would, much of interest, both of man and horse, of those early times. He has a fund of anecdote connected with the place, curious and rare. And there were giants in those days, as names and achievements testify. This was the age of Amanda, of Florizel, of the Maid of the Oaks, three first-rate race-horses, whose pedigrees have been questioned,—the ancestors of Eclipse, Medoc, Boston, Lexington, Lightning, and others of renown ; the age of Post Boy, of Oscar, of First Consul, of Hickory, of Sir Archy, of Duroc, and of Miller's Damsel. Excepting the first two, the Washington City Race-course was the arena of these renowned champions, owned and run by gentlemen of education, position, and opulence, whose coaches and four, as those of other magnates, gave splendor to that course, which was often

Gen. Andrews.

Gen. Jackson.

graced by the several Presidents, from Jefferson down to Van Buren. There I saw John Quincy Adams on foot, he having walked from "the President's house," and he walked back again. General Jackson took the liveliest interest in its races. I recollect a colt of his was started for a great sweepstakes, in the name of his private secretary, Major Donelson, but he was beat by Commodore Stockton's imported Langford, much to the chagrin of the old President, who had a genuine taste for sport. This was the scene, too, of the turf eccentricities of Dr. Thornton, remarkable for his humor, his benevolence, and accomplishments.

Col. Tayloe and
Gov. Ridgely.

The Washington City Race-course was laid out in 1802, on the Holmead Farm, about two miles north of the President's house, by two prominent gentlemen of the turf, one from Virginia, the other an ex-Governor of Maryland. Both these gentlemen were educated in England, and there imbibed their taste for the turf. They and their ancestors did much to improve the breed of horses, especially by importations from the mother country. The early Governors of Maryland frequently ran their own horses; the last of them were Governor Ridgely, with Tuckahoe, and Governor Sprigg, with Atalanta.

Mrs. Jno. Tayloe.

Besides the distinguished horses named, there were others of great renown in the second epoch of the course, from the year 1822,—Eclipse, Sir Charles, Boston, Blue Dick, Fashion, and Revenue. As in England now, and at Charleston up to the late great national calamity, there were Jockey Club dinners and race balls, at which were assembled the worth, fashion, and beauty of the land. I remember to have heard a lady of the olden time say that while on a visit at Mount Vernon, she was invited by General Washington to take charge of his step-granddaughter, the beautiful and admired Nelly Custis (the late Mrs. Lewis, of Woodlawn), at the races and the race ball at Alexandria. They were sent there in the General's beautiful chariot, drawn by four splendid horses, escorted on horseback by the young lady's brother, the late George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington.

It appears that the pedigrees of some of our most distinguished horses have been questioned; but that was a long time ago. As a faithful chronicler, I mention these doubts—not that I have entertained them. Three of them deserve special notice. Amanda, the dam of Duroc; of course grandam to American Eclipse, and great-grandam to his best son, Medoc, the ancestor to the Lightning family and others now prominent on the turf. The Maid of the Oaks was maternally grandam to Medoc and others of distinction. Florizel was sire to Tuckahoe, and to his own sister the dam of Boston; consequently he was ancestor to our best race-horses for many years.

Pedigree.

Mr. Moseby's faith in Amanda,—having refused, as he told me, a most fabulous offer for her,—coupled with the belief that none but a thoroughbred can transmit excellence to the progeny, furnishes a good argument in favor of the purity of her blood. Nearly the same may be said of the Maid of the Oaks. The intelligence, character, and social position of Messrs. Moseby and Willis forbid the idea that either of them could practice any deception about the pedigrees of their horses. By the way, Byrd Willis, Esq., of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was a nephew of General Washington, and the father to the present Princess Murat, of the French Imperial family.

Amanda.

The doubts about Florizel's pedigree were removed, on its being ascertained his dam was bred by Mr. Baylor, also a gentleman of standing, and that he furnished the correct pedigree. Doubts, too, have been entertained about the blood of Sir Charles that no longer exist.

The value of the two nearest crosses is exemplified in these and other examples that will be cited: Amanda by Gray Diomed (son of imported Medley), dam by imported Bedford; the Maid of the Oaks, by imported Spread Eagle, dam by imported Shark; Florizel by imported Diomed, dam by imported Shark; Sir Archy by imported Diomed, dam imported, by the celebrated Rockingham; Oscar by imported Gabriel, dam by imported Medley; Timoleon by Sir Archy, dam by imported Saltram; Sir Charles by Sir Archy, dam by im-

Maid of the Oaks.

Florizel.

ported Citizen. This too might be illustrated by the renowned descendants from Boston, whose dams were by Sarpedon, Glencoe, Priam, Sovereign, and other distinguished imported horses.

I recur to the memoir of Amanda, she being at the head of the turf early in the century, its most brilliant era in Virginia. Without fame, and as far as could be ascertained without pedigree, she was bought of Colonel Hoomes, for about \$400, by Mr. Wade Moseby, of Powhatan. In a few races she soon triumphed, at all distances, over the best horses in Virginia, meeting, at or near Richmond, its "full force," and gaining a signal victory. Ultimately she fell amiss, and was beat by Florizel, the successor to her laurels. Amanda was the dam of Duroc, by imported Diomed. The doubt cast upon his pedigree, and the way he was beat in the famed twenty-mile race by Sir Alfred, son of imported Sir Harry, led the Virginians to distrust American Eclipse, the son of Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel, by imported Messenger; a mare of undoubted blood and of distinguished performances. But in respect to Amanda, Mr. Wilson Allen, the much-respected son-in-law of Colonel Hoomes, has said, "It is impossible to trace her pedigree beyond her sire and dam."

At the close of the last and the early part of the present century, the get of distinguished horses in England took a decided lead on the American turf. The get of the renowned Shark, of Bedford, of Diomed (the first winner of the Derby and of more subsequent celebrity), of Spread Eagle (another Derby winner)—the three last imported by Colonel Hoomes, of the Bowling Green—and the celebrated Gabriel sent to Colonel Tayloe, of Mount Airy, who imported Castianira (the dam of Sir Archy and Hephæstion) and Anvilina, the mother of race-horses in South Carolina; and lastly the distinguished Chance. About the end of the century, the valuable Messenger, the father of race-horses and of trotters at the North, was imported into Pennsylvania.

Golden age.

The first decade of the century was the golden age of the turf in Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas. During that period Florizel was at its head, succeeded, on his retirement, by Sir Archy. Fruitless

attempts were made to match them against any horse in America. These years the names of Tayloe, of Selden, of Hoomes, of Johnson (in Virginia), of Hampton, of Washington, of Allston, of Singleton (in South Carolina), of Ridgely and others (in Maryland), were indelibly inscribed on our turf annals.

Your correspondent, "Tuckahoe," has shed light upon the subject, and promises to do more. His appropriate *nom de plume* was the name of the celebrated race-horse derived from a distinguished locality, the abode of Virginia aristocracy. Tuckahoe, by Florizel, was bred and run successfully in Virginia during a part of the time of the last war with Great Britain, and was sold to Governor Ridgely, of Maryland, about the year 1813, with the reputation of being the best race-horse in the country. He was also remarkable for beauty. However, when seven years old, in 1816, I saw him beat, in a race of four-mile heats, by the celebrated Vanity, four years old, one of the earliest of the get of Sir Archy. She was own sister to the equally famed Reality, the grandam of Fashion. Tuckahoe, being too "high," was beat so easily that he was drawn after the first heat. The next day he ran a very fast race, three-mile heats, against Sir Hal, by imported Sir Harry (another Derby winner) and was again beaten. Vanity and Sir Hal were run by Mr. William R. Johnson. His party was said to have brought \$30,000 with them to bet against Tuckahoe. The next year, also on the Washington City Race-course, I saw him beat by Lady Lightfoot, five years old, by Sir Archy, dam by imported Shark. When aged she was in like manner beat, on the Union Course, by her younger opponent, American Eclipse. At the meeting in 1817, I saw Tuckahoe's own sister (the dam of Boston) win a great sweepstakes very easily. It is almost supererogatory to repeat that Boston, the victor of many fields, and the successor of Sir Archy in the stud, is the most famed horse America has ever produced. He and his get, and their descendants, have run the fastest races on record. It is only necessary to name Lexington and Lecomte at New Orleans, and at the North, Idlewild (her 7m. 26s.), Tallyho, Bostona, and Planet, that have run the best

Tuckahoe.

✓
Lady Lightfoot.

Red Eye.

Eclipse.

Florizel.

races on Long Island, excepting only the extraordinary match-race between Fashion and Boston, in 7m. 32½s. and 7m. 45s. In that time, at the same age, with the same weight, and on the same course, Boston beat the time of Eclipse, in his great match-race, which was 7.37½, 7.49, and 8.24. Red Eye, by Boston, aged, in like manner, beat Eclipse's aggregate time, winner of the race that was run in "7.52½, 7.39, 8.07½." At Broadrock, Virginia, when seven years old, he had beat Nina (Planet's dam) also by Boston, in "7.46, 7.46½, 7.49." The third heat is precisely the time of Eclipse's second, when after a severe contest to the end of it, by Purdy's riding, Eclipse beat Henry. He is said to have lost the race by mismanagement. Hon. John Randolph said significantly, "The lobsters beat Henry." (A lobster supper had made Mr. Johnson ill, and he was unable to attend the race.) But the truth is, the Virginians had no idea of Eclipse's powers. They expected to beat him with great ease. Henry's jockey told me that if he had trailed Eclipse, the second heat, as he wished and expected to do, he believes he would have won the race. Boston's jockey, Gilpatrick, said Boston could pass Fashion whenever he chose, but that in each heat he sulked the last mile. This has been ascribed to his feet being sore, after a recent trial. But Fashion was unquestionably a first-rate race-horse, then in her prime, five years old, carrying 111 lbs. against 126 lbs. She was got by imported Trustee, her dam by Sir Charles; the same crosses as in Revenue's pedigree. The Virginians were unlucky in several of their match-races with the New Yorkers. But it must be confessed they had too much confidence and were rash.

In their career of uninterrupted success, Florizel and Eclipse were peculiarly fortunate. They ran their few races to great advantage; or beat celebrated horses after they had trained off. There was this difference, that Florizel never lost a heat, and no competitor ever put him up to his speed. But neither of these distinguished horses was probably equal to Sir Archy, Timoleon, Boston, and some of their renowned descendants. In this line the sceptre has not yet departed. In an account of a late meeting

at Mobile, all the winners are descended from Boston, even to the third generation.

There is force in Tuckahoe's remark about the fancied superiority of the present race of horses to their illustrious predecessors. If each generation had improved since the days of Flying Childers, Herod, or Eclipse, or even from those of Florizel, Sir Archy, or Timoleon, the race-horses of the present day ought to be rivals of the telegraph, rather than of their ancestors.

I have had to rely on my memory, except in respect to Red Eye; and if any mistakes be made, I have to request their correction.

Sir Archy.

BORDEAUX, FRANCE, 10th May, 1867.

MY letter from Arcachon was confined to facts. The article might have been extended, but was curtailed to prevent its being too long. The history, too, might have begun at a much earlier period,—the middle of the last century, more than a hundred years ago, when horses of the best English blood were running races in Virginia. A little after the year 1750, a daughter of the Godolphin Arabian, Tasker's Selima, was at the head of the turf in that colony. She had been imported into Maryland, with the reputation of the highest character, in the Marquis of Granby's stud. She was the dam of the renowned Selim, the contemporary of Eclipse.

Selima.

For very many years the "Old Dominion" has been the mother of race-horses, as well as of states and of statesmen. (*Mais tout cela est changé.*) This accounts for the excellence of Virginia-bred horses, and even of some whose pedigrees are not to be confidently traced beyond two generations. It has been shown the most distinguished had their nearest crosses from English horses of the first distinction, as from Medley, Bedford, Shark, Diomed, and others, whose get were the most renowned at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. For example, the distinguished stud of the late Colonel John Tayloe, of Mount Airy (on the Rappahannock),

Mount Airy.

who was decidedly at the head of the turf at that epoch, with Bel Air, Calypso, Gray Diomed (Medley's), Virago, Black Maria (Shark's), Gallatin, Cap Bearer (Bedford's), and the gelding Leviathan, by Virginia-bred Flag of Truce. Then succeeded the days of Fairy, Amanda, Florizel, the Maid of the Oaks, Post Boy, Oscar, First Consul, and the many renowned get of Diomed, including Sir Archy. The Washington City Race-course has been the arena for most of those named.

Descent.

At one time, now forty-four years ago, it was supposed American Eclipse and Henry were the best race-horses in America. For years their time was unequalled. Both of them were descended from the distinguished stud at Mount Airy. Eclipse's sire was Duroc (by Diomed), whose dam, Amanda, was by Gray Diomed, son of Medley. Henry was by Sir Archy, bred by Colonel Tayloe, dam by Diomed, and grandam by Medley's son, Bel Air, bred at Mount Airy, during Colonel Tayloe's minority. It thus appears Eclipse and Henry were not remotely related, both of them being descended from Diomed and Medley, as were Vanity and Reality, the grandam of the renowned Fashion. Timoleon and Reality, of the same year, 1813, were the best race-horses on the turf, in Virginia, about fifty years since. Their descendants, Boston and Fashion, many years afterwards, were as unquestionably at the head of the American turf, as those from Boston and Lexington now are. No better match-race has been run in America than that of Fashion and Boston, descendants from Sir Archy. It has been shown by the running and the time on the Union Course, Long Island, that Boston, as a race-horse, was superior to all his predecessors, as on that and the Fashion Course, also on Long Island; his descendants have been Idlewild, Planet, Bostona, and Tallyho. The Bostons are still at the head of the American turf. It is scarce necessary to name them, from Lexington to Norfolk and Kentucky, and the winners of this year.

Boston.

Boston is descended on both sides, for two generations, from horses bred in Virginia; but is descended from the best horses of England: Diomed, Saltram, Shark, Alderman, Dungannon, Rockingham, High-

flyer, Herod, and lastly, Eclipse and Flying Childers. Fashion was got by a renowned English horse, Trustee, that was imported by a Virginia gentleman, Mr. Francis P. Corbin (now of Paris), but is descended from a renowned running family, bred in Virginia,—Bonnets o'Blue, Sir Charles, Reality, Johnson's Medley mare, &c. ✓

The Washington City Race-course, near its incipency and its close, was among the most distinguished of any our country has ever had. Then gentlemen of the highest honor and position, upon whom no imputation was ever cast, brought the best horses, from the South and the North, to contest the palm. In 1816, I saw Vanity beat Tuckahoe, and at the same meeting his own sister, the dam of Boston, win a great sweepstakes. Since then I have seen Lady Lightfoot, Eclipse, Sir Charles, Boston, and others of renown, run on the same course.

Vanity.

Colonel Tayloe was, for some years, President of the Jockey Club. The last President was Governor Samuel Sprigg, of Maryland. In 1816 these two gentlemen were associated in a match-race against Governor Ridgely, which they won with Partnership, son of Oscar, beating a fast colt by Messenger. This and another triumph the same day, with Revenge (sold to General Ridgely), closed Colonel Tayloe's connection with the turf. The preceding year he had sold Lady Lightfoot, bred by him. It was somewhat singular in her subsequent brilliant career, in races in different states, two of her distinguished competitors, while running against her, the result uncertain, should have fallen and died on the track,—Vanity and Partnership.

Governor Sprigg.

Almost "the last of the Mohicans" of the Washington City Race-course have been referred to. Nearly all have run their race, even those of the latter days: the distinguished General Walter Jones, a rare genius, possessed of rare eloquence, eccentric as well as learned and able; the distinguished and witty Dr. Thornton; the estimable General Gibson; the esteemed Colonel Seaton; the worthy and honest Dr. Hunt, and other worthy and true gentlemen.

Gen. Walter Jones.

In answer to the comparison of the meteors of the present day

Flying Childers.
Eclipse.

with their illustrious predecessors, especially of the mother country, it is only necessary to say Flying Childers was foaled in 1715, and his rival in fame, Eclipse, 1764. It is at least questionable if either of them have ever been surpassed by any race-horse in the whole world.

From the reports of this spring's racing in England, judging by comparisons, it appears this year's three-year olds are superior to those of last year. For example, Julius, fourth in the two thousand guineas stakes, won several lengths by Vauban, a few days after ran Lord Lyon to a short head. Fripponier having beat his lordship last year, was lately beat by Knight of the Garter, that ran second to Vauban, but was no match for him. Vauban is, consequently, a great favorite for the Derby, though many Derby backers place their trust in the Rake and Hermit.

Newmarket.

The English turf, in its palmiest days, was never more aristocratic than now. Lately, at Newmarket, the nominations of a prince, two dukes (one of them, the Duke of Newcastle, a winner), a marquis, a baron, and others of distinction, were assembled in a "twenty sovereigns sweepstake."

"Order still reigns at Warsaw." The war cloud that threatened in one quarter (Luxemburg) is dissipated; but it is not unlikely to appear hereafter, after an apparent calm, elsewhere. Jena and Napoleon I, Waterloo and Blucher, are painfully remembered by two great and contiguous rival powers.

ORLEANS, FRANCE, May 28th, 1867.

Floretta.

RECOLLECTIONS that were fading from memory were awakened by the notice of the once National Race-course, at Washington. But in the article sent, Floretta, of Maryland, was overlooked. She was high-bred—descended from Tasker's Selima, and got by imported Spread Eagle. She was so distinguished on the turf as to rank with Oscar and First Consul.

It was, I believe, clearly demonstrated that all our famed horses were closely connected with the best blood of England, especially in the nearest crosses. But remote ancestry is also valued, as in the case of Sir Peter, Medley, and the Flying Dutchman, who trace to the dam of the two True Blues, of auld lang syne.

The late Derby and Oaks races—both in England and France—speak for themselves. The godsend for the “bookmakers,” in the victory of the Hermit and Hippias, has been commented on. They are now called the “Bookworms,” because always eating into the substance of the public, and supping especially upon the fat-witted and pursy adventurers from Cockneydom. The later run at Chantilly shows the value of certain blood. Patricien, winner of the Derby there, in his first two crosses, is brother in blood to Gladiator. The Oaks winner is a daughter of West Australian, one of the most distinguished winners of the “three great events,” and of the Ascot Cup, beating Kingston in time that would have done credit to Childers or Eclipse. “Blood tells.”

Among the most distinguished members of the Washington City Jockey Club should be mentioned the late Hon. Gabriel Duval, Judge of the United States Supreme Court, by the appointment of President Madison. When a far-advanced octogenarian, he resigned his seat on the bench, because of his deafness. (He was succeeded by the late Chief Justice Taney, appointed by President Jackson. He died in harness at eighty-seven years old.) After his retirement from office, Judge Duval was accustomed to ride on horseback from his residence, twelve miles (and return home the same day), to witness a race on the National Course. An incident in his life furnishes a remarkable example of the impropriety of speaking in derogatory terms of any one, except on sure grounds. The anecdote may be told, as there is no relative to be pained by it. He and his friend Giles, being members of Congress when it sat in Philadelphia, boarded there with a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughter, a maiden lady, was by no means young or taciturn. On their meeting in after years at Washington, the one as Comptroller of the Treasury, under Presi-

Derby and Oaks
races.

Gabriel Duval.

Mr. Giles.

Lord Littleton.

dent Jefferson, the other as the great debater in the Senate, Giles inquired of Duval, "What has become of that d—d cackling old maid, Jenny Gibbon?" "She is Mrs. Duval, sir." It is not understood there was the ready repartee of Lord Littleton on a somewhat similar occasion. At a time when Lord North, the Premier, especially wished to propitiate Lord Littleton, they met in society, and Lord North inquired of him, "Who are those two ugly women?" "They are my wife and daughter, my Lord." Lord North made every possible apology. Lord Littleton promptly responded, "Give yourself no concern, my Lord; they are notoriously the ugliest women in all England." Judge Duval left a comfortable estate, with but one debt, and that only fifty cents.

John S. Skinner.

If the late John S. Skinner, of Baltimore, was not a member of the club, he was intimately associated with it and the leading turfmen of the country, being editor of the "American Turf Register," established by him as the "American Farmer" had been. For both works he enlisted the ablest pens. Able contributions were made to the "Turf Register" by the celebrated William Pinkney and Judge Duval, of Maryland, and by Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke. The day preceding his duel with Mr. Clay his last written communication was made to the "Turf Register." Mr. Skinner did more for agriculture and to resuscitate the turf than any man in the whole Union. He was at the head of a bureau at Washington, during General Taylor's administration.

Sir Andrew Buchanan.

While General Jackson was President, I remember to have seen a race on the National Course, between some six to eight saddle-horses—mile heats, gentlemen the riders—gotten up by the present distinguished English Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, Sir Andrew Buchanan, who has lately entertained there, with almost unsurpassed splendor, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. He was at the time an *attaché* of the mission of Sir Charles Vaughan, at Washington. He had confidence in his stout horse, but being a heavy rider he was last in the race, which was won by Mr. Henry A. Tayloe, Mr. L. Corbyn, second, both of Virginia. The winning

rider and Mr. Pettigru, of South Carolina,—also in the race,—wore spectacles. About this time, General Alexander Hunter, another esteemed member of the club, ran with success his horse, the Captain, by Rattler. He ran two miles on the course faster than ever before. It is believed his time has been since surpassed. But time is not always a fair test of comparative excellence. It is so understood in England, and is not much regarded there or in France.

We were so comfortable at the Hotel St. Martin, Bayonne, that we lingered there. Bayonne is full of interest; beautiful from position and improvements—four miles from Biarritz, already noticed—many fine châteaux near it, especially the new one, lately built by an English nobleman, Lord Howden, that commands an almost unsurpassed prospect—the city near by, a beautiful country, the Pyrenees, and the Bay of Biscay. Historical associations are most remarkable. Here Catherine de Medici concocted with the Duke of Alva the St. Bartholomew massacre. Here Napoleon plotted with Charles IV, Ferdinand VII, and the faithless Godoy, the overthrow of the Spanish monarchy, that caused the long and sanguinary Spanish war, fatal to Napoleon. Thousands were sent to it from Bayonne, who never returned. Near Bayonne, Wellington crossed the Adour with his army that soon afterwards brought the Peninsular war to a successful close. An untimely and indecisive *sortie* was made from the Citadel, catching the British off their guard, almost at the moment when the peace was concluded. An English cemetery is the sad memorial. Napoleon's beautiful château, near the town, in which the negotiations were carried on with the Spaniards, has been burned, and is now a ruin. It is still owned by the government.

Bayonne.

From Bayonne we crossed the Landes, an extensive stretch of country between it and Bordeaux, which was formerly a waste of moving sands, but now made stationary and productive by the planting of maritime pines, some fifty years ago. They have attained a fine growth, and yield a large revenue from turpentine and timber. The government wisely continues these improvements. It is not unlike the turpentine country about Wilmington, North Carolina.

The Landes.

Arcachon.

We were curious to see a new town in this old country, so we stopped at Arcachon, an hour and a half from Bordeaux. It is a bathing-place, on a bay from the sea near it, built since 1860, among sand-hills, pine bushes, and scrub oaks, much like some of our Southern homes, except its grotesque and fanciful architecture, which is Oriental, Chinese, Japanese, Swiss, and all sorts of strange conceits. The effect, however, is charming, imbedded in a fine forest, and it has one of the best atmospheres I ever breathed.

La belle France.

But for an unforeseen interruption, I had intended to have furnished with this my "jottings" of what I had seen while passing through Gascony, Poitou, Touraine, a part of La Vendee and Loiriet, having been at Bordeaux, Angouleme, Poitiers, and Tours, before coming to Orleans—a section of country not improperly called "the garden" of "La belle France," presenting its prolific agriculture and recalling many of the important events of French and English history—the noble deeds of the Black Prince and of Henry V, of England; of Jeanne d'Arc, Francis I, and the days of the Fronde and its heroes; the Guises, Condé, Turenne, and Henry IV, *le bon roi*, and also the closing scenes of the drama of the great Napoleon.

All this, and some other matters, must be reserved for a future letter. These reminiscences are calculated to revive historical research.

ETAMPES, NEAR PARIS, June 7, 1867.

Bordeaux.

ONE hour, or thirty-five miles "by rail," took us from Arcachon to Bordeaux, through the peculiar country called "The Landes," already described. A consequence of the bright thought which planted this arid and changing waste with the sanitary and productive pine, is not only the improved atmosphere, but the quantities of timber and turpentine, equal to any business of our own country in that way.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the railway stations in this part of France; and just here, where every foot of soil is artificial, they

are of special extent and luxuriance. Such a profusion and variety of flowers and shrubs I have rarely seen, and such costly and tasteful culture at railway stations is nowhere else to be found, not even in England.

At Bordeaux we saw "the finest bridge in Europe," not unlike that London bridge (now so perfect) on whose last arch Lord Macaulay's highly civilized New Zealander is to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Bordeaux has fine and quite extensive quays, but nothing like the English or even our docks. The shipping lies in the stream (the Garonne), where many load and unload. The ships are moored together two and two, and it was no slight enjoyment to us to see these heavy masses at every change of tide turn completely around, under a power so gentle, but so irresistible. The extreme cleanliness of this city, its fine buildings, its broad streets, and extensive squares, and thickly planted grounds and gardens, give it anything but the air of a commercial city. I must here mention the pleasure I had in finding our consul a refined gentleman, of high intellectual culture, sustaining well both the interests and the dignity of our country; and such representatives the country should always have; but with the paltry pay, \$2000, it must be an accident that can command such talent here.

Bridge at Bordeaux.

At Bordeaux, and all along the route as far as Orleans, we fell in with fairs, extensive cattle shows, and the provincial races. Nothing so amazed me as the numberless bulls I saw, so fat as to be scarcely able to walk. They looked like fatted beeves. The best cattle were of the short-horned Durham breed, but scarcely equal to those I had seen at our own cattle shows—Thorn's, in New York, or Alexander's, in Kentucky. The native cattle are mostly of a dun color, some of them large and fine. There has been a decided improvement, of late years, in the breed of horses generally throughout France, and there seems to be an ambition to make them resemble English horses; and this extends to carriages, harness, liveries, and everything connected with the horse. An English retired cavalry officer told me, a few days since, he must allow that the equipages in Paris now quite out-

Cattle.

Horses.

The turf.

shine those of England. In that respect Hyde Park does not retain its former splendor, and does not seem inclined to contest the point with the Bois de Boulogne. By the way, your correspondents, doubtless, have furnished you with the details of the late great turf "events" in England and France. I will only remark that the history of the two preceding years has been reversed, by the defeats in the Derby, the Oaks, and some other valuable stakes of the favorites; those, too, that had triumphantly won "The Guineas" at Newmarket, both for colts and fillies; and now Patricien, the winner of the French Derby at Chantilly, is also defeated.

Fervacques.

A friend of mine, living in Paris, writes me relative to the recent "big event" at Longchamps—he is an extensively travelled man, having been much in England—that he had "never witnessed a more brilliant scene and assemblage" of Emperors, Kings, Queens, Princes, and titles of less degree. Half a million people are estimated to have been on the ground, and he adds he "never anywhere," and he has seen Chifney on Priam, and Purdy on Eclipse, *in extremis*, "saw more consummate jockeyship than was displayed by Fordham on Fervacques." He writes: "He was at work with head, hands, and heels all the way home, and was as stout as he was astute in his strategy and perseverance. His horse, in shape and beauty, is inferior to Patricien, but has some capital points, with the best of possible bellows." This last advantage, I presume, is derived from his celebrated English sire, Underhand, which, aided by good condition and masterly steerage, enabled him to outstay the crack—the almost brother in blood of Gladiateur. Scarcely a closer race could be run, the first a dead-heat and the second won by half a head, as reported. There was once in Virginia one quite equal to it for closeness of competition, at four-mile heats, too,—the first and second dead-heats, in the celebrated race between Sir Alfred and Duroc.

The Derby.

I quote from a late French paper its remarks on the origin of the English Derby and Oaks, and its reference to the first Derby race: "The filly race was on the occasion of the princely marriage of Lord Derby and the gracious Lady Elizabeth Hamilton. This part of the

fête was attended with such *éclat* that the following year the brilliant sportsman instituted another prize, this time for colts, as the other was for fillies, always for three-year olds. The prize took the name of the noble lord, and, in 1780, was won by Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. Thirty-six subscribers to the first Derby." It is scarcely necessary to add Diomed was the best colt of his year in England; his blood diffused yet in the kingdom, as in America, being the sire of Sir Archy. But one can scarcely think of common matters in these brilliant days. Our morning papers chronicle the daily arrival at Paris of Emperors, Kings, and Princes, with suites that remind one of the days of "the cloth of gold." Happy days these, when all rivalry is in the arts of peace and all conflicts those of generous emulation. May it, indeed, usher in an era of "peace and good-will." But all too late for us. We are still to bleed and bear and blush.

Diomed.

Before closing, we will look a moment at the great conqueror, Napoleon, at the height of his fame, when he, too, held *levées* of crowned heads, and the grand dignitaries of a ducal court solicited the honor of serving him at dinner; but such servility he declined. All this was before the Confederation of the Rhine, when at Erfurt he received the Czar of Russia, a generous foe. There was Jerome, King of Westphalia, brother to the Emperor, father of the present Prince Napoleon, and husband of an American lady still living, *née* Patterson; also the King of Wurtemberg, nephew of George III of England, and the second father-in-law to King Jerome; likewise the King of Bavaria, and the King of Saxony, and many princes of royal families; the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, Prince William of Prussia, the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Weimar, the Hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, the Prince Primate; besides the princes of Napoleon's household: Prince Benevente (Talleyrand) and Prince Neufchâtel (Bernadotte), since King of Sweden, and also the smaller sovereigns of Germany.

Napoleon.

Sovereigns.

Anecdotes, lately falling in my way, I think are worth repeating, as they relate to this very time.

At Erfurt one evening, at the theatre, on Talma's pronouncing

Talma.

Golden bull.

"L'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des Dieux," Alexander, who sat by the side of Napoleon, leaned forward, and pressed his hand affectionately. This eternal friendship lasted little more than three years!

At one of Napoleon's dinners, at this time, when half a dozen sovereigns were his guests, the conversation turned on "*la bulle d'or*," in respect to the election of emperors of Germany. The Prince Primate, "*sur son terrain*," entered into details about the bull, dating it in the year 1409. "Not precisely, Monsieur le Prince," said Napoleon; "if my memory is correct, this bull was proclaimed in 1336, in the reign of the Emperor Charles IV." "Your Majesty is right," said the Primate; "but how is it that the date of this bull has been so religiously preserved? Had it been a battle it would not surprise me." "I will tell you the secret," said the Emperor, with a smile. "When I had the honor to be sub-lieutenant of artillery, I remained three years at Valence. I cared not for society and lived very retired. By good luck, I lodged in front of a learned and civil bookseller, who placed his shop at my disposal. I read the whole of his library three or four times while I remained at Valence, and I have forgotten nothing I read at that epoch, not even the date of the *bulle d'or*." This was told with emphasis in the presence of hereditary sovereigns.

Royal visitors at Paris.

At Erfurt, it was the successful warrior to whom homage was offered. Now let us look a moment to the sovereigns who have come and are hastening to greet the man whose motto is, "The Empire is peace."

The royal personages now at or coming to Paris are: The Emperors of Russia and of Austria, the Queen of England (the Prince of Wales has already made his visit); the Kings of Prussia, of Holland, of Belgium, of Sweden, of Denmark, of Saxony, of Bavaria, of Italy, of Greece; the Queens of Spain and of Portugal; the other reigning princes or dukes of Germany; in short, all the sovereigns of Europe, except the aged Roman Pontiff; also the Sultan Abdul Azis—the first time a Turkish potentate has ever trusted his sacred person to

any Christian power; the Shah of Persia, the King of Egypt, and the Emir Abd-el-Kader. Asia also is represented by a son of the Tycoon of Japan.

PARIS, June 24, 1867.

WHILE the extraordinary assemblage of monarchs, of heirs apparent, and of other princes, at Paris, with their distinguished suites, from all the nations of Europe—a “sprinkling” from the Orient besides—and also the wonderful “Exposition” of art, are exciting the deepest interest and making history, few are disposed to bestow attention on that of the past. It has lately been my lot to pass through an historical region of other days. To advert to it in this regard will at least revive recollections, if not awaken inquiries.

Early in May, the Loire even with its banks, at a season the most favorable for the beauty of the country—a very beautiful one—also a productive agricultural country, “the garden of France,” as it is justly called, and of “La belle France” too, we travelled through it from Bordeaux to Orleans, which last is nearly in the centre of the kingdom. We skirted the valuable vineyards of Bordeaux, on the narrow strips of land that border the Garonne, on both sides. Touraine is of special beauty, more resembling England than any other part of France. Here is the hawthorn hedge, dividing the fields; large and umbrageous trees, singly, in clumps, and in groves. The small farms, in regular patches, of the cereals, of the vine, and of clover, as one flits by them on the railway, resemble wide-striped silks of different hues; and the crimson clover, blended with the scarlet poppy and green grass, a rich carpet. This clover, cut twice a year, is very nutritious. The rye was in head, the wheat nearly so—both very promising. The laborers were training the vines in the vineyards.

Here, too, are seen grand châteaux and ancient cities of historic renown. These venerable castles, distinguished for their legends, were the choice residences of kings and nobles, until “le grand

Extraordinary
assemblage.

The Loire.

Ancient cities.

Chambord.

Royal châteaux.

Joan of Arc.

monarque" Louis XIV constructed Versailles. The château of Chambord is in every respect most remarkable—the most imposing château in France. It gives his present title to the legitimate Bourbon heir to the throne, "Henry V," as loyal Bourbonites call him. It had been presented by the late Emperor Napoleon to Marshal Berthier, Prince of Wagram; and, after Waterloo, was bought by loyal Frenchmen of his widow, for a present to the infant son of the Duke de Berry, now Count Chambord. Alone of the Bourbon property it escaped confiscation. But the owner is an exile, living in Austria, and devotes the whole income, £3000 sterling a year, to the support and improvement of the place. Here the magnificent Francis I entertained with great splendor his imperial rival, Charles V. The neighboring châteaux, Amboise and Chervanceaux, along the Loire, above Tours, have their histories. The latter is furnished precisely as it was more than a century ago, said to be the same furniture. The château at Blois, the scene of the assassination of the ambitious and powerful Duke de Guise and his brother the Cardinal de Lorraine, deserves more notice. The guide gave us the particulars of their murders, with much gusto, indicating every spot connected with them. The château or palace at Blois amazed us with its magnitude, strength, and architecture. The staircase of marble, from the exterior, is scarce surpassed for architectural and elaborate workmanship. This ancient pile, that was falling into decay, having been used as a barrack for soldiers, was partly renovated by Louis Philippe; and the work is continued but not completed under the present Emperor. It was long occupied by the infamous queen-mother, Mary de Medici, who died here. It was the last abode in France of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son, the King of Rome, in 1814, during the dying days of Napoleon's empire. Here the last imperial decrees of that epoch were issued.

The bloody deeds of the religious wars, in the days of the Huguenots, retaliating on Catholic acts of blood and persecution, are forcibly brought to mind by the scenes of them, and from the time of the burning of Jeanne d'Arc, at Rouen. Orleans recalls the miracu-

lous deeds, in 1429, of the noble maid who humbled England by her feats of arms; but more especially by her death, a stain on English chivalry even of deeper dye than that at St. Helena. Who can forget "The Maid of Orleans?"

A few miles from Blois is the ancient château of Valençay, built during the reign of Francis I, which has much architectural and historical interest. Napoleon made it a prison for Ferdinand VII, of Spain, from 1808 to 1814. It was more distinguished as the property and best residence of Prince Talleyrand, who died and was buried here. He had collected into it memorials of his distinguished diplomatic career,—portraits of Napoleon and Louis Philippe, presented by themselves, with other relics.

Talleyrand.

These old châteaux, still magnificent, are wonderfully deficient in the ordinary comforts of life. To this day the old hotels in France are equally inconvenient, and frequently repugnant to English and American taste. The chambers, being small, need ventilation and other essential comforts. Splendid mirrors, clocks, and other rich furniture, are frequently in juxtaposition with miserable locks and the most contemptible fire utensils.

Hotels.

From Tours the railway runs along the Loire as far as Orleans, by the side of a noble embankment, faced with cut stone, supporting the main road—a levee to restrain the Loire, vastly superior to those of the Mississippi, and one hundred miles long. Near Tours is the battle-field where, in 732, Charles Martel achieved a signal victory over the Saracens, under their renowned chief, Abdelramen. This was one of the most important battles of the world—for the Gospel or the Koran—on which the fate of Christianity seemed to depend. The Cross triumphed over the Crescent. Such was the size of the Moorish army, which had conquered Spain, that it has been said "three hundred thousand were left dead on the field!" The remnant retreated; and Western Europe was never again troubled by the Moors. On the plains of Poitiers, at an earlier period, in the year 507, Clovis had defeated Alaric. But the battle of most interest to us was the decisive victory gained, in 1356, under the walls of

The Cross and
the Crescent.

The Black Prince

Poitiers, by Edward, the Black Prince, with fourteen thousand men, defeating the French army of sixty thousand, and capturing King John. The English chivalry more than anticipated Waterloo. That of France was laid low.

For about thirty years the English, during the rule of the Black Prince and of Henry V, had possession of this part of France. They built fine cathedrals, made other improvements, and introduced English customs. That influence is, probably, still felt. This region gave birth to the first Plantagenet; and was the last resting-place of Richard Cœur de Lion. It is illustrated by Shakspeare, and by "the Wizard of the North," in Quentin Durward.

Napoleon.

At the mouth of the Loire, from Rochefort, after his defeat at Waterloo, the Emperor Napoleon took his final departure from France, surrendering himself to the British ship, the Bellerophon; a little further north, at La Rochelle, Cardinal Richelieu gained distinction, in 1628, by preparing the defence of the harbor, which repulsed the English.

Tours.

We stopped at the fine old cities, Angoulême and Poitiers, before reaching Tours. They are beautifully situated on eminences, commanding extensive and fine prospects. Tours, in a plain, is a well-improved city, especially the new part, and is much resorted to by the English. Its railway station is said to be the handsomest in France. The grand cathedral and fine bridge, scarce inferior to that at Bordeaux, should not be overlooked. But there are fine bridges also at Blois and Orleans. The reform school, a few miles from town, is also worthy of mention. It is said to be the first institution of the kind that has been established. Boys condemned for juvenile offences, at a certain age, are placed there, and are generally reclaimed, and get also a good education. Their course of study being finished, they are judiciously apprenticed to some trade. The establishment owes its existence to the laudable munificence of a private gentleman, by whom it has been largely endowed.

Orleans.

At Orleans there is one of the largest and most beautiful of the cathedrals of France. After a variety of untoward vicissitudes,

used as a stable and burned by the Huguenots, at last entirely destroyed, the present structure, in expiation of its Protestantism, was begun by Henry IV, and completed by succeeding monarchs. The town abounds with memorials and statues of Jeanne D'Arc, and the scenes of her triumphs are indicated. Not far from town we visited two remarkable châteaux, the Source and the Fountain. They are surrounded and shaded by magnificent trees, the growth of centuries. In some of the many avenues the rays of the sun are almost excluded from them by the arches overhead formed by these umbrageous trees. In one of them, the source of the Loirette bursts from the ground like a boiling caldron and forms a beautiful river. There, when an exile, the celebrated Lord Bolingbroke entertained Voltaire; and there (his headquarters) Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, surrendered to his monarch, Louis XVIII, the remnant of the French army that had kept together after Waterloo. Prince Eckmuhl and Prince Essling (Massena) probably were Napoleon's ablest lieutenants. They remained faithful to him to the end of his career.

Henry IV.

France, apparently, was never more prosperous than at this time. She is under lasting obligations to her great and enlightened Emperor. He commands respect and admiration throughout the world. This is manifested by the homage in his capital of a larger number of crowned heads and royal personages than were ever assembled on any other occasion. The world is taxed by his "Exposition," for the benefit of France, especially Paris, where prices have been nearly doubled. The policy of Louis Napoleon is peace. Bismarck, the Premier of Prussia, and the Metternich of the day, while lately at Paris, has "manifested his entire confidence in the maintenance of universal peace," and does justice to the French Emperor, in expressing his conviction that "France desires no territorial aggrandizement." The Emperor is eminently conservative. Throughout his dominions he has stimulated industry and improvement of all kinds; even the building and repairing of churches. There is more respect for religion and its observances in France than has been known there for a century. Nothing can surpass the devotion of a large

The Emperor.

Bismarck.

Morals.

Peasantry.

The Czar.

portion of the people. They often fill the churches. On Sundays many of the shops are now closed, and ordinary labor suspended. He has improved the taste, if not the morals, of the kingdom. Vice and profligacy rarely meet the public eye. Succeeding to the power of the modern Cæsar, the present Emperor has restored the Augustan age. He has more than carried out the pacific designs of his illustrious uncle. *Jam regnat Augustus*. By providing work for all, like Henry IV, he is a father to his people. But in being so, whether he has been entirely politic remains to be seen. The country is burdened with a great debt. Laborers who had worked in the fields find more profitable employment in the cities. There is a deficiency of agricultural labor; and the prices of the products of the soil have risen. But as the picture is presented, mendicancy, formerly a painful feature in France, is now rarely seen. The "paysans" only needed work. They are much more industrious and provident, though scarce more enlightened than our negroes. They have not the same comforts. One is astonished at the heavy burdens they carry on their heads and in baskets strapped on their shoulders. They are to be seen at their work at daybreak, and are always cheerful. The French are industrious even in pursuit of pleasure. We have found them quite as honest as other people, and more amiable; having seen nothing to justify Voltaire's sarcasm, "*singe-tigre*," a mixture of the monkey and the tiger. The "*Sans culottes*," stung by wrongs, were roused to frenzy by demagogues to engage in deeds of blood and violence in the first revolution that overthrew the French monarchy.

A *bon mot* is all-powerful in France. That of the Emperor, when believing himself to be the object of the assassin's attack, ought to make the Czar his friend for life. Turning to him, the Emperor exclaimed: "We have been under fire together." Then he rose from his seat, and with great coolness, told the surrounding crowd that no one was hurt. He has tact in these and other things, having the most perfect self-command. His manners are always polite and gracious. He has made himself popular with those benefited by him; with the army, the church, and the laborers, as well as with

the moneyed men and those engaged in industrial and commercial pursuits. Except with martial and irresponsible spirits, the success of all depends on peace. No national benefit can spring from war. Far otherwise. The imperial throne appears to be firmly established; not to be shaken by a divided opposition of the Bourbonites and Democrats. Still the permanent power of the Bonapartes may be illusory. *Nous verrons*. The Prince Imperial is said to be amiable and intelligent; the fears about his health seem to be subsiding.

The Bonapartes.

From his long residence in England, the Emperor doubtless derived great advantage. He mixed with all classes. There he imbibed his taste for the horse, the chase, and the turf. He is himself a good rider, the consequence of his hunting in Warwickshire. He has established two race-courses in opposite directions, near Paris, about eight miles apart; the one in the Bois de Boulogne, the other in the woods of Vincennes. Here is the Emperor's "Imperial Model Farm."

By the way, Mr. Montgomerie, who lately won the "Grand Prix," more than \$20,000, with Fervacques, is an American. His parents lived at New Orleans. A telegram brought Fordham from England for the occasion. But for his remonstrance Mr. M. would have divided the stake. After a close contest the deciding heat was won by half a neck. This is, and is likely ever to be, the most memorable race for "le grand prix," for several obvious reasons.

There has been very little warm weather the present summer in Paris. The mercury has varied the past week from 60 to 70 degrees during the day; of course winter clothing is yet worn. There has been but little rain.

Climate.

Paris was never more gay or crowded. Royal personages attend the different theatres every evening.

PARIS, July 4th, 1867.

IN these piping times of peace, Paris presents an aspect such as was never before seen on any part of the globe. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war, with all the splendor, attraction, and

Paris.

Court of France.

Grand Sultan.

Marshal Can-
robert.

refinement of a mundane capital—a more than modern Babylon—that entirely casts in the shade all ancient and modern cities, attend the visits of European and Oriental monarchs to the Court of France. Such an assemblage of crowned heads, of heirs apparent, of other princes and nobles, and of military chieftains and statesmen, from nearly all lands, was never before known. Galas of all kinds, festivals, balls, court days, receptions, reviews, and racing, to say nothing of the unrivalled “Exposition,” the operas, theatres, concerts, gardens, and other amusements, follow each other in rapid succession. The Grand Sultan opens his eyes, as well he may, and the Czar, a strange position for him, enjoyed his beer, *à la bourgeois*, in a French *café*! Of nights, the royal throng is often divided among the different theatres of Paris. To see the distinguished visitors fills them and other places of public amusement. Paris is full of strangers, and still they come. All nations are represented.

When the Sultan was received by the French Emperor at the Lyons railway station, on the eastern side of Paris, four miles from the Tuileries, it was my fortune to be there and to witness the well-dressed crowd that lined the streets on both sides, the whole distance, as thick as could be packed. By favor, I was allowed to follow in the suite of a foreign ambassador, and to enjoy a privilege confined to the court and the diplomats. I saw the Emperor arrive in state at the railway station, only a few minutes before the arrival there of “His Eastern Majesty.” By the way, this is the first time any Sultan has ever visited a Christian monarch. It implies a material change in Eastern policy, as well as a distinguished honor to Louis Napoleon. The weather was most favorable, and, being Sunday, there was a general holiday. There, too, were Marshal Canrobert and Marshal Neil, with the other dignitaries, such as Prince Napoleon and the Princess Murat, in attendance.

On alighting (as I am told, for this part of the ceremony I did not see), the Sultan shook hands with the Emperor, and some few presentations were made. The Sultan then entered the Emperor’s coach, and was seated on the right of the Emperor. In a hasty view of the

Sultan, as they passed near me, he appeared to me to be a handsome and intelligent-looking man, under forty, above medium size, with fine large black eyes and a black beard. He was dressed in a blue frockcoat, richly embroidered with gold, and wore a red fez—a close-fitting but high cap. After the coach with the Emperor and his illustrious Eastern guest, came the young prince, heir to the throne, and two nephews. Next followed the Viceroy of Egypt and others of the first distinction, in ten imperial coaches, like the Emperor's. The whole were escorted by a body of lancers and "Cent Gardes." The mass of uniforms and Oriental costumes of the Turkish suite was extraordinary and dazzling. After the court carriages came a few others of distinguished personages. The cortège proceeded to the Tuileries, the court-yard of which was lined with troops, and after the Sultan had paid his respects to the Empress, he and the Emperor proceeded, in the same order, through the garden of the Tuileries to the Palace Elysée, where he was domiciled, as the Emperor of Russia had been shortly before him. This palace, it will be recollected, was occupied by the Emperor Alexander, on the capture of Paris, in 1814, and the next year by Napoleon, after Waterloo. There he made the second and final abdication.

Viceroy of Egypt.

On Monday, July 1st, I attended, in the Palace of Industry (that had been built in the Champs Elysées for the Exhibition, twelve years ago), the Emperor's grand *fête*, the great and crowning event of the "Universal Exhibition,"—the distribution of prizes at the hands of the Emperor. You will have read his appropriate, patriotic, and pacific speech on the occasion.

Everything was so perfectly arranged for this *fête* that every person found his allotted place without difficulty. Sixteen thousand occupied seats reserved for them. All that taste and wealth could do was put in requisition for the best effect, especially the superb throne for their majesties, on which, in arm-chairs, were seated the Emperor, the Empress, and the Sultan, by the side of the last. The hangings are of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold; every space between the golden pillars to the ceiling ornamented with velvet and

The Exposition.

Beauty and
rank.

gold, surmounted with a large gilt eagle. The weather was delightful. The brilliant cortège outside, and the gorgeous display within doors, the beauty and rank assembled from all Europe, the rich and beautiful dresses, all combined to give *éclat* to the occasion. All that was required of me was to pay sixty francs (\$12) for each of my tickets, and to dress in a close body coat and wear a white cravat, the dress *de rigueur* prescribed for all not in uniform. The Empress, ladies of the Court, of the diplomatic corps, and others, were in full ball costume, and all besides were well dressed as prescribed, looking their best, making the scene one of unparalleled splendor. Every seat was filled. So extensive the house, the rows of seats resembled a beautiful *parterre*, or a kaleidoscope, with various colors harmoniously blended. The arrangement of the flags of all nations was incomparably beautiful.

Troops.

Before the royal procession moved, a double row of troops extended the entire distance from the Palace of the Tuileries to the Palace of Industry, the whole under the command of Marshal Canrobert. An entire square of the troops was formed in front of the grand entrance of the Palace of Industry. First came two carriages containing members of the imperial suite, four grooms preceding them on horseback; then followed a carriage and six horses, containing the Princesses Clotilde and Mathilde; next came the carriage of the Emperor, preceded by six outriders, drawn by eight magnificent horses, with a groom at the head of each, a mounted postilion guiding the leading pair. The Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and Prince Napoleon rode in this carriage. The Sultan's, similarly caparisoned, and also with eight horses, joined the Emperor's in the Champs Elysées, and went in advance of it, guarded in the same way, by a detachment of cavalry. There was scarcely less than one hundred beautiful horses of the imperial household in the cortège. The grooms and coachmen in grand gala livery—the groundwork so covered with gold as to be scarce visible in the coats, their breeches red, and high boots, except the coachmen and the servants on the footboards, four of them, behind the Emperor's coach,—they wore

Champs Elysées.

pink silk stockings and shoes. All had three-cornered hats, with white and green feathers, and powdered wigs. There was also in attendance a vast number of splendid equipages belonging to the various princes on a visit to Paris, to the ambassadors, and other high dignitaries. It was my good fortune to see this brilliant cortège arrive at the grand entrance, through which only high privileged persons, and those specially invited, were allowed to enter.

Equipages.

Their Majesties, including the Sultan, were received with the greatest enthusiasm, and were vociferously and repeatedly cheered during the ceremonies, which lasted nearly two hours—the receiving addresses, the speech from the throne, the presentation of prizes, and the unsurpassed music, by an orchestra of twelve hundred, three hundred of whom were young girls in white, with blue sashes.

An imperial promenade around the room, the Emperor followed by the Empress, the Sultan by her side, the Prince Imperial and the Prince Napoleon, closed the ceremony, which was concluded without any accident to mar the pleasure of the day. There was no crowding, no confusion, no complaint of any kind. All seemed delighted.

Promenade.

In my last letter, of the 24th of June, I glanced at the analogy between the great Cæsar, as followed by the fortunate and judicious nephew, and the two Napoleons who have ruled France. In my humble judgment, they have been her most suitable sovereigns, and theirs the best government for the country. I will now explain the analogy more fully. On the death of Cæsar, at the hands of conspirators, the young Octavius (Augustus) became the heir to his political power. He triumphed over Brutus and Anthony and reached the throne. He established the Augustan age, that of Mæcenas, in the days of Virgil and Horace, more attractive and refined than when Rome was under the iron rule of Julius Cæsar. By him the foundation of the empire was laid, on which the nephew built the superstructure. But for the uncle there would have been no empire for the nephew. With his good sword and transcendent abilities, the first Napoleon almost made himself master of Europe, like the great Cæsar. But both of them fell under combinations it

Augustus.

First empire.

was impossible to resist. Nephews worthy of the crown succeeded to it, in both cases, and have enjoyed the fruits of the labors and perils of their illustrious uncles. The nephews were aristocrats by birth. Louis Napoleon was born in the palace of the Tuileries. But the Napoleons, unlike the Cæsars, have always triumphed over the enemies of their country ; not over their countrymen in civil war.

The conqueror of Italy and of Germany would have made his empire as impregnable as that of Charlemagne, but for the unjustifiable and lamentable invasion of Russia and of Spain, the combined cause of his overthrow. The apogee of Napoleon's power, before it was impaired by entangling alliances, was the treaty of Tilsit, in 1808, that was soon followed by the seizure of the crown of Spain. Subsequently the crowned heads paid homage to him at Erfurt. To similar honors, but for pacific services, his nephew has succeeded. In his reign there is universal peace throughout Europe, as in the then known world, in the reign of Augustus, when the temple of Janus was shut at Rome. At that epoch the world was taxed, as we learn from Holy Writ, though not exactly in the mode of Louis Napoleon.

Improvements.

Augustus found Rome brick, and left it marble. Louis Napoleon has done more for Paris. He has not only completed the magnificent designs of the great Napoleon and of Louis Philippe, but has made greater improvements of his own ; opening avenues, constructing entirely new streets, in short, remodelling and making a new Paris. In his prosperity, unlike the Stuarts and Bourbons, he has gratefully remembered the friends of his adversity. He has amply remunerated all who have rendered him service. He is generous, just, noble, princely ; confessedly acknowledged to be the leading monarch in Europe—like Eclipse, first, the rest nowhere—to the great mortification of England, including her sovereign. The English barely pick up the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

The present Emperor has advantages over Bourbon kings, in having been brought up among the people, and among those of other lands, understanding them and their wants even more intimately

than Henry IV ; being taught by adversity and bitter experience. He lost nothing by being an exile and for years imprisoned in the Castle of Ham. What a contrast his case presents ! leaving his prison in the disguise of a common laborer, with a hod, or something of the kind, on his shoulder, and sitting on his throne, as I saw him, the observed of all observers. He improved himself while abroad and in prison, by acquiring useful knowledge, accompanied with deep reflection.

A prisoner.

While I write, the news of the execution of Maximilian is received in Paris. The Court is thrown into deep grief, and its consequences begin to be felt by the stoppage of many entertainments that were on the tapis. The feeling is as deep as on the fate of the Duke d'Enghien, among the royal families of Europe. A prince is not to be touched by irreverent hands. A gloom prevails among those of high rank that is not felt by republicans. But all of generous feeling must have sympathy for the sufferers in this tragedy. It is understood the French Emperor feels it most acutely. He at once stopped a grand dinner and a review in honor of the Sultan ; as was done by his ambassador, who had begun an extensive edifice, added to his hotel, for a grand ball next week, also in honor of the Sultan. He is reported to have said to the Emperor, "It is the Sultan who pays a visit to the Emperor ; Turkey to France, and Islamism to Christianity."

Maximilian.

The various *fêtes* in contemplation are not only suspended, but it is understood that the Emperor of Austria has abandoned his intention of coming to Paris.

BADEN-BADEN, September 20, 1867.

I WILL now make reference to climates best adapted to cure that bane of our northern section of country,—pulmonary consumption. Dr. Louis, of Paris, a high European authority, writes that "sufferers from consumption, in a chronic form," who had consulted him, "congratulated themselves on their residence at Pau, where

Consumption.

Pau.

they found more solace and *bien-être* than at Nice, Italy, or the West Indies." Sir Alexander Taylor, the eminent physician at Pau, says, "There can be no doubt, as a general fact, that diseases are modified by climate to a very considerable extent;" and that "of sedative climates Rome, and *par excellence* Pau," is the most distinguished: that in the "neutral state of the atmosphere," there is "a remarkable freedom from dryness on the one hand, and from communicable humidity on the other; and in Pau, particularly, great stillness in the atmosphere" is characteristic. "To remove from a cold, humid, and variable climate to one which is warm, dry, and more equable, is well known to be productive of the most beneficial effects on a large class of invalids." The ability to take outdoor exercise constantly in winter, at Pau, and at the same time to be amused, is of great advantage. But to one who goes there in vigorous health, or who may not be suffering from a pulmonary disease, the influence of the climate is apt to be depressing and injurious. Some who have come to Pau, "apparently in the last stages of consumption, to protract a precarious existence, are now living in robust health."

Reform.

A notice of an institution we saw near Tours may be of service to some philanthropist of our country. It owes its establishment, in 1842, to the munificence of Monsieur Demetz and the Vicomte Bretinguiers, its founders. I refer to the "Mettray School" for the reformation of juvenile offenders, taken from imprisonment to which they had been condemned for their not very culpable offences. Seven hundred boys are at one time under moral and literary education, having the "advantages of instruction, economy, neatness, habits of order, *et cetera*." Each pupil is supported and educated at a cost of one hundred dollars. From its foundation, Mettray has received 2986 pupils. It has already "restored to society 1986,—1167 from towns, 819 from the country." "Most of them on leaving school have engaged in agriculture, others in trades, and 546 in military service, of whom three are decorated with the legion of honor."

This institution is said to have "snatched many poor children from vice, misery, and crime, and put them to work in the line of

duty, of honor, of patriotism, and humanity." Houses connected with the school have on their "façade the name of the benefactor at whose expense it has been built." The children are boarded in families, from twenty to forty, in which they are taught social propriety. It is said they obtain a good education. Beside religious instruction, several of the dead and living languages are taught; also "mathematics, logic, history, geography, and other branches." "Music, drawing, equitation, and other accomplishments are not neglected." With talent and industry a very good education is to be acquired at Mettray, as well as being trained for agricultural and other useful works.

Having travelled over Switzerland twice before, and now again, at intervals of near twenty years, I perceive many changes—not in the grandeur of its snow-clad peaks and undiminished glaciers, but in the rush of visitors, and the great hotels that have sprung up for their accommodation—not only in towns, but every pinnacle has its "grand hotel;" and, what is most remarkable, countless visitors are at every inaccessible spot, waiting and chafing as if they had something agreeable or useful to achieve; often ending in fatigue and disappointment, or something worse. A noble countryman of ours was yesterday brought home in a chair, having sprained his ankle on the Righi. It really strikes the unwonted as a species of madness that has taken possession of the nations—more innocent, however, than the insanity which involved our once "happy land" in its disastrous civil strife.

The English, for some years, have been doing impossibilities in the way of climbing here. Now, when they are dropping off, looking to the Himalaya, or elsewhere, the Germans and Americans seem to have taken possession of the country, like the locusts of Egypt. Never before was Switzerland so invaded—and by four or more of our distinguished Federal generals, too, the present season. Switzerland is no longer a cheap country for the traveller. But a wonderful country it is in its unsurpassed beauty and grandeur. Its attractions have led to the belief there is no end to its harvest. Charges have increased since last year, and many petty impositions are practiced

Switzerland.

The Righi.

Americans.

to the annoyance of the traveller. On seeing an American imposed on, an Englishman remarked to him: "Your countrymen do not seem to have proper respect for themselves, that they submit to impositions." An Englishman considers it a point of honor to resist them for a sixpence, and on the ninth part of a hair. But submission is the best policy when inevitable against the combination one meets on the Continent. There are shades in every picture; and one meets so much sunshine along the sources of the Rhone and the Rhine—on lovely lakes and fertile valleys, the land of the vine and of various delicious fruits—that he is willing to submit to some inconvenience were it only to look on Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau, and the Righi, to say nothing of the Simplon, Mont Cenis, and Mont Gothard.

Route.

To see them and the most interesting part of Switzerland, on limited time and not a very full purse, I would recommend the round tour, for which tickets may be had at Paris; or that Geneva be made the starting-point, through the vale of Chamouni to the valley of the Rhone; thence to the Lake of Geneva, to see Chillon, Vevay, and Lausanne; from there by Freiburg, Berne, and Lake Thun to Interlaken—a centre of attraction—Lauterbrunn, Grindewald, and Giesbach; next to Lucerne, by its lake of wonderful beauty, and to see roads among Alpine heights, scarce equalled for the engineer's skill anywhere in the world.

DUSSELDORF, September 26, 1867.

Dusseldorf.

COMING from the sublime and historic scenery illustrated by the achievements of the patriotic William Tell, and, at a later period, in 1799, by the great battles of Suwarrow and Massena; and travelling through the Palatinate devastated by the French from the time of Turenne, its magnificent Electoral Palace and Castle at Heidelberg a ruin, "second only to the Alhambra;" seeing also at Cologne the most superb Gothic church "in the world," that has been renovated, while the more humble ones in our Palatinate have

been destroyed, my mind reverts to our own wars, and to the present lamentable posture of a large portion of the country, menacing the prosperity and *bien-être* of the whole of it. From amid the grand scenery of the Rhine, from Mayence to Coblenz, having traced that noble river almost from its source, in Switzerland, nearly to its debouchure in Holland, I am led to the contemplation of American history.

A Virginia orator, in a late speech on "the jewels" of his native land, referring to "the war of 1812," says: "The Stars and Stripes were the emblem of the Union, whose honor and faith were untarnished and spotless. A gallant ship bore the name of the Constitution, and the gallant tars who were aboard of her fought with desperation, because she was the type of the fundamental law. Neither shot nor bomb could pierce the impregnable sides of 'Old Ironsides.' At Tripoli she had bombarded the Bashaw's castle, and had borne Commodore Preble's flag in triumph." A recent commemoration in honor of one of her distinguished commanders recalls this and other recollections.

A brother of your correspondent, failing to find the Constitution at Annapolis, whence the gallant frigate had sailed just before his reaching there, in July, 1812, pursued her by land to Boston, and was fortunate in meeting her there, on her escape from the British squadron, commanded by Commodore Broke, consisting of his flagship the Shannon, the Guerriere, and several other frigates—some of which, the Tenedos and Eolus, assisted afterward in the capture of the President, commanded by Decatur, in which closely contested action many gallant spirits fell, including Lieutenant Hamilton, of South Carolina, son of the Secretary of the Navy of that name. In those days it was said, ironically, as some may say now, "The Constitution did everything, but the President and Congress (frigates) nothing."

The Constitution sailed from Boston early in August, with my brother on board, and soon afterwards fell in with the frigate Guerriere, Captain Dacres (since Admiral), captured and sunk her, and brought her officers and crew prisoners to Boston. I was on board

The South.

War of 1812.

Lieutenant John Taylor.

The Constitution.

of her soon after she cast anchor in the harbor. Her superior officers, I recollect, were Isaac Hull, of Connecticut, captain; Lieutenants Charles Morris, of Connecticut; Alexander Wadsworth, of Maine; George W. Read, born in Ireland; John T. Shubrick, of South Carolina; Beekman N. Hoffman, of New York; and Charles Morgan, of Virginia. All of them have hoisted their commodore flags. Her marine officers were Lieutenant Budd, of Pennsylvania (killed), and Lieutenant Contee, of Maryland.

Officers.

At the close of the war, when the Constitution captured together two ships-of-war, the Cyane and the Levant, my brother was the junior lieutenant. The Hon. Captain Douglas, of the noble house of Douglas, was one of the British commanders, and was greatly mortified at his share of the defeat. The superior officers of the renowned American frigate at the time were Captain Charles Stewart, of Pennsylvania; Lieutenants Henry E. Ballard, of Maryland; Beekman N. Hoffman, of New York; William B. Shubrick, of South Carolina (now an admiral, next in seniority to Admiral Stewart); Hunter, of Pennsylvania; Winter, of Maryland; and my brother. For his share of the glories of the Constitution he received a medal from Congress, also a sword, and another from the State of Virginia. He filled an early grave, and his ashes, with those of his lineal paternal ancestors, for several generations, repose on the bank of the Rappahannock in Virginia. The late General Henderson, of Virginia, was captain of marines; Freeman, of Connecticut, his lieutenant. It was my own fortune to sail in the Franklin, seventy-four, the first American line-of-battle ship that ever went to England, where she enlisted much attention, when, in 1817, bearing the flag of Commodore Stewart, and conveying the late Hon. Richard Rush as Minister to the Court of St. James, I was attached to his legation. Among the midshipmen were Dupont, Goldsborough, Magruder, and others who have been since distinguished.

Admiral Stewart.

These reminiscences are revived because of a late appropriate notice of the eighty-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the gallant Stewart, who, in conjunction with Commodore Bainbridge, induced

President Madison to send our ships-of-war to sea, after he had decided to use them only for harbor defence, considering the contest too unequal, of our "cockboats," as the enemy termed them, with the powerful navy of Great Britain; her ships commanded by officers trained to victory by her great naval heroes, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Nelson, and others.

It was a deep mortification to the lamented Lawrence that he was not appointed to the Constitution, when resigned by Bainbridge, after the capture of the frigate Java. I heard Captain Lawrence express his feelings and his great contempt for the frigate Chesapeake, which he designated "that parcel of boards!" The Chesapeake was fought under every disadvantage. Hull fruitlessly remonstrated against the Chesapeake's going out on that day. I met him on the top of the Exchange, looking anxiously. For his valor and conduct with the fine frigate, the Shannon, the gallant and noble commander, since Sir P. V. Broke, Baronet, received every honor England could bestow. His son, Sir Middleton, is one of the richest baronets in England, having changed his name for the property bequeathed to him. His country-seat for beauty vies with Blenheim and Chatsworth, one of the most beautiful in all England.

Lawrence.

Being now in the dominion of Prussia, it is worthy of remark that this is the land where all receive a literary and military education, that contributes not a little to her power, placing her among the leading kingdoms of Europe. The country appears eminently prosperous. To continue so, all I meet earnestly deprecate war, though prepared to meet it in case of a threatened invasion. I have already seen the most fertile and productive part of the country. The wages of a laborer are forty cents a day, double what they were ten years ago. The productions are the grape, tobacco, hemp, hops, and all the cereals, potatoes and other vegetables. In Switzerland, farm labor is now a franc a day, less than twenty cents. The earth teems with plenty; the border of the Rhine as low as Dusseldorf, like a garden the whole way, divided among small proprietors, rarely more than five acres to each.

Prussia.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE (AACHEN), October 12, 1867.

Aix-la-Chapelle.

HAVING come to the ancient and historic Aix-la-Chapelle, on the western frontier of Prussia, memorable as the birth and burial place of Charlemagne, and so named (La Chapelle) from the church he rebuilt and in which he was buried, I will continue the narrative of our tour. You are already informed of our pleasant travel from the source of the Rhine, and along its fertile and productive valley and through its unrivalled scenery, until we reached "the Low Countries," and had proceeded inland as far east as Potsdam.

Germany.

Our route in Germany lay through several of the principalities and duchies, which, until lately, have been independent powers, that were formerly under the sway of the Emperor of Germany. They are now, in a great measure, united under the sceptre of Prussia, though it may be a misnomer to call these states "a united Germany," a favorite term of the day. How cordial is the feeling between Northern and Southern Germany among people differing in religion, remains to be seen. It is not unlikely the Catholics of the latter prefer a union with Austria to one with Prussia. With many the idea of consolidation is cherished throughout Germany, and is said to even affect the German element in Austria. But that great power is not disposed to acquiesce in the absorption of all Germany by Prussia. France, too, does not forget she once possessed "the Rhenish Provinces," and conceives she has as good if not a better claim than Prussia to the left bank of the Rhine. The desire to regain the territory west of the river, that it be a boundary between the two nations, is a source of constant irritation, which was near exploding upon the Luxemburg question. The old and deep feeling of hostility was revived. Both countries had greatly suffered at each other's hands, especially in the days of Turenne and Napoleon. France has often laid waste the fair fields of Germany, and made ruins of towns, of palaces, castles, and fortresses. She, too, has her bitter memories of the way Jena was revenged by Waterloo. Both

Rhenish Provinces.

countries deprecate war. Each will resist invasion to the utmost of its power. If it must come, they say, it will be no child's play. Many judicious people believe a war between France and Prussia cannot be long averted. Its tremendous hazards have had their salutary influence on both countries. They will avoid war as long as possible. Constituted as Prussia now is, with her large and disciplined army, she would be a formidable enemy to France. In their pacific views, the French Emperor and Count de Bismarck seem to be entirely in accord, and they will not differ on the Roman question.

Bismarck.

My last narrative terminated at Potsdam, the Prussian Versailles, as it is called, which is an hour from Berlin by railway. In the midst of an arid plain, Frederick the Great made Potsdam as he did the kingdom of Prussia. Notwithstanding his exhausting wars, Frederick chose to astonish the nations by building curious and costly palaces, in an incredibly short space of time, to demonstrate his ability to do what he chose, even with an exhausted exchequer.

Frederick the Great.

We visited the palaces where he lived and died, and the tomb where his remains now rest. In the old Royal Palace we found the rooms as he had left them—all the ornamentation in silver, instead of gilt. There were the tables at which he ate and wrote; the chairs, with the same coverings, in which he sat; the library as he left it, with a grotesque sketch he had himself made of Voltaire, who occupied rooms in this very palace. There was a curious small room with double doors and dining-table, the centre of which descended and brought up a fresh course at the will of Frederick, who could thus dine with friends without even the restraint of a servant.

The bust we saw of him is a refined and intellectual head, with chiselled features, the face of a man of taste, as well as of intellect. We saw in the rooms used by the present King the portrait of Napoleon while he was First Consul, very thin and highly *spirituel*.

But palaces at Potsdam are quite inexhaustible. There is Sans Souci, with its regal splendor, picture gallery, extensive gardens, and historic windmill; and others also famous. Not the least agree-

Potsdam.

able are the drives from place to place through beautiful grounds. But nothing so delighted and astonished us as the residence of the present King. It is simply perfect—the beau ideal of a gentleman's residence, though small, in elegance and refinement far beyond that of any house I was ever in. It is evidently the *home* of refined and cultivated people—giving one a new idea of what the life of a king might be; and his palace in Berlin, which he declined to change on becoming king, has the same atmosphere—of books, pictures, statuary, articles of vertu, &c.; wealth and splendor being the least striking feature in both.

Prussian soldiers.

In Potsdam, on Sunday, we saw an incredible number of soldiers going to the Protestant church. The Prussians are the finest-looking soldiers we have seen—*morale* and muscle: hussars, with high boots, highly ornamented red coats and dark overcoats, as it was raining—altogether with the look of a gentleman about them.

At Berlin, as everywhere in Europe, we found the hotels crowded. Nothing is so striking in Prussia as the order that universally prevails. Military education seems to have disciplined the whole nation, and one is thus forced to commend the effect of a strong government. There can be no stronger contrast than between the lawless and destructive tendency of our juveniles and the hearty, but harmless sports of the Prussian boys.

Berlin.

Berlin is a remarkably handsome city, notwithstanding its many disadvantages. Nature has done nothing for it; art everything. It stands in the midst of a sandy plain, almost destitute of drainage. On learning the great Bismarck had the floor of the Federal Congress, then in session, our first business was to find the Parliament House, which was more readily done than getting admission when we got there. No advantage was gained by our passport; but preference was given to people who could hear him any day. A gentleman and lady from Albany, whom we found waiting, had been there more than an hour. When admitted to the gallery we were obliged to take seats so as scarcely to see or hear. But Bismarck had already concluded his speech. He was dressed in the uniform of a colonel, his

rank in the army, and spoke occasionally a few words, in inquiry or explanation. The body was remarkable for fine-looking men, conducting the proceedings with the greatest dignity and urbanity.

By far the most interesting thing we saw in Berlin is the fine equestrian statue of the great Frederick, by Rauch, said to be decidedly the best in Europe. We were amply repaid for a drive to the ancient palace of Charlottenberg, the home of the Dowager Queen, by a visit to the mortuary chapel in the extensive grounds of the palace. In this little temple, built of polished Silesia granite, on two sarcophagi, lie the superbly executed statues, also by Rauch, of King Frederick William III and of his beautiful Queen Louise. The arrangement of the light is marvellous.

Rauch.

The notice of the beautiful Brandenburg gate, and of the many bronze statues of celebrated men in different parts of the town, must be passed over, as well as the grand museum.

From Berlin we went to Dresden, less than a hundred miles. After entering Saxony the country is more fertile, the land more undulating, and the vines, long missed, again appear on the terraced hillsides, with handsome châteaux and comfortable dwellings near them. It does not seem surprising Prussia desires the annexation of Saxony, and that she feels a grudge for defeating it, as the Prussians say, against Louis Napoleon.

Dresden, a well-built and beautiful city, is distinguished as a pleasant and not expensive residence, and for its attractions and the respectability, intelligence, and hospitality of its inhabitants. The bridge over the Elbe, connecting the two parts of the town, is said to be the finest in Germany. The picture gallery is certainly marvellous. As it was shortly to be closed, we rushed about from gem to gem, thinking them inexhaustible: the Rembrandts and the Titians, the Guidos and Carlo Dolces, the Correggios and the Caravaggios, the Claudes and the Poussins, the Rubens and the Vandykes, the Ruysdaels and the Breughels, the Paul Potters and the Teniers, the Wouvermans and the Vanderveldes, the Leonardo da Vincis and the Paul Veroneses, the Murillos and Velasquez; and, in

Dresden.

"Green Vaults."

spite of his stiffness, Holbeins. But, best of all, Raphael's "Madonna da Sisto."

Another of the marvels of Dresden is its "Green Vaults"—a collection of precious stones and articles of vertu, none other so rich, valued at many millions of pounds sterling. A practical countryman of ours, pencil in hand, exclaimed: "Only think of the dead capital; one million ten thousand dollars lost annually in interest!" "Why should the King sell his jewels?" was the reply; "he has no want of money. The kingdom owes no debt."

Absenteeism.

At Dresden, we were told, there were six hundred Americans residing there. In Paris they count by thousands. This "absenteeism" is to be lamented. Wherever we travel in Europe we meet them, and were told of many on their way to the Holy Land. We met in Belgium a very interesting and accomplished young theologian, from Troy, New York, on his way there, *via* the Shrine at Watberg.

Saxe-Weimar.

We travelled through a beautiful agricultural country, partly undulating and very picturesque, on our route from Dresden to Leipsic. Relative to it and many historic scenes, and some of the battle-fields, I have already written. We passed through the small and beautiful territory of Prince Coburg, a near relative to the Queen of England, stopping at Saxe Gotha, one of his two capitals, and distinguished for its "Almanach," the best compendium of the *statu quo* of the reigning families of Europe. We also saw Saxe-Weimar, the other independent principality lying adjacent. As we passed through its capital, Weimar, preparations were in progress for the reception, the next day, of the King of Prussia, the brother-in-law of the reigning Duke, who was then to celebrate his "silver wedding," the twenty-fifth anniversary of his nuptials, at that and other stations. (A Duke of Saxe-Weimar, it will be recollected, commanded the extreme left of the allies at Waterloo, where he nobly discharged his duty.) Weimar shared with Erfurt the honors of the reception given to Napoleon by his sovereign vassals, when the Emperor Alexander did homage, proud of being the great man's

friend. Erfurt is now only remarkable as a strong Prussian fortress, and for its associations connected with other times.

German history, literature, and the arts have everywhere their memorials, as well as the national music and the theatre. In the two last Germany is pre-eminent. Education is highly valued and much attended to. It is universally obligatory, strictly so in Prussia, in connection, too, with the profession of arms. Every young man capable of carrying them is educated to be a soldier. Everything connected with Luther is held in veneration. His portraits are prized. The places of his residence are kept in remembrance. I was shown, by a peasant, the house in which he had slept when on his way to attend the Diet at Worms. We travelled near Eisleben, his native place, and were at Magdeburg, where he went to school, a poor boy. At Erfurt, in 1505, he was a monk in a monastery. At Wittenberg, on the Elbe, called "the cradle of the Reformation," and "the Protestant Mecca," Luther first denounced the Church of Rome.

Luther.

This place is mentioned by Shakspeare as the school where Hamlet studied. There Luther and his friend Melancthon are buried. The cell in which he meditated remains unaltered. At Eisenbach we slept under the shadow of Watberg Castle, in which, while imprisoned, Luther translated the Bible. The rooms he occupied, and the pulpit from which he preached, are shown.

Melancthon.

Literary men in Prussia show a similar respect to the memory of Humboldt. He was born at Potsdam. We travelled near Wetzlar, the scene of Goethe's romance, "The Sorrows of Werter," founded on a local fact. At Frankfort the house is shown where Goethe was born.

Goethe.

The country bordering on the Fulda, on the route from Léipsic to Hesse Cassel, along several picturesque defiles, is beautiful, productive, and highly improved. This part of the country is enriched by its extensive salt-works. The castled ruins on every peak lend beauty to the scene. The hated Hessians of the American Revolution are not to be forgotten. They were sold, it will be remembered,

Hessians.

Count Knip-
hausen.

by their sovereign, the Elector, at a price per head, to fight English battles. So ignorant of us were even its chiefs that their commander, Count Kniphausen, on the voyage, being an unusually long one, is said to have inquired of Sir William Howe if he was "sure" they had "not passed by America." At Hesse Cassel, the capital of the *ci-devant* monarch, Jerome Napoleon, King of Westphalia, are the remains of an unfinished palace, which was to have been of great grandeur and magnificence. This Jerome Bonaparte, the youngest brother of Napoleon, and father to the present "Prince Napoleon," was married to his mother, a Princess Wurtemberg, while yet the lawful husband of Madame Bonaparte, *née* Patterson, of Baltimore. The Prince Napoleon has lately published in the "*Deux Mondes*," a French periodical, a defence of his legitimacy, in which he has signally failed.

Baden.

From Frankfort, by Wiesbaden, we retraced our steps as far as Cologne, along the most celebrated part of the Rhine. More beautiful summer resorts than Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden are not to be found in any quarter of the world. To devotees of pleasure and chance wanderers, not disturbed by public gaming and other immoralities, they are little else than earthly paradises. The hotels are excellent, and the drafts on one's purse not much greater than elsewhere in Germany. At the crowded gaming-tables, surrounded by regal splendor and luxury, sustained, too, by regal heirs, are seen side by side the prince and plebeian, gentlemen and adventurers, the old and young of both sexes, and of all conditions, engaged in the one absorbing pursuit, observing imperturbable gravity and utter silence. The bankers maintain a dignity and suavity worthy of Rothschild. Public gaming, interdicted by law next year, will be reluctantly abandoned, as, superadded to other considerations, it has been for centuries the chief attraction to the German spas, and a source of no small revenue to the Grand Dukes of Baden and Nassau, and to a large community beside. The former is the son-in-law of the King of Prussia; the other is now his subject. Hence the change.

Public gaming.

ANTWERP, October 15, 1867.

SINCE my last letter, our party has travelled over the largest and most interesting part of Germany, coming into Belgium through a part of Holland.

Belgium.

Without that being the object, the tour has been an historical one; from the scene of the exploits of Tell, of Suwarrow, and Massena, in Switzerland; travelling through the once-famed Palatinate, and a part of the present Bavaria, devastated, under Louis XIV, by Turenne and his successors. The progress of the French along the Rhine is marked by the ruins of palaces and castles (as combined in the one at Heidelberg—a ruin second only to the Alhambra), and of towns and hamlets, sparing no condition, age, or sex. We have also passed by or near the great battle-fields of Europe: those where Napoleon triumphed or was defeated, Jena, Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipsic,—the last, “the great battle of nations,” on the plains for ten miles around Leipsic, reaching, on the third day of the battle, in which hundreds of thousands were engaged, to the city gates. We saw other fields in Saxony, where Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, and Frederick the Great gained celebrity. The Prussian monarch achieved his brilliant victory at Rosbach, a few miles from Lutzen. We passed through Wessenfels, where Gustavus Adolphus died, from the fatal wound received on the memorable field of Lutzen.

Battle fields.

In my tour of Europe, I have stood at the tombs of the great captains of the Christian era: Charlemagne, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Turenne, Marlborough, and Wellington, as I did, in our country, by the tomb of Washington, when reverently visited by the heir to the throne of Great Britain, the great-grandson of George III, from whom the noble Virginian wrested one of the most precious gems of his diadem. Near Dresden, scarce a mile from the present suburbs, I stood by the monument where Moreau, while conversing with the Emperor Alexander, August, 1813, received his mortal wound, at the close of the day of Napoleon's last great vic-

Tombs.

Moreau.

Napoleon.

tory—its fruits lost by the rashness of Vandamme, in pursuing a flying enemy amid the defiles of Bohemia, where he was surrounded and captured, with twenty-five thousand men. Napoleon, on hearing of it, said, "Better build a bridge of gold for a retreating and desperate foe." At Leipsic, the following October, the French Emperor received his *coup de grace* ; with the further loss of twenty-five thousand men, taken prisoners in the retreat through the town, cut off by the destruction of a bridge. Near it, I saw the tomb of another distinguished victim of the fatal campaign,—Prince Poniatowski, who, while covering the retreat, was drowned in attempting to swim his horse across the narrow river Esler. On the Rhine, near Coblenz, I saw the tomb of Marceau, where he fell in 1796 ; and on the other side of the river, I was near the place where Hoche died. It will be recollected that these were young generals of the greatest promise, before the star of Napoleon rose. They were nearly of the same age.

Hoche.

After passing along or down the Rhine from Basle to Dusseldorf, through Minden, Hanover, Brunswick, Magdeburg, and Potsdam, we arrived at Berlin, now for the first time, the capital of this united and compact country ; making Prussia, with twenty millions of inhabitants, a first-rate power, formidable to each of her neighbors, and a bulwark to France and Russia.

Prediction.

All Germany is likely to be united with Prussia. All are in favor of "one Germany ;" therefore the small states, already with Prussia in feeling and interest, desire at least a federal unity, with a view of being on the strong side, as well as partaking of the general antipathy to France. We were told that Prussia can muster twelve hundred thousand men in arms. A *militaire* with us, who had experience in war in many pitched battles, concludes, in case of a war single-handed between Prussia and France, "the invading party will be beat." A finer body of soldiers, he says he never saw ; never such fine cavalry ; that of all arms, they are not only soldiers but look it. Beside their military education, they are otherwise well educated, and all who are fit are obliged to serve for a while in the army.

The statesman, Bismarck, is a colonel, and still wears a uniform. As in the time of Frederick the Great, all are soldiers, from the king down. Few young men are seen in plain clothes, so great is the appreciation of uniform. Those civilians who belong to "the hunt," wear a simple one, trimmed with green. We were near seeing "a meet" for a boar-hunt at Berlin. In arms, the Prussians have nobly won their spurs. The privates are young, active, strong, and efficient. We saw many of the size of Frederick's grenadiers, and in his palace we saw the standard by which he measured them. The fine-looking, well-dressed, and well-educated officers are courteous, dignified, and reticent, with none of the swagger common to men vested with a little brief authority. They are to be seen everywhere; at the theatre, as was remarked, "sixty to one." Prussia, like France, swarming with soldiers; Prussian officers mingle with the crowd at the kursalls, but never play.

Prussian soldiers.

For near four hundred miles, between the Rhine and Berlin, we passed through a level agricultural and manufacturing country. We were struck with the general aspect of prosperity—no begging, nor the maimed in war. "Where can they be?" exclaimed our *militaire*; "they are to be seen everywhere in our own country; nor do we see any marks of the ravages of war, as there and in the Palatinate." All are industrious, and except those who discharge menial duties, seem to be well to do in the world. Education is a universal institution. All attend school, law and order is taught, and all respect authority. In Berlin the laborers (*ouvriers*), at a cost of about six cents each a month, attend lectures by the most learned and scientific of the kingdom, and have their debating reunions in a magnificent house, well situated, with a large saloon lighted with gas, much in the style of the club-houses of London and New York. All we saw gave evidence of a thriving and busy population, but, as in France, we only saw old men and women in the fields. They were chiefly occupied in gathering an abundant crop of potatoes, while the plough and harrow were busy in the sowing of wheat, which was coming up finely. The industry of German women is

The people.

Industry.

wonderful. At times one is seen, with a heavy pack on her back, knitting, while walking beside a cart she drives. I heard it observed, "The cows, dogs, and everything, as well as women, work in Germany."

Minden.

On our route to Berlin the aspect of the country is changed, where the railway, on the margin of the Weser, traverses the celebrated rent in the Hartz Mountains, near Minden. There the ravine is highly picturesque, in striking contrast with the flat country around it. Near this place, beside "the battle of Minden," in 1759, the Romans, many centuries ago, met such a signal defeat that they penetrated no farther into Germany. Nothing more of special interest engaged our attention before reaching Magdeburg, except the associations connected with Hanover and Brunswick. Their deaths at Jena and Quatre Bras will recall the fate of the brave duke's father and son, and the fidelity of their body-guard, the famous corps of Black Brunswickers, clad in sable uniforms, with ominous death's heads and cross-bones. The Brunswickers and Hanoverians did good service at Waterloo. At Magdeburg, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, La Fayette and the famed Baron Trenck were imprisoned. It had many celebrated sieges. But during the Thirty Years' War, in 1654, the ferocious Tilly carried it by assault, and after its capture, is said to have brutally massacred many thousands of the inhabitants. A bribe, or cowardice, in 1806, again put it in possession of the French; and the fascinations and entreaties of the beautiful Queen of Prussia failed to induce Napoleon to "give up only Magdeburg." After seeing many memorable places along the Rhine, illustrated by French achievements and atrocity, we saw where Blucher had his revenge in crossing the river with his army, the last day of 1813, for the invasion of France.

Magdeburg.

Potsdam.

For the present, I will pass over other scenes, even a notice of Potsdam, the Versailles of Germany, or Berlin, the superb capital of the great kingdom. At both we saw magnificent palaces, and fine works of art scarce surpassed anywhere, especially the statues by Rauch; the equestrian Frederick the Great has no equal. I will

also postpone a notice of Saxony. That Prussia was not allowed to retain it, when within her grasp, is a ground of complaint against the present Napoleon, connected with the hostile feeling toward France, on account of the aggressive acts of his Majesty's predecessor, and the wrongs by the French in his and preceding wars. There is a deep feeling of hate for France throughout Prussia, only suppressed by the pacific dispositions of the King and Bismarck. Notwithstanding the French Emperor's co-operation with them to secure peace, a blunder at any moment may involve the two nations in war when least expected. But the prevailing opinion is in favor of a long-continued peace. Eyes are now anxiously turned toward Rome.

Hostile feeling.

The war of the past year and the apprehension of one the next, beside the multitudes drawn by the Paris Exhibition, has filled the Continent with tourists. Frequently at well-filled *tables d'hôte* only English is spoken. Prices and impositions are increased. Americans are seen everywhere. In the heart of Germany, we met a young man from Massachusetts, a student of Göttingen, who told us that there are fifteen Americans at that celebrated university. A boy at Lauterbrunnen, in Switzerland, acting as a guide there, told me he had come to the ancestral place from Indiana, to learn German and French. The coachman who drove us there, said his parents were living in Ohio. I might mention many representatives from other states now abroad.

Americans.

PARIS, November 7, 1867.

I SAW, by to-day's papers, that the great Sancy diamond is to be sold. It ranks ninth in the glittering and very restricted aristocracy of the world's great diamonds; and the story of its travels and its troubles, since it was found on the field of battle, in the sword-hilt fallen from the hand of the dying Charles Temezaries, is again told. Its vicissitudes have been great—too numerous to recount in

Sancy diamond.

Henry IV.

full. Henry IV borrowed it at one time from De Sancy, to place it in the hands of the Swiss, as a guarantee for the payment of the troops they sent to him. The messenger to whom De Sancy confided it disappeared before he reached the king. A long and anxious time elapsed before it was discovered that he had been assassinated. The body was found and opened, and in the stomach lay the precious stone. The faithful fellow had swallowed it to preserve it from the assassins. The great diamond went on leaping from one impossibility to another, until, about twenty-five years ago, its last trouble was in Lyons. Monsieur le Count Demidoff and his wife, with Jules Janin, the amiable writer, were in that city. The day being hot, the Countess took off her shawl, and, taking out the pin in which was mounted this celebrated diamond, asked Jules Janin to put the jewel in his pocket. The day was passed in looking at the sights of the town. In the evening they went to the theatre. Between the acts the Count said, "Did you give the pin to the Countess?" Poor Jules! he plunged his hands into his pockets, and then rushed from the box. He remembered he had changed his dress—that he had left his door open for the *garçon* to arrange his room—that the waistcoat containing the diamond had been thrown upon the chair—that the *blanchisseuse* was due that day, and that the waistcoat was to be washed. A complication of horrors! He rushed to his room, found the door open. In his haste he had taken no light, but made in darkness for the fatal chair! Something on the floor caught his eye—something brilliant, glittering, sparkling—and there lay the "Sancy." The *garçon* had been there, the *blanchisseuse* had come, and the waistcoat had been taken, but the diamond had slipped out and was saved, and so was Jules Janin; but he still remembers with a thrill of horror this episode of the Sancy diamond.

Jules Janin.

The Rhine.

In respect to Germany, this shall be confined to our observations of the country bordering on the Rhine. Having travelled from Switzerland, along that celebrated valley, remarkable for its fertility and as the scene of countless battles, from the time of the Romans to the invasion of France, in 1814—skirting, too, the memorable

Black Forest, as far as Baden-Baden, where we sojourned for awhile, our route was continued through Manheim, into the territory of Bavaria, formerly Deux Ponts, and in the Palatinate that had been laid waste in the wars of Louis XIV. From there we entered the Prussian dominions near Mayence, where we embarked on the Rhine in a steamer for Cologne. Biberich, the palace of the late Grand Duke, was the first object of interest we saw on the river's bank. Next, a little beyond it, on an eminence, the large, but in no other respect remarkable, mansion of the Prince Metternich, at Johannisberg, amid the vineyard of the choice wine of that name. Every inch of ground is so valuable that it is devoted to the vine, up to the very door of the palace. Not much further on we came to Rudesheimer, Assmanhausen, and other places that produce the most celebrated Rhine wine. We had to pay high prices for the best. At Bingen we enter upon the scenery of "the unrivalled Rhine," and realize the many admirable descriptions of it. On "the majestic Rhine" is found the blending of all beauties, "streams, dells, fruits, foliage, cornfields, mountains, vine:"

Cologne.

Bingen.

"And chiefless castles, breathing stern farewells,
From gray, but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells."

The castles seemed innumerable, as we glided down the grand,
"exulting, abounding river;" now a blessing, flowing

"Through banks whose beauty would endure forever,
Could man but leave thy bright creation so."

As the product of American genius we could not but view with pride the numerous steamers we met, so admirably adapted to the rapid Rhine, both for utility and enjoyment. Among them was a high-decked steamer, like those on the Mississippi, perhaps the only one of the kind in Europe. How different the scene from the time when thousands of battles assailed the banks of the river, under

Steamers.

"Chieftains whose fame had passed away,
Their graves are gone, and what are they?"

Historical recollections.

In place of the glories of old days, on a river which presents so many historical recollections—"of Roman conquests and defeats—of chivalric exploits in the feudal periods, of wars and negotiations of later times—of the noble architecture of the middle ages"—we meet fine churches and dwellings; the comforts of peace and prosperity, enjoyed by every one under the shade of his own peaceful fig-tree; the olive, rather than the laurel, being now the object of cultivation. The two grandest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages are to be seen along the Rhine,—the unrivalled cathedrals of the purest Gothic, at Cologne and Strasbourg.

Blucher.

It will be recollected that Byron graphically describes "the castled crag of Drachenfels," and other striking places on "the wide and winding Rhine." But to an American such width does not seem to deserve the name. We saw everything; and the spot where, on New Year's day, 1814, Blucher crossed the Rhine with his invading army; when, on coming in view of the river, military enthusiasm and exultation burst forth; for to the German, of every age, the Rhine has ever been an object of special reverence; hence it is not strange that nothing but a bloody war could wrest from Prussia what has been termed her "Rhenish Provinces." She holds on to Ehrenbreitstein, no longer a ruin, but restored and converted into an impregnable fortress, under the Prussian sway, at a cost of five millions of dollars, capable of containing "provisions for eight thousand men for ten years." Coblenz, opposite, is also strongly fortified. Between there and Mayence there is a similar country; a part of it, too, back from the river, is Nassau, the most fertile and productive of any part of Germany; nor does one meet anywhere else "such striking instances of the mutability of power," kingly cities and noble castles dwindling into humble towns and deserted ruins.

Turenne.

Historic associations were constantly forced upon us from our entrance into Germany until after our departure, passing through Holland and Belgium, into France. The tour along the Rhine and through the Palatinate recalled the ravages of Turenne and Tilly,

the later achievements of the French and Austrians, and the deaths of the youthful chiefs, Hoche and Marceau, in consecutive years, coeval with the rise of Napoleon. The Black Forest reminds us of Moreau and Hohenlinden; Ulm, of Napoleon and Austerlitz. These, and the conquest of Vienna, were at the most brilliant epoch of his reign, that culminated in 1807, at the treaty of Tilsit. When the battles of Lutzen, Bautzen, Dresden, Leipsic, and Hanau, were fought, in his disastrous campaign of 1813, his sun had been on the decline, from the fatal invasion of Russia. The "Low Countries" recalled the histories of earlier times. Maestricht, the capital of Limburg, in Holland, now among the strongest fortresses in Europe, was surprised and taken, in 1579, by the Duke of Parma, and became the scene of Spanish vengeance. But William III, of England, when Prince of Orange, failed to retake it. Antwerp, besides its ancient history, the first commercial city in the world, until ruined by the Inquisition and Spanish persecution, recalls its many sieges, especially of a comparatively late period, when, in 1804, Bernadotte defeated the Walcheren expedition. But the same General Bernadotte, when King of Sweden and commander of the right wing of the allied army, in 1814, failed himself to capture Antwerp, defended by that brave, honest, and sturdy republican, Carnot, who is more particularly remembered for being the Minister of War when Napoleon, in 1796, was called to the command of the Army of Italy. On that occasion an official breakfast was given to the rising star, at which ex-President Monroe was a guest. Napoleon, then General Bonaparte, was very reticent, and retired early. "What do you think of our young general?" Carnot inquired of Monroe. "He knows how to keep his own secrets," was the reply. "That is an extraordinary young man," responded Carnot; "he is destined to pull down and rear up empires!" Could anything be more prophetic? This anecdote rests upon the authority of President Monroe, who was not at all imaginative.

The gallant defence of Antwerp, in 1832, by General Chassée and the brave Dutch troops, though overpowered and defeated by the

The Black Forest.

Antwerp.

General Chassée.

Waterloo.

greatly superior French force, under Marshal Gerard, is remembered to their honor.

But the importance and interest of all battle-fields and sieges fade by the side of Waterloo. Before again seeing the "glorious field," I revisited, in Brussels, the ancient palace, so full of fearful memories, of the cruel Duke of Alva, and of his victims, Egmont and Horn, whom he saw executed in front of it from the very "windowed niche of that high hall," immortalized by Byron, where "sat Brunswick's fated chieftain," at the splendid ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, the night preceding the several battles that ended at Waterloo.

"There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered there
Her beauty and her chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men,"—

Duke of Brunswick.

when the distant cannon, heralding the approach of the enemy, over whom they were so soon to triumph, caught more than one anxious listening ear. At this ball was the Duke of Wellington, as well as the Duke of Brunswick. The one went forth to achieve his crowning glory, the other to fill a hero's grave—an ancestral heritage, his father, who fell at Jena, and nine of his princely race having fallen in battle; as some would think a consequence, but more likely the cause, of the lugubrious standard and uniform of the Black Brunswickers. It was but a step from the banquet to victory or death.

Adventure.

We were taken to the historic field of the last great tournament, the battle-ground that decided the fate of nations, about ten miles from Brussels, in an old-fashioned English coach, somewhat top-heavy—driven, as the line had been for thirty years, by an English coachman, four inside, myself included, and the fatal number, thirteen, on the top. We went comfortably enough, on a fine October day; but in returning, when near our hotel, in Brussels, we had something of a Waterloo adventure. A fore-wheel came off, and we were upset; but so slowly, no great harm was done—none to those

inside. But of the thirteen on the top, an American lady, from Georgia, received a painful puncture in her forehead, a bluff Englishman had his shoulder dislocated, and a New Yorker was bruised on the head. Two of our party on the top escaped uninjured. All rejoiced that the disaster was no worse. In going out we stopped at several places for refreshments; then at one in the little town of Waterloo, near the house Wellington had occupied, where he wrote his celebrated dispatch, which, I heard the great Webster say, "was the best description of the battle ever given." Near it we stopped, opposite the country church, lately renovated by the present Duke of Wellington, in which are shown the mural and other monuments to the memory of fallen heroes. In the adjacent ground is buried the Marquis of Anglesey's amputated leg. At last, in the centre of the allied line of battle, we were carried to the great earth-mound, two hundred feet high, ascended by two hundred and twenty-five stone steps (unfortunately, too steep for me and some others), and were told that from the top (which is surmounted by the Belgic lion, in iron) we might view the battle-field! We preferred to walk over it, to see the prominent points for ourselves. The reduction of Mont St. Jean (Napoleon's name for the battle) and of the surrounding elevated ground, for the earth to form the mound, depressing several feet the place where Wellington stood, falsifies history. During a deadly part of the battle the Prince of Orange, son of the reigning King of Belgium, and since King of Holland, was severely wounded, on the ground now covered by the mound. "It serves at once as a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb." Beneath it, where they fell, friends and foes, in one large mass, were buried together. Where was the thickest of the fight we saw everything calm and peaceful—the birds upon the wing, the cattle browsing in the meadows, and the peasants cheerfully at their daily work. The land continues its great fertility. Wheat had come up, and was growing finely. The plough and harrow were busy in sowing more. Our guide pointed to a place a plough was at work, saying, "Napoleon stood near it most of the battle." The very spot had been shown me by his guide,

Daniel Webster.

View of the
battle-field.

Fertility.

Le Coste.

Le Coste, forty-nine years ago. I walked to it, half a mile from the place Wellington had occupied. Nothing around it had been changed. Napoleon had the best and the safest place, in the public paved road, cut through a ridge, some eight or ten feet above it, being screened, and having a more extensive view of the battle than Wellington, looking to the distant heights upon which the Prussians made their unwelcome appearance, four hours or more after the battle had begun—about midday. A severe rain during the preceding day and night prevented Napoleon's engaging earlier, and the arrival of Blucher, by at least two hours. The delay from early morning was greatly to Wellington's advantage. Mr. Charles Oliver, of Baltimore, told me, years ago, that he had met the Duke of Wellington at the Marchioness of Wellesley's, on which occasion the Duke said that at Waterloo he frequently looked at his watch, and "prayed for Blucher or night." This frank avowal on the part of Wellington does him great honor. It admits that the Prussians turned the scale—giving a large preponderating force to the allies. Suppose Grouchy had come upon the ground, instead of Blucher, or that both had arrived simultaneously! What might not have been the result? But Napoleon must have been ultimately defeated, as in 1814, by overpowering numbers.

Wellington.

The field.

The plain of Waterloo, it has been said, "seemed marked out for some great event." The disposition of the contending armies can be explained in a few words. Along a somewhat irregularly formed curve and two ridges, that on the British side rather the most elevated, and occupied by heavy artillery, was the arena, on an open and undulating plain, for the conflict between the two armies. At the beginning of the battle, a large part of the British army, and all its cavalry, were in a safe place, unseen by the enemy, on a slope looking to the rear. Between "Hugoumont" (De Gammont), defended by a thick wood of large trees and brick walls, and La Haye Sainte, a less protected farm-house, with out-buildings, the curve of the ridge gave the advantage of a cross-fire. These were the keys of the position, which caused the most desperate fighting at those

places. La Haye Sainte was for awhile in the possession of the French. At a critical moment they ran upon an English masked battery, concealed by a hedge, that opened a destructive fire upon them. Not far from it the brave Picton fell, on a repulse of the enemy. The defence of Hugoumont, commanded in the rear by British artillery, saved the day. Sir James McDonald, the commander of the post, who, himself, shut the yardgate of Hugoumont, in the very face of the French, when between two fires, by the award of the Duke of Wellington, the umpire, received the bequest "to the bravest man at Waterloo." In our country I had the pleasure of meeting this unassuming gentleman, the guest of General Scott.

Sir James
McDonald.

Our guide—a Belgian, of Mont St. Jean, at the time of the battle seventeen years old—told us he was employed that day in caring for the wounded, and that "at half-past three o'clock the allies were beaten," and that he "saw the runaways (Belgians, of course), who were crying, '*Sauve qui peut.*'" To use his words, "Bülow was whipped at four o'clock." The situation of the allies was at this moment appalling: the house at Hugoumont on fire (it was burnt down) from French guns, with many a poor wounded soldier in it, and La Haye Sainte had been taken. The cavalry alone composed Wellington's last line. Our guide told us the first shot was upon Hugoumont before midday; and that, until after Blücher had come upon the field, the tide of battle was not changed.

Bülow.

Our guide's account and those of English writers do not exactly correspond. But of this there can be no question, the result was long in doubt, and we have reason to believe the allies barely escaped defeat on the memorable plain of Waterloo. There would have been no battle there, nor the previous conquest of Paris, but for English subsidies, for the defence of England, that kept the allies together. They fought the battles of England in Germany and Champagne. If England did not tremble at the name of Napoleon, at the time of her alarm at his threatened invasion from Boulogne, when rescued by Nelson's fleet at Trafalgar, all her energies were aroused to pre-

England.

Danish fleet.

vent his being the universal conqueror of Europe. Austerlitz was said to have killed Pitt. From necessity, the Danish fleet was seized or destroyed at Copenhagen, for fear of its falling into the hands of Napoleon. That fleet and the ships intended to be constructed at Antwerp, might ultimately, under Napoleon's lead, more than revive the days of De Ruyter and Van Tromp. England breathed more freely on Napoleon being imprisoned at St. Helena, to say nothing of the feeling of hostility on account of his long and brilliant career to the cost of England, as well as nearly the whole continent of Europe. Napoleon, beyond peradventure, was the great man of the present century, if not more renowned than any of the great conquerors of the world, be it Alexander, Cæsar, or Charlemagne.

The apprehension of some future invasion of England, with the aid of steam, was awakened years ago by the Duke of Wellington, and has not subsided to this day.

Netherlands.

From the Rhine we passed through the historic Aix-la-Chapelle to the ancient "Netherlands," known as "the cockpit of nations," by Antwerp and Brussels, to the frontier of France, at or near the famous battle-fields of old. Antwerp having been strongly fortified by Napoleon, as manifested by subsequent sieges, was intended by him to have been made a rival to Portsmouth as a naval establishment, and to London in its commerce as of yore. He expended ten millions of dollars in these preparations, which were nothing, as he said, to what he intended. These intentions it was the study of England to defeat; hence the unfortunate Walcheren expedition. The dock-yards were demolished, as stipulated in the treaty of Paris. One of the basins can contain thirty-four, the other fourteen ships of the line. The docks were to have protected two thousand ships. Near Brussels, at the palace of Lacken, Napoleon decided upon, and laid his plans for the invasion of Russia, while he resided there. In his coach, captured near Waterloo, was found a proclamation boasting of the defeat of the Allies, and dated at Lacken. In Flanders we were at, or near, beside Waterloo, Quatre Bras, Ligny, Jemappes,

Russia.

Fleurus, and Ramilies, bringing before us the heroes of those days: Marlborough, Prince Eugene, Dumourier, Louis Philippe, and others of a more recent date. Not far from Napoleon, my Uncle Toby and his faithful follower, Corporal Trim, are said to have won their laurels, when "the army swore terribly in Flanders."

In France we were on the battle-ground of St. Quentin, where, in 1557, the French were defeated by the allied Spanish and English army, in the reign of Philip II, of Spain, and the equally fanatic Mary of England. On that occasion the French politely invited the English to fire first,—*Tirez, Messieurs*. This French politeness, conceding precedence, is rarely known in these days, not even in degenerate France.

St. Quentin.

On leaving St. Quentin we were about equidistant from the memorable fields of Creci and Agincourt, about twenty miles apart. These were the great victories with Poictiers, Ramilies, Blenheim, and Waterloo, which England has achieved over France. But England seems to have forgotten, though not his invasion and conquest, that William the Conqueror, with his army of Normans (French), seized upon the crown of England and other possessions that have been transmitted to their descendants. As Americans of English blood we have our share in all these English victories preceding Waterloo, as well as our pride in English literature before 1776.

In our progress we passed through Noyou, memorable for a siege by Julius Caesar, as a residence of Charlemagne, and the birthplace of Calvin.

Compeigne, where we next stopped, beside the association of the palace where Napoleon married Maria Louise, has others connected with it, from Clovis down to Napoleon III. The park, of thirty thousand acres, is the chief attraction to him. As we drove through it the deer and pheasants were so abundant and gentle as to be frequently seen, scarcely getting out of our way. It was at Compeigne the celebrated Maid of Orleans was captured, after a skirmish beyond the city walls, in endeavoring to enter the gate that was blocked up by fugitives. An ancient tower is still standing near it—the walls

Compeigne.

The Maiden's
Tower.

and gate having long since disappeared—called "*Le Tour de Pucelle*," the Maiden's Tower, from being near the spot where she was taken. Thus I have seen the places of her victories at Orleans and of her capture at Compeigne, as also of her execution—burned by the English, at Rouen.

HYERES, FRANCE, December 6, 1867.

Hyères.

BEING again at the extreme south of France, near the shore of the Mediterranean, that sea spread out before me, but now looking toward Italy (instead of Spain), about twelve miles southeast of Toulon, at a favorite resort for this season on account of its mild and genial climate, said to be the best winter climate in France—the land of the almond, the olive, the orange, the lemon, the grape, the fig, the pomegranate, and of the tropical plants, the palm, the cactus, and the aloe, a land of beauty, of fragrant flowers, and of special comfort during winter—I will resume my pen.

Count Walbeck.

During our last residence, of rather more than a month, at Paris, we had most eligible lodgings, in a line with the west front of the Tuileries palace, overlooking the part of the garden adjacent to it and the Seine, in the midst of much that is attractive. Among the many interesting objects in Paris, nothing appeared to us more remarkable than the aged Count Walbeck, in his hundred and second year. He is much more so than the famed "Old Parr," of England. I do not mean the distinguished Greek scholar of that name. Count Walbeck was born at Prague, in Bohemia, in 1766. He was ten years old on the breaking out of the American Revolution, and said he had "lived through forty-two Revolutions." We found him in a fifth story, where he could enjoy pure air, near the top of Mont Martre, whence he could overlook Paris. On entering his parlor he was seated, almost surrounded by ladies, showing them his drawings, being an artist as well as an archæologist. He received us courteously, apologizing for not rising, as one of his hands was

employed in turning over the leaves of his manuscript, which he proposes to publish, at two hundred and fifty francs a copy, on the completion of a list of eighty subscribers. He has also, unpublished, many volumes of his autobiography. He is a fine-looking, well-proportioned man, about six feet high, his head covered with fine white hair, and a long white beard adding dignity to his appearance, apparently scarce seventy years old. All his faculties, mental as well as physical, are in good preservation. He told us that his health was good, and that he was daily occupied at the Imperial Library, about a mile off. To our inquiries he made prompt and frank answers: that he had never been ill in his life, nor had taken medicine; that he had always lived with temperance, and had been engaged in outdoor exercise; had invariably a good appetite; slept well, usually seven and a half hours at night, and that he rose with the dawn; that although he occasionally drank wine in company, he had abstained from it and spirits, preferring water. But in England, in company with Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, whom he named emphatically, he said he drank his full allowance of port "without a wink," and was never intoxicated. He said he was frequently a guest of George III. His birth and career must have given him currency in English society. Being an Austrian subject, he had accompanied Napoleon to Egypt, under a feigned name, as a *savant*, with the rank of captain, and, for his services, he now enjoys a small pension. He was as intimate as any one with Napoleon while in Egypt, frequently by his side in their marches, and partaking of his humble fare. He said Napoleon was peculiar in his dislike of ceremonial dinners, preferring to eat alone. For his character and ability the Count had the most profound respect, and would believe no charge to his injury, warmly resenting them as "fables—all fables—lies;" but admitted he had one fault—inordinate ambition. "Otherwise he was strictly just." Count Walbeck is spoken of in Stephens's work. He said he had travelled over the greater part of America, "from the Straits of Magellan to Spitzbergen"—a large portion of the distance on foot. His investigations led to the conclusion that America was earlier

Autobiography.

Temperate.

America.

Anecdote.

civilized than the present "Old World," and that its antiquities are more ancient than those of Asia and Africa, whence the arts were introduced to Greece. He continues to attend evening parties, and even partakes of supper. Something of a wag, he says, "My only vice is snuff." He told an anecdote of Napoleon when emperor,—that, at an entertainment, a "venerable pair, with their twelve sons, all decorated with the Legion of Honor, sat at a table apart from all others. Napoleon, after offering some attentions, said to the old couple, 'I only regret your age that you can't give me twelve more sons like these.'" The Count married at eighty, and had a son under twenty. At Hyères we met the son of an English clergyman who has seven sons in the ministry.

Lyons.

We left Paris on the 23d of November, in calm, but cool weather, the cold increasing as we advanced south, until, on reaching Lyons, the 25th, we found ice two inches thick. From its position, at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone, affected by the winds from the Jura and from Savoy, Lyons is a cold place in winter, notwithstanding its southern latitude. But the cold in Europe, as far as we have learned, has begun very early this season. In England a terrific hurricane has attended a snowstorm, to the great damage of the shipping on her coasts. In France snow has fallen where its color was scarce known,—two inches in depth at Hyères, where no snow has fallen for many years.

Bourges.

We came by a route partly new to us, through Bourges, the central city of France; Lyons, its second city, and Arles its most ancient one. The old city of Bourges, now having an extensive arsenal, we found full of interest, with its grand cathedral, its antique and rare architecture. There, at the Hôtel de France, we were as well lodged and met as good a table, at a cheap rate, too, as anywhere on the Continent. Moulins, through which we passed, recalls Clarendon and Sterne's "Maria." The advanced season prevented our stopping at the famed watering-place, Vichy. Arles, with its great amphitheatre and other Roman antiquities, is of deep interest to the archæologist.

The country through which we passed — through Marseilles and Toulon to Hyères — is full of varied interest. The country, from Bourges, presents much variety,—mountains and valleys, uncultivable and fertile spots, productiveness and sterility. The headwaters of the Loire run through picturesque defiles. Along the Allier the cereals and pasturage make the farming lands valuable.

The Allier.

GENOA, ITALY, January 14, 1868.

WE came from Nice to Genoa, along the Mediterranean, over what is called the Corniche Road, probably the most wonderful carriage-road of one hundred and fifty miles in the world; broad and smooth and safe; winding along dizzy heights, and around mountain-tops, and over the once inaccessible Maritime Alps. I crossed these mountains fifty years ago, on a perilous mule-track, little dreaming I should return and find it a pleasure-path. If the carriage-road be such an achievement of skill, what shall we say of the railroad in progress? Such miles of superb masonry, tunnelling, bridging, arching, and embanking! The occasional level seems only an exception. The cost must be immense, yet it does not seem near completion.

The Alps.

At Hyères and on we have been rejoicing in some of the choicest spots of Southern France, and of Italy, along the Mediterranean; Cannes, Nice, Mentone, St. Remo, Savona, and Cogoletto. Cannes has been thirty-five years the winter residence of Lord Brougham, now over ninety, and very much enfeebled by age. While we were there, he was to be seen daily taking his drive. He is, in reality, the founder of Cannes. Some sanitary regulation, in early cholera times, prevented his entering Nice; and being detained at the small fishing village of Cannes, he soon became aware of its many advantages over Nice itself. He built his château and soon found himself the centre of a large English population. Mentone and St. Remo are charming spots; in some respects to be preferred to either Nice or

Cannes.

Savona.

Cannes; and thousands of English are to be found in both places, living in the midst of orange and lemon groves. Savona is a flourishing place, and once had a very fine harbor. During a war, its enemy sunk hulks loaded with stones, as was done at Charleston; but there being no strong current the sand accumulated, and the harbor was so effectually destroyed, that the labor and skill of three hundred years have only made it navigable for small vessels. At Cogoleto we were shown a large, substantial good house, in which Columbus was born. This well-cared-for house, by contrast, recalled the early home of Washington. Few know and none visit the spot. Not a vestige is left of the house in which the Father of his Country first saw the light. During the war, most unnecessarily and ruthlessly, the house in which he was married was burnt. It is greatly to be regretted that in the general destruction of Southern property, so little regard was shown to its historic association. Much is to be attributed to ignorance.

Washington.

Our route lay through hedges of roses, and groves of olive, of orange and lemon; and yet, strange to say, these tropical growths have, within the last fortnight, been made to bow their heads under a weight of snow that astonishes the oldest inhabitant! We have been weather-bound here since the last day of the old year, and, as yet, no warmer or brighter prospect opens.

The English.

The English of all conditions, and from different motives, actually swarm on the Continent. The millions of money they annually spend abroad would be of great use at home—lessen the poor-tax and brighten trade. Their expenditures in France, for which there is no return, are of incalculable advantage to the French people, and greatly promote the popularity of the Emperor, who, by his amicable relations with England, has accomplished as great a miracle as was ever achieved in war by the Great Napoleon. The English are not only in the habit of coming to the Continent, but many of them reside here in their own beautiful châteaux and villas. Such towns as Paris, Pau, Nice, Cannes, and many other places, are colonized by them. Besides their seeking useful information and gratifying

Beautiful
châteaux.

laudable curiosity, the most distinguished and often wealthy of their nobility leave England and come abroad to economize, as well as to escape the cares of their station. Some consider their incomes ample for the Continent, but not for England. Others come for health or for relaxation. Some to be in the fashion, and many to get a position in society they cannot obtain at home. England does not yet seriously feel this non-residence, but surely will; and we, I fear, are quite in as much danger of suffering from "absenteeism" as England herself. Neither country feels it at present; but it is becoming a grave evil to both. Our people are here in multitudes, and though they complain of finding many "desagremens" they are unused to, yet "still they come," and spend money enough to make our desert places "blossom as the rose." To do as others do brings thousands. Some have beautiful mansions in Paris—others elsewhere. Some drive their "coaches and four" in the Bois de Boulogne; others give grand entertainments; but these are confined to few. The old-fashioned Southern gentlemen and the "Cotton Lords" have mostly disappeared by the suicidal course of the South, and their places are occupied by the war-made fortunes. Their number and affluence, in some measure, supply the wonted cultivation and refinement. The Southern people one meets now are those not permitted to return home; those who feel the degradation of their country too deeply to face it; and many families of mothers and daughters whose fathers and husbands are leading solitary and self-sacrificing lives, unwilling to trust their "womenkind" amid the lawless hordes which surround their isolated homes.

Economy.

The Americans.

Southerners.

ROME, February 18, 1868.

MY letter from "Genoa Superba," where we passed a dull, cold New Year's day (and we remained there, weather-bound, a fortnight), failed to do full justice to the extraordinary Corniche Road, bordering the Alps and Mediterranean. I ought not to have omitted that Napoleon I was the father of it, as well as of the famous Simplon

Rome.

and Mont Cenis passes, to connect France with Italy, to which the Italian policy had been opposed from the days of the Romans. Napoleon decided to do away with the barrier of the Alps. "No more Alps," he said.

Bonaparte.

It is singular, that without its being intentional, how often in our tours we have been on the track of that wonderful man. Corsica, where he was born, is seen from several points we visited on the Mediterranean ; as also Elba, made memorable by his residence. He pursued his studies for three years as subaltern of artillery at Valence, where we spent a day. At Avignon, another of our stopping-places, he fired his first gun in war. We were shown the spot at Toulon where he gained his first distinction. Our lodgings were adjacent to the Tuileries, in Paris, where, defending the Directory, he next defeated "The Sections." We passed along the Maritime Alps, which soon thereafter, in 1796, was the scene of his brilliant victories over the Sardinians and Austrians, and through Carignano, his headquarters during that campaign. At Frejus we saw where he landed on coming from Egypt in 1799. From Frejus he embarked for Elba in 1814. At Cannes we visited the spot where, in 1815, he landed to resume the sovereignty of France. At St. Cloud we saw the spot where he made himself Dictator,—“First Consul.” We had already been at Erfurt, where, in 1806, when at the height of his glory, he received the monarchs of the Continent as his vassals,—the pit of the theatre filled with crowned heads. At Waterloo we saw the battle-field that cost him his crown ; and we travelled not far from Rochefort, where he left France to surrender himself to “perfidious Albion,” as he had been accustomed to term England.

Frejus.

Perfidious Albion.

The *via trita* we have travelled has been closely connected with the historical events of the three great captains of the world. Each of them had invaded “Gaul,” as well as the present Italy,—Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon. All of them descended from the Alps to make conquests of the inviting and fertile fields of the South. But to paraphrase Patrick Henry, Hannibal had his Scipio, Cæsar his Brutus,

and Napoleon his Wellington. May modern victors "profit by their example."

Revenons à nos moutons. From Genoa to Lestri may be considered a continuation of the Corniche Road—even more striking. There can be no prospect more beautiful than from the mountain as we approached Spezzia, overlooking the harbor, the ocean, and the not very distant mountains of Carrara. The declining sun, falling upon their snow-capped peaks, shining like glaciers, and shedding on them a roseate hue, lit them up with a degree of splendor I have nowhere seen, though familiar with the Alps and the Pyrenees. We were now among the Apennines.

Corniche Road.

Spezzia, it will be recollected, is the best harbor on the Mediterranean, and was intended by Napoleon to supersede Toulon at the time his empire extended from Hamburg to Rome. The King of Italy is now making it his naval emporium. On our arrival there several of his ships of war were at anchor in the port. To the number has been lately added the Franklin, the flagship of Admiral Farragut, who is now at Florence. I crossed the Atlantic, in 1817, in the Franklin, then a 74, and the flagship of Commodore Stewart. Admirals Goldsborough and Dupont were then midshipmen on board of her.

Spezzia.

From Spezzia, in four hours, we went by railroad to Pisa, where we were again weatherbound for a fortnight. This is said to be an exceptional winter—colder than any other for about thirty years. Certainly until our arrival at Rome, we had seen nothing of "sunny Italy," but now the crocuses and violets are in bloom. However, the climate is yet far from genial to the invalid, not to compare with that of some of our Southern States.

Cold winter.

Pisa is evidently a place of the past, and contains little of interest besides its cluster of unrivalled buildings,—the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo,—"all built of the same marble, all varieties of the same architecture, all venerable with years, and fortunate both in their society and their solitude." From there, half an hour by rail took us to Leghorn, a large, wealthy,

Pisa.

Mendicants.

and commercial city. The superior excellence of its flat pavements is noticeable, but the city is greatly infested by beggars. It has been for many years a free port, but lately, beginning with 1868, it has been brought under the revenue laws of the kingdom of Italy, which is not a little irritating to its inhabitants.

From Leghorn, eleven hours by rail, through a sterile and uninteresting country, though passing through Civita Vecchia, brought us to Rome, which seems as quiet as if her disputed sovereignty was not agitating empires.

The Pope.

The first of the great sights we saw was the Holy Pontiff himself. In striking contrast with his earliest predecessor, he was clothed in sovereign white, riding along in a richly gilt coach, drawn by four long-tailed black horses, gorgeously caparisoned, three footmen in livery, and a mounted guard of about twenty soldiers, followed by a coach and four with attendants. In our carriage we took off our hats, and bowed; those by the wayside knelt. An Englishman told me one of the guard brandished his sword and compelled the party with them to quit their carriage and stand hat in hand. But we had a lady in ours. To them the Pope is invariably polite. A more appropriate place for our meeting his Holiness could not be found—St. Peter's before us, flanked by those wondrous colonnades, and the sparkling of those fountains, so simple, yet so beautiful. These are separated by an obelisk far older than Christianity itself. Neither the grandeur nor sublimity of St. Peter's is in the slightest degree impaired by the attacks upon the Pope's "temporalities."

St. Peter's.

We passed through the wonderful Basilica. On coming out, I asked my servant what he thought of it. "It is indescribable," he said; and there I will leave it. After a drive the same day on the unrivalled "Pincian," we returned home before sundown, as all warn us not to be out after four o'clock, and also, at this season, to make our stay brief in churches and galleries.

St. Paul's.

Our next day's pilgrimage was to renovated St. Paul's, outside the walls, where no people are; and the church itself for half the year is isolated by malarious influences; but association has conse-

crated the spot. This church boasted, until its destruction by fire in 1822, uninterrupted Christian service for fifteen hundred years! Its splendor now is something marvellous—all so bright and new. Its polished granite pillars, its resplendent marble walls and floor, its colossal statues, its pictured windows, make one wonder, in this age of exhausted treasures, how such a creation could be made. Its length, its breadth and height are all remarkable; and all along the nave and across the transept, one sees, in enduring mosaic, the long line of pontiffs from St. Peter to Pius IX, each portrait requiring the labor of a year to complete it. But Rome confessedly does miracles even in this era of skepticism. This church, until the Reformation, was under the special patronage of the kings of England. But Rome, though unexhausted and inexhaustible, is too hackneyed to write about.

Splendor.

American artists have won for themselves a high reputation even in Rome. As painters, the Chapmans, father and son, and Terry; as sculptors, Rinehart, Rogers, Story, Horatio Stone, Miss Hosmer, &c.

Artists.

The Carnival has begun; but not with the usual spirit. Only a few maskers have appeared in the Corso. The racing there is scarce worth seeing. More interest is felt in the hunt. At a late "meet," our countrywoman, Miss Cushman, of histrionic fame, took the brush. It has been often taken by Miss Hosmer. I attended a military review, lately, of some ten thousand of the Papal troops, of all arms. So far as appearance went nothing was wanting. Among the Zouaves, both officers and many of the privates, are young noblemen of the first families and fortunes of Rome. It is possible, not very long hence, we may hear of their achievements in the field.

Italian politics, in some respects, are not unlike our own. The varied interests of the different states are not entirely reconciled by "unity;" they have not been slow to learn that legislation for the Kingdom of Italy was by no means as satisfactory as a local government, which consulted the wants of each part. There is the antagonism of Conservatives and Radicals, and of Papists and Atheists. There is a great debt, and a paper currency. They have

Politics.

Political corruption.

most unwisely and unjustly confiscated church property, which does not enrich them; and they collect onerous taxes, which may fill pockets, but does not fill the treasury. It is said much of the political corruption ascribed to Catiline is to be found in Italy. They do not seem to understand that "justice," as Burke says, "is the extreme policy of nations."



ANCESTRY.





Col. JOHN TAYLOE.



A N C E S T R Y.

T A Y L O E.

THE following account of the Tayloe family, from the arrival in Virginia of the emigrant, William Taylor, of London, is compiled from the papers of the late Mr. Ogle Tayloe, the family records, and other sources.

William Taylor emigrated to Virginia in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and settled in the county of Lancaster. He married Anne, fourth daughter of Henry Corbin, of Hall End, Warwickshire, who also emigrated to Virginia about the year 1650, and settled in the parish of Stratton Major, in the county of King and Queen. Henry Corbin was the ancestor of the distinguished family of Corbin in Virginia. A brother of William Taylor married a daughter of Ralph Wormeley, of Middlesex, the ancestor of the Wormeleys; her sister Letitia married Richard Lee, of Westmoreland, second son of the emigrant Richard Lee, the ancestor of the Lees of the Revolution and of General Robert E. Lee; and her sister Alice married Philip Lightfoot, of Middlesex. Mrs. William Taylor died in Virginia in 1694.

The date of William Taylor's death is unknown, as is the cause of the change in the orthography of the family name from Taylor to Tayloe, which is supposed to have occurred in his lifetime. He was the proprietor of large estates, which he bequeathed to his son, the "Hon. Colonel John Tayloe," of the "Old House" in Richmond

William Taylor.

John Tayloe.

County, who married Elizabeth Gwynn Fauntleroy, daughter of ——— Fauntleroy, granddaughter of Major Samuel Griffin, and relict of Major Stephen Lyde. From his correspondence it is apparent that Colonel Tayloe was a man of education, and of no ordinary astuteness. He was a member of the King's Council for Virginia, and increased his hereditary estate by the purchase of Nanjemoy in Maryland, of Jonathan Forward, of London, about the year 1700, for £500. This estate consists of three thousand acres in Charles County, on the Potomac. The estate of Gwynnfield, in Essex, he acquired by his marriage. The Neabsco estate, in Prince William, he inherited from his mother, to whom it descended from her father, Henry Corbin. He was a gentleman of influence and high position, a vestryman of Lunenburg Church, Richmond County, and died in 1747, leaving a son, John Tayloe, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne Corbin.

His will.

The will of Colonel Tayloe was executed 3d of January, 1744, and proved 2d of November, 1747, by Hon. Thomas Lee and Colonel John Tayloe, two of the executors. It covers five pages. His younger brother, William Tayloe, by his will, executed 5th February, 1764, proved May, 1770, left his landed estate to William Digges, "who intermarried with his granddaughter, Elizabeth Wormeley," and divided his personal property equally between her and her mother, Ann, the wife of John Wormeley. His "loving nephew, John Tayloe, Esq., and his grandson, William Digges," were executors.

Hon. John Tayloe

The Hon. John Tayloe, son of the first Colonel John Tayloe, born May 28th, 1721, is known as the founder of Mount Airy, where he erected, in 1758, the magnificent family mansion, so memorable in the social annals of Virginia, and now the residence of his great-grandson. He married, July 11th, 1747, Rebecca, daughter of the Hon. George Plater, of Sotterly, St. Mary's County, Maryland, and was the father of twelve children, of whom one son and eight daughters survived him. Mr. Tayloe was a member of the King's Council in 1776, under Lord Dunmore, and of the first Republican Council

under Governor Henry. A friend of General Washington, he was associated with him as the executor of one of the Lees, the deviser of a large estate, upon which subject, General Washington, transferring to him the charge thereof, addressed to him a circumstantial memoir, dated at the interesting period when his headquarters were at Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was distinguished on the turf, at Annapolis and in Virginia, and the owner of Yorick, the most famous racer of his day, Jolly Roger, Jenny Cameron, and other celebrated horses. In Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," is inserted an interesting letter from Austin Brockenbrough, Esq., an American loyalist, who returned from England to Virginia in 1782. The letter was written on board the "Flag," in the Potomac River, and addressed to Mrs. Tayloe, of Mount Airy. The following extract contains a glowing tribute to the character of her deceased husband:

Washington.

Mr. Brockenbrough.

"My prayers—God help me!—for seven long years, have availed nothing; yet I shall cordially offer them, that Great Britain and America be again cemented by mutual interests, and that an honorable peace may soon take place. Should it be otherwise, I hope the din of war will never approach so near to Mount Airy as to produce the least disquietude, or in any manner disturb your repose. May your son be a great comfort to you! I am told he very much resembles his papa; and I most sincerely wish he may emulate his good qualities and eminent virtues. To surpass them can scarcely be expected—that so rarely falling to the lot of man. I cannot, dear Madam, help being highly interested in the welfare of a youth whose father always took pleasure in rendering my family his best services, and laid me under particular obligation, and gave the most lively instance of generosity and humanity, *unsolicited*, at a time when party prejudices ran high against me, and in the moment when I was reduced to the most lamentable and critical situation that man could be driven into."

The following letter, addressed by Colonel Tayloe to Ralph Wormeley, Esq., of Rosegill, on the intended marriage of a daughter of the writer to a son of the latter, exhibits his anxiety for his children's welfare in a very favorable light:

Ralph Wormeley.

DEAR SIR:

Mrs. Lee left a packet of great consequence to me in the chamber where she slept at your house, which I am obliged to send for. Therefore have the more speedy opportunity of returning my sincere thanks for your friendly letter by your

son, who is well, and mine, I thank God, much better than he has been, though much reduced and looks very badly ; but hope, as his thrush is gone, when his teeth come out, he may mend fast, and hope to hear your lady is perfectly recovered, and all the rest of your family well.

The provision you propose for your son in your lifetime, with what will be his after, is satisfactory to me, provided it be not too heavily incumbered with legacies and debts, and it is necessary to guard against any want that may possibly happen ; therefore approve of your proposal with respect to a settlement, in case you should survive your son, in either way you please. I only wish my daughter's change in life to be made comfortable to her, and guarded against every contingency. I am satisfied she can live happily with you, yet my tenderness for her creates fears, I must own, and hope they may never be more. But the subject is too tender to speak more plainly upon. I proposed the only mode in my power to give my daughter a fortune, and, if not accepted, I will not engage to do what depends on the will of others, and not my own ; for it will not suit my convenience to pay her fortune in any other manner than from moneys due to me, of which I have not been able to collect a sufficiency to pay my eldest daughter's fortune, who, though in affluence, is yet entitled to the preference, and must have it from me, unless otherwise proposed by her husband, or shall think I do not do justice. My second is otherwise provided for. Nannie stands next in turn, but having no offer yet, may be provided for in time, perhaps as soon as wanted. My desire is to make my children as happy as I can, and as soon as possible.

Our best respects attend your family.

I am, dear sir, your obedient, humble servant,

JOHN TAYLOR.

MOUNT AIRY, August 4th, 1772.

Richard Corbin.

Colonel Tayloe died suddenly, on the 18th of April, 1779. His elder brother, William, died in 1726, at the age of ten years. His eldest sister, Elizabeth, married Colonel Richard Corbin, of Laneville, in King and Queen, President of the King's Council and Receiver of the King's Quitrents in Virginia, in 1776. His youngest sister, Anne Corbin, married Colonel Mann Page, of Rosewell, in Gloucester, son of Colonel Mann Page, who erected that superb mansion in the early part of the eighteenth century, the cost of which was so great that his son was compelled to sell twenty-four thousand acres of land to pay the debt incurred by its erection.

WILL.

The will of the "first Colonel John Tayloe of Mount Airy" was executed the 22d of May, 1773 ; proved 5th of July, 1779, by Ralph Wormeley, Francis L. Lee, Warner Lewis, Jr., and Mann Page, Jr., the executors.

Colonel Tayloe, as a member of the King's Council, had a town house at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, for his winter residence. Here and at Mount Airy he was renowned for his hospitality. He had a band at Mount Airy composed of his own servants, whom he had instructed in music, for the entertainment of his guests. Lord Dunmore, royal Governor of Virginia, was a visitor at Mount Airy a few years before the breaking out of hostilities in 1776.

Colonel Tayloe's eight daughters all married gentlemen of the highest position and members of the most distinguished families in Maryland and Virginia, as will appear from the following record:

1. Elizabeth, born in 1750, married in 1767 Colonel Edward Lloyd, of Wye House, Talbot County, Maryland, a gentleman of great wealth, long descent, and high respectability. He was President of the Council of Maryland, and the father of Edward Lloyd, Governor of that State, and a Senator of the United States. Wye, the residence of the Lloyds for more than two centuries, is one of the most valuable estates in America, comprising about twenty thousand acres, and is still in the possession of the family, Colonel Edward Lloyd, the present proprietor, being the seventh in descent from the original owner.

2. Rebecca, born in 1752, married in 1769 Francis Lightfoot Lee, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, a brother of Richard Henry Lee, and an orator and statesman of the first eminence. His residence was Manakin, in Richmond County, Virginia.

3. Anne Corbin, born in 1753, married in 1773 Major Thomas Lomax, of Port Tobago, in Caroline County, a beautiful estate on the Rappahannock. He was the father of the eminent jurist, John Tayloe Lomax, Professor of Law in the University of Virginia, and of Major Mann Page Lomax, U. S. A., an accomplished officer and a brilliant wit.

4. Eleanor, born in 1756, married in 1772 her cousin, the Hon. Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill, in Middlesex, a member of the King's Council for Virginia at the close of Lord Dunmore's administration,

Marriages.

Colonel Lloyd.

Francis L. Lee.

Major Lomax.

Ralph Wormeley

a gentleman of great dignity of character, and endowed with rare talents and learning of a high order. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge in England, and was renowned for his classical attainments. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds represents him in his university robes. Ralph Wormeley and his relative, John Randolph Grymes, of Brandon, were regarded as the best classical scholars of their day at Eton. Unfortunately Mr. Wormeley's inclinations led him to the side of the crown in our Revolutionary struggle, and he spent the greater portion of his life in retirement. He died at Rosegill in 1806.

Mann Page.

5. Mary, born in 1759, married in 1776 her cousin, Colonel Mann Page, of Mansfield, in Spottsylvania, a son of Mann Page, of Rosewell, in Gloucester County, and a half-brother of Governor John Page.

Landon Carter.

6. Catharine, born in 1761, married in 1780 Colonel Landon Carter, of Sabine Hall, Richmond County, a descendant from "King Carter" of Corotoman, and a gentleman of the first distinction.

Wm. A. Washington.

7. Sarah, born in 1765, married in 1799 Colonel William Augustine Washington, of Haywood, in Westmoreland, a nephew of General Washington, and educated by him.

Colonel Beverley.

8. Jane, born in 1774, married in 1791 Colonel Robert Beverley, of Blandfield in Essex, a descendant of Robert Beverley so renowned in the early history of Virginia, of Beverley the historian, and of the Byrds, the Blands, the Carters, and the Wormeleys.

Col. John Tayloe.

Colonel John Tayloe, only son of the founder of Mount Airy, was born at that place on the 3d of September, 1771. At the death of his father, in 1779, he was left to the guardianship of his brother-in-law, the Hon. Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill, by whom he was sent to Eton, at the age of fourteen, to be educated.

The following letter, written by him in his seventeenth year, to Mr. Wormeley, indicates a desire on his part to obtain a university education, as well as habits of industry and application to his studies, highly commendable in one so young:

Eton, 28th January, 1788.

DEAR SIR :

The great satisfaction that your approbation of my wishes respecting my sisters has necessarily given me, would have been still heightened had you acquainted me that you had complied with my request on that head.

Indeed, my dear sir, I shall ever esteem myself to be obligated in the highest degree to you for the opportunity I now enjoy of gaining the blessings of a good education, which, however unsuccessful my endeavors may prove, shall not be lost by want of application on my part, as well as for your having placed me under the inestimable direction of the Major. And, believe me, that the hope of rendering myself worthy of your esteem and future intimacy both excites and supports my application as well at school as at home; in the latter of which situations we are by no means idle, as there the Major insists on our making good the deficiencies of Eton. The last holydays we were kept closely to the French language under an excellent master.

I have written to my sister Lloyd, requesting her to persuade Mr. Lloyd to send little Edward to Eton, and should be extremely happy to see him here.

In compliance with your desire to know the particulars of my situation here, and of the present state of the school, I am to acquaint you that we are very happy in our tutor and dame,—the latter of whom is Miss Davis, who is the sister of Dr. Davis, and lives at the bottom of the lane, and in the same house where Dr. Davis lived in your day. My tutor, Mr. Stevenson, came to school after you left it, and is not a relative of your old friend, Mr. David Stevenson. The head master of the upper school is Dr. Davis, who was formerly Mr. Grymes' and the Major's tutor, to which circumstance we are not a little indebted, as he was well pleased at renewing an acquaintance with his old pupil. The remove master is Dr. Sumner, son of the Dr. Sumner of your day, who is long since dead. The upper fourth form master is Mr. Heath, brother to Mr. Heath of your day, who is now a Fellow of Eton. The second fourth form master is Mr. Foster, a relation of Dr. Foster, late head master of Eton. The third is a Mr. Goodall, who also must have come to school after you left it. There are still but three removes in the fourth form; indeed I do not hear there has been any alteration in any of the school arrangements since you left it. Of the lower school, Dr. Langford supplies the place of the late Dr. Dampier. Mr. Prior, who was here in your day, and Mr. Hinde, preside over the third form. Mr. Savage has the command of the second form, and my tutor has that of the first. The number of boys do not exceed four hundred. So much for the detail of Eton, which I should not have intruded on you had you not desired it.

I am extremely sorry, my dear sir, to find, by your letter to the Major, per Captain Woodrow, that you design to keep me three years longer at school, at the end of which period I shall be very nearly of age. I am fully sensible of the great superiority of your judgment and of your good intentions towards me; but as it is now the general system for boys to leave school at the age of eighteen, I have hitherto flattered myself that at that age I should be removed to a situation where useful and real knowledge is to be acquired, which cannot be attained here. And, for the adoption of my removal to the University at the age of eighteen I am the more anxious, in order that my education may be completed by the time I shall

Eton College.

Dr. Sumner.

The University.

be of age, when I am at present determined to return immediately to my native country,—my attachment to which, I trust, will never be shaken.

At the age of eighteen I shall have been better than six months in the fifth form, and it shall be my constant endeavor to become sufficiently grounded in classical knowledge to pursue that line of study with full effect at the University, when, should any pecuniary inconvenience arise from the embarrassments of the estate, I shall most readily accommodate myself to the allowance that you may think proper to make me, however circumscribed it may be. My hope of so early a return to Virginia must depend on the earliest completion of my education. I rely on your goodness to excuse the liberty I have taken; and I hope that you will believe, however unsuccessful my wishes on the above subject may prove, that I shall ever remain,

With gratitude and esteem,

Yours affectionate friend and servant,

J. TAYLOR.

Classmates.

Colonel Tayloe's request to be allowed to enter the University in the year 1788, was granted by Mr. Wormeley, and he entered at Christ College in that year, and was graduated in 1791. At Eton and at Cambridge he was the associate of Wellington, of George Canning, afterward Prime Minister, of Sir Edward Thornton, who was British Minister to the United States during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, and of others who subsequently became the most distinguished characters in Great Britain; and on terms of great intimacy with the Marquis of Waterford, the Beresfords, Lord Graves, and Sir Grey Skipwith, a native of Virginia, through whom he had access to the best society in England, where he acquired those Chesterfieldian manners then in vogue, by which he was distinguished, as well as by his nice sense of honor, and scrupulous regard to his word and all his obligations, which he punctually discharged with a religious fidelity. At the age of twenty he returned to America, and soon afterward succeeded to the largest estate in Virginia, with an income of about sixty thousand dollars a year. On the 4th of October, 1792, soon after he became of age, he was married to the daughter of Governor Ogle, of Maryland. At this period of his life he was distinguished for the unrivalled splendor of his household and equipages. He entered upon the turf with great spirit (having inherited Yorick and other celebrated horses from his father), and

Marriage.

his race-horses Bel Air, Grey Diomed, Calypso, and others, were the most distinguished of their day. He imported horses from England at great cost, and soon rose to the head of the turf in Virginia, maintaining his position with great brilliancy until his final retirement, about 1810.

Colonel Tayloe, after his marriage, took an active part in public affairs as a member of the Federal party, and the warm personal friend of General Washington. He served as Captain of Dragoons in the army sent to Western Pennsylvania, under General Henry Lee, to put down the "whiskey insurgents," and was appointed by President Adams in 1799 a Major of Light Dragoons, U. S. A. On this appointment he was congratulated by General Washington in the following letter:

A Federalist.

MOUNT VERNON, 23d January, 1799.

DEAR SIR :

The Gazettes, which, I presume, you have seen, having announced your appointment as Major in the Regiment of Light Dragoons, I shall add no more than a wish that it may be acceptable to you, as it is a very honorable one for any gentleman who has not been in or seen much service.

The other Major now is, and has been in the dragoon service several years a Captain, is a man of family, genteel in his person, has given proofs of his gallant behavior, and was wounded in General Wayne's victory over the combined Indian force in the year 1794.* Colonel Watts, you will no doubt have heard, was esteemed one of the best cavalry officers we had in the Revolutionary War, and whose merit is particularly well known in this state.

In a word, I believe it may be said, that a more respectable corps of officers cannot well be than this, if all the appointments are accepted.

With great esteem and regard, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

JOHN TAYLOR, Esq.,
At Mount Airy.

Colonel Tayloe, having just been elected to the Senate of Virginia after a fatiguing contest, hesitated before accepting this appointment in the army, on the ground, as he wrote to General Washington, that if he should accept, his seat in the Senate would inevitably be filled by an opponent of the Administration. He, therefore, in

Elected to Senate of Virginia.

* Solomon Van Rensselaer, of Albany, subsequently a General, and the hero of Queenstown.

Washington's letters to Colonel Tayloe.

this dilemma, asks the advice of General Washington. In reply, General Washington writes as follows:

MOUNT VERNON, 12th February, 1799.

DEAR SIR:

By your servant, I have this moment (on my return from Alexandria) been favored with your two letters of the 10th instant.

For the compliment you have been pleased to pay me, in asking my opinion of the eligibility of accepting your late appointment in the Army of the United States, I pray you to accept my thanks.

However desirous I might have been of seeing you engaged in that line, candor requires that I should declare that, under your statement of the circumstances of the case, I am inclined to believe that your services in the civil line, in the present crisis of our affairs, and the temper in particular in which *this state* appears to be (if it be fair to form a judgment from the acts of its legislature), would be more important. The first is contingent, of course may or may not be called for, according to our doings in the latter. The second is *in existence*, and requires the active, and, I may venture to add, the immediate exertions of the friends of order and good government, to prevent the evils in which it is but too apparent another description of men among us are endeavoring to involve the United States.

No evil, that I perceive, can result at this stage of the recruiting service from the postponement of a final decision respecting your appointment to a Majority in the Regiment of Light Dragoons; and as you have it in contemplation (as apparent by your letter to the Secretary of War) to visit Philadelphia shortly, I will suspend a further expression of my sentiments on this subject until I have the pleasure of seeing you at this place.

With best respects to Mrs. Tayloe, in which Mrs. Washington and Miss Custis unite,

I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

The following letters were addressed by General Washington to Colonel Tayloe in the same year—the year of his death:

MOUNT VERNON, March 31st, 1799.

DEAR SIR:

Your favor of the 26th from Mansfield, with its inclosure (which I return), came duly to hand.

I regret your not being able to proceed further than Mansfield on your journey hither; and still more the cause, which, ere this, I hope is entirely removed.

At all times and upon all occasions I should be glad to see you under my roof.

With best respects to Mrs. Tayloe, in which Mrs. Washington joins,

I remain, with esteem and regard, dear sir,

Your obedient and very humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

JNO. TAYLOE, ESQ.,
Mount Airy, Richmond County.

DEAR SIR :

MOUNT VERNON, 5th May, 1799.

I received yesterday your favor of the 29th ult. ; and by to-morrow's post, for Baltimore, the inclosures will be dispatched to meet you at Annapolis.

* * * * *

With sincere pleasure I received the information of Generals Lee and Marshall's elections.* Had the majorities in their favor been greater it would have added *goût* to the result. But they are elected, and this alone is pleasing.

With Mrs. Washington's compliments, united with miue, to Mrs. Tayloe, and with my respects to Governor Ogle,

I am, dear sir, with esteem and regard,

Your obedient and humble servant,

GO. WASHINGTON.

JNO. TAYLOR, Esq.,
Annapolis.

Lee and Marshall

After serving nine years in the Legislature as Delegate and Senator, he was a candidate for Congress in 1799, and was defeated (his Federalism and the aristocratic principles ascribed to him having become unpopular), and on his defeat withdrew altogether from political life, and devoted himself to his family, his friends, and his extensive agricultural concerns. His plantations were universally known for their fertility, their peculiar neatness, and their systematic culture. In the course of a few years he purchased Oaken Brow, Cloverdale, Brunswick Forge, and ultimately Wellington, Middlebrook, and Windsor, besides property in the city of Washington, where he erected the Octagon about the commencement of the century. His splendid hospitality was no longer confined to Mount Airy. Washington became his winter residence in 1801, and in that city he maintained until his death an establishment renowned throughout the country. Here he entertained, in the most generous manner, all persons of distinction, whether Americans or foreigners, who visited Washington, and imparted an elevated tone to society in that city, the effects of which were visible through the next generation. He established the Washington Race-course, where the best horses in Maryland, Virginia, and other states, contended for the

Estates.

The turf

* Henry Lee and John Marshall, Federalists, recently elected to the United States House of Representatives.

mastery ; and in 1800 sent *Black Maria* to Charleston, South Carolina, where she beat Colonel William Washington's *Shark*. At this period of his life he was the owner of the celebrated *Leviathan*, *Virago*, *Gallatin*, *Sir Archy*, and many other race-horses memorable in the annals of the American turf, and his stables at Mount Airy contained from thirty to forty blood horses of all ages.

Sir Aug. J. Foster.

Sir Augustus J. Foster, who was secretary of legation to Mr. Merry, British Minister to the United States in 1804, in his "*Residence at Washington*," privately printed, and reviewed in the "*London Quarterly*" for 1841, refers to Colonel Tayloe as having at that time an income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year, as investing thirty-three thousand dollars annually in the purchase of land, and as being engaged in the manufacture of iron, in ship-building, and in various other enterprises. He was at this period the President of the first United States Branch Bank in Washington, the charter of which expired in 1811, and an energetic participant in all measures which tended to the promotion of the growth and prosperity of the city.

When the indignation of the American people was aroused by the affair of the Chesapeake and *Leopard*, Colonel Tayloe again proffered his services in a military capacity to his country, and was elected to the command of the Richmond County Regiment of Virginia Militia, but his confirmation was prevented by the political complexion of the executive of the state. On the breaking out of the War of 1812 he was appointed to the command of the Cavalry of the District of Columbia, with which he was engaged in active service. For military affairs he had a decided taste. By nature and education he was admirably fitted to acquire renown in the career of a soldier.

Sir Edw. Thornton.

Sir Edward Thornton, who preceded Mr. Merry as Envoy from Great Britain during Mr. Jefferson's administration, was an intimate friend of Colonel Tayloe at the University of Cambridge. He was an accomplished gentleman and a distinguished diplomat. His name is borne by his godson, Edward Thornton Tayloe, of Powhatan

Hill, Virginia, son of Colonel Tayloe, and by Edward Thornton Tayloe, of Alabama, his grandson.

The following letter was addressed by Sir Edward to Colonel Tayloe in 1807, at the date of the departure of Mr. George Henry Rose for Washington, on a peace mission, after the affair of the Chesapeake :

LONDON, 25th October, 1807.

DEAR TAYLOE :

It is now so long since I have heard either of yourself or any of my friends in America, that I should almost be afraid of venturing to write to you, if I did not know the kindness of your heart, and if I did not flatter myself that I always preserve a place in your remembrance and esteem. I know I cannot have deserved to forfeit it, for I shall never cease to cherish the memory of your friendship. We have neither of us, however, as it appears, been very solicitous to cultivate it by correspondence, and I can easily find for you the same excuse in your domestic occupations, and in the activity of your mind towards everything which engages it, as you must allow to me in the employment of the busy, trying, and difficult scenes which I have been witness to for the last two years.

Mr. George Henry Rose, who goes to America on a public mission, and whom you may remember at Cambridge, furnishes me the occasion of bringing myself to your recollection, and I must beg you to use your kind exertions in his behalf. I will not talk to you of the object of his mission nor of the politics of the times since I left you ; that would lead me in a wide field, of the dimensions of which I am myself ignorant. I know how much *you* wish for peace, and for that understanding with England on which and the prosperity of England the very existence of America as an independent country depends. God knows whether others in America see the point in the same light.

Mr. Rose.

If you have an opportunity of seeing Mr. John Randolph, pray call me kindly to his remembrance.

In writing to you I regard myself as addressing Mrs. Tayloe, to whom you will remember me most affectionately, as well as the boys and girls, not forgetting my godson.

I have written to Mr. Ogle, and have of course remembered the handsome grandmother in my letter.

Mrs. Ogle.

God bless you, my dear Tayloe, and be assured of the truth and affection with which I always shall be

Your very faithful friend and servant,

EDWARD THORNTON.

Colonel Tayloe had among his servants a man named Reuben, who was his master ship-builder at Occoquan, and drafted all the vessels built there. He had, by direction of Colonel Tayloe, been regularly instructed in his art in Baltimore, and was a very excellent mechanic.

356	ANCESTRY.
Archy.	<p>Colonel Tayloe was a humane master, and highly respected by his numerous servants. One evening in Richmond, while driving in his own carriage with a friend, and being about to cross a bridge, they were in a perilous condition through the giving way of the structure. They were compelled to leave the carriage. Colonel Tayloe's body servant, Archy, opened the door, and Colonel Tayloe's friend, who sat next it, prepared to descend; but Archy respectfully prevented him with the remark, "Master first."</p>
Death.	<p>Colonel Tayloe erected in 1818 the hotel known in after years as Willards, on the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street, in the city of Washington. His great estates in Kentucky he gave away during his life to relatives less favored by fortune than himself.</p>
Count Menin.	<p>During the last years of his life Colonel Tayloe was a martyr to dyspepsia. He died March 23d, 1828, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, at the Octagon, and was buried at Mount Airy. A superb portrait of him by Stuart, painted in 1804, and the engraved miniature in profile by Count Menin, of about the same date, inserted in the present volume, were regarded by his family as truthful and exact.</p>
Valdemont.	<p>NOTE.—St. Menin and Valdemont, two young and elegant French noblemen, came to this country after the French Revolution, about 1795; and, being quite destitute, but highly accomplished, took portraits for a livelihood—the one sketching, the other engraving. After taking all the most prominent persons in New York and Philadelphia, they came to Washington, where they were received with much favor, and where they took a large number of likenesses—among them that of Colonel Tayloe, inserted in the present volume.</p>
Mr. Dexter.	<p>Some ten or fifteen years ago an auction was held in a small town in France of the effects of one of the descendants of these gentlemen. At this sale a Mr. Dexter, of New York, purchased a large number of the copper-plates, which have been photographed in that city, but very few were recognized. The late Mr. Isaac Bell was able to identify many of the New Yorkers, and was the only person who could give Mr. Dexter any information in regard to them. The plates are still in the possession of Mr. Dexter.</p>

OGLE.

The Ogles were a very ancient Saxon family. It is recorded on the monument of the Barons Ogle, in the church and castle of Bothell, in Northumberland, that William the Conqueror gave to Humphrey Ogle, Esq., the manor of Ogle, to hold as free as he held the same before the Conquest. The Ogles of Maryland are descended from William Ogle, third son of Sir Robert Ogle, father of the first Lord Ogle, created Baron about the year 1461. Governor Samuel Ogle was a son of "Commissioner Ogle," as he was styled on account of his commission to Ireland by Queen Anne. He was a Captain of Horse in the British Army, and was appointed Governor of Maryland in the year 1737. He returned to England in 1742, and came again to Maryland as Governor in 1747, continuing in office until his death, at Annapolis, in 1751. At the time of his death he was a Lieutenant-General in the British Army. Governor Ogle was a gentleman of large fortune, from Northumberland County. His town residence was in Saville Row, Bond Street, London. He married, in Annapolis, Ann, daughter of the Hon. Benjamin Tasker, President of the Council of Maryland for thirty-two years, and universally respected and beloved for his "probity, benevolence, and courtesy." Her mother was a daughter of William Bladen, Esq., of Annapolis, who was the father of Governor Bladen. Mrs. Ogle was much younger than her husband, and was left a widow at an early age; in which state she remained, notwithstanding earnest entreaty to change it, until her death, at the age of nearly one hundred years, at Annapolis, in 1815. Mrs. Ogle spent several years in England, where she lived on terms of intimacy with her cousin, the Countess of Essex, referred to in Lord Chesterfield's Letters as "the interesting Harriet Bladen."

Governor Ogle imported from England the celebrated race-horse Spark, presented to him by Lord Baltimore, to whom he had been presented by Prince Frederick, the father of George the Third, and

Gov. Samuel Ogle.

Mrs. Ogle.

Gov. Benj. Ogle.

was among the first patrons of the turf in Maryland in 1750, the date of the establishment of the Annapolis Race-course.

His son, Governor Benjamin Ogle, was born in Maryland, February 7th, 1749; was educated in England, and would have entered the British Navy had it not have been for a collision with one of the Lords of the Admiralty. He married, September 10th, 1770, Henrietta Margaret, daughter of Henry Hill, Esq., of Prince George, a very beautiful and accomplished woman. Governor Ogle resided on his paternal estate, Bel Air, in the county of Prince George. His winter residence was Annapolis. He was the personal and political friend of Washington, and was elected Governor of Maryland by the Federal party in 1798. His term of office expired in 1801, when he retired to private life.

The following extract, from an article communicated by Mr. Tayloe to the "National Intelligencer," date unknown, contains a just and eloquent tribute to the high-toned character of his grandfather, Governor Benjamin Ogle:

Mr. Jefferson.

"In these times it seems to be forgotten that Mr. Jefferson's elevation to the Presidency might have been defeated but for the firmness of such Federal patriots as Hamilton, Bayard, Jay, and Ogle. Had the latter, when Governor of Maryland, or Governor Jay, of New York, but pursued a course by which Van Buren, Wright, and other politicians of that school, retained power in their own hands, rather than permit the people of New York to vote for a President of their choice, Governor Ogle or Governor Jay might have been the means of re-electing the elder Adams to the Presidency. But to defeat the choice of the people by an abuse of power, as well as by other profligate means that had scarcely been dreamed of, has been reserved for the patriots of these modern and degenerate days. It is refreshing to recur to a striking contrast with such men. Let them turn over a leaf in our political history, and on one of its brightest pages they will find an example every way worthy of their imitation.

Robt. G. Harper.

"The leading political men of that day (1801) of the Federal party in Maryland—the late Robert G. Harper (who wrote a pamphlet for the occasion), the present-Chief Justice of the United States, the Hon. Roger B. Taney, the late Hon. Philip Barton Key, and other political friends of Governor Ogle—exerted their utmost power and influence to cause him to convene the *then* Legislature, as with its vote Mr. Jefferson could not be elected. But, with Roman firmness, Governor Ogle, resisting all persuasions, discharged his duty, and left the choice of electors to the last elected Legislature, although politically opposed to him, and its vote was given to Mr. Jefferson—wanting which he would have failed at that time in his election to the Presidency. Governor Ogle solemnly declared

that no consideration could induce him to take any office under Jefferson. He retired forever to the shades of private life, and died loved and revered by all who knew him."

In a manuscript note appended to the above, Mr. Tayloe adds the following words:

"Strict integrity, the most elevated and unsullied honor, united with the kindest and most amiable feelings of the heart, were the characteristics of my grandfather. One who knew him well, the late Colonel Nathaniel Burwell, of Virginia, said, 'He was *the* most perfect gentleman; I never knew any one like him.'"

Colonel Burwell.

Governor Ogle died at Bel Air, in 1808.

Colonel Benjamin Ogle, son of Governor Ogle, and brother of Mrs. John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, succeeded his father as the master of Bel Air. He was educated in England, and was well known to many now living as a well-read, humorous, and most estimable gentleman. He married Miss Gibson, of Magothy, and died in April, 1844. Of his daughters, one married Colonel William Tayloe, of Mount Airy; another, Colonel Edward T. Tayloe, of Powhatan Hill; and another, Mr. William Woodville, an English gentleman, resident in Baltimore, of a very old family, and a nephew of Mr. Richard Caton.

TASKER.

The Hon. Benjamin Tasker was born in 1690, and died the 19th of June, 1768, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. At the time of his death he was President of the Council of Maryland, a post he had occupied for thirty-two years. For his probity, equanimity, candor, benevolence, and courteous deportment, he was universally respected and beloved.

Hon. Benjamin Tasker.

Mr. Tasker was a delegate to the Colonial Congress which assembled in Albany in 1754, and kept a diary of his journey on horseback from Annapolis to that place. At Philadelphia he was joined by Dr. Franklin, who was also a delegate to the Congress, and they went on from that city together.

Mr. Tasker had but one son, Colonel Benjamin Tasker, who died before him, at the age of thirty-nine years. He was Secretary of the Colony of Maryland, and distinguished on the turf as the owner of Tasker's Selima, by the Godolphin Arabian. Colonel Tasker died unmarried, and the family in the male line is extinct.

Mrs. Ann Tasker.

Mrs. Ann Tasker, wife of the Hon. Benjamin Tasker, and mother of Colonel Tasker, was a daughter of William Bladen, Esq., and died at Annapolis in December, 1775, at the age of seventy-four years. Her surviving children were — Ann, relict of Samuel Ogle, Esq., twice Governor of the Province of Maryland; Rebecca, relict of the Hon. Daniel Dulany, last Provincial Secretary of Maryland; Elizabeth, relict of Christopher Lowndes, Esq.; and Frances, married to Robert Carter, Esq., of Virginia, a member of the King's Council.

BLADEN.

William Bladen.

William Bladen, a gentleman of Yorkshire, came to Maryland, in the early part of the last century, as an officer of the customs for the port of Annapolis, and died there in July, 1718, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

His son, Thomas Bladen, was Governor of Maryland in 1745 and 1746, and commenced the erection of a large and elegant gubernatorial mansion, which the legislature refused to complete. It remained unfinished for forty years, when it was presented by the state to St. John's College.

Governor Bladen.

Governor Bladen returned to England before the Revolution. He married a daughter of Sir Theodore Jansen, of Low Layton, in Essex. Her sister married Lord Baltimore. Governor Bladen was an accomplished gentleman, and a favorite in the most polished and refined circles of English society. His daughter, Harriet Bladen, married, in 1769, the Earl of Essex, and was living at the time of Mr. Ogle Tayloe's first visit to London, in 1817. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, thus alludes to her: "Our friend,

Harriet Bladen, with a fortune of £20,000, is about to be married to the Earl of Essex." Her grandson, the present Earl, married a daughter of the Duke of St. Albans, and is highly esteemed as one of the most accomplished and worthy members of the English Peerage. His ancestral residence is Cashiobury Park, one of the most beautiful places in all England.

Captain Bladen Capel, of the British Navy, who commanded the Culloden, of eighty guns, off this coast in the war of 1812, was a son of the Countess of Essex, and a grandson of Governor Bladen. He rose to be an admiral and a baronet.

PLATER.

The Platers of Sotterley, County of Suffolk, in England, were descended from Thomas Playters, of Thornden and Sotterley, who died in 1479, and lies interred in Sotterley Church. Sir Thomas Playters, of Sotterley, High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1605, was created a baronet in 1623.

—— Plater emigrated to Maryland in 16—, and settled in St. Mary's County, on the Patuxent. His descendant, the Hon. George Plater, was a member of the Colonial Council before the Revolution, and the proprietor of a valuable estate on the Patuxent called Sotterley, from the ancestral residence in England. His daughter, Rebecca, married the Hon. John Tayloe, the founder of Mount Airy, July 11th, 1747. His son, the Hon. George Plater, of Sotterley, was the President of the Convention which framed the first State Constitution of Maryland, and Governor of that State during a part of the year 1792. He was a gentleman of high character and great popularity. Governor Plater married Miss Rowsby, and had five children.

Hon. Geo. Plater.

1. George Plater, of Sotterley.

2. Rebecca, married General Uriah Forrest, of Rosedale, a gallant officer of the Revolution, who lost a leg at Germantown.

3. Thomas Plater, of Georgetown and Montgomery County, Maryland.

4. John Plater, of St. Mary's, a Judge of the Circuit Court.

5. Anne, the wife of Philip Barton Key, of Woodley and Georgetown.

The mother of Rebecca Plater, who married John Tayloe, of Mount Airy, was Mrs. Bolles, a widow when she married George Plater. Besides her three daughters by George Plater, she had three daughters by her first husband,—Mrs. Warner Lewis, Mrs. William Armistead, and Mrs. Ralph Wormeley, of Rosegill, Virginia, whose son married his cousin, Miss Eleanor Tayloe, of Mount Airy.

CORBIN.

The Corbins.

Henry Corbin, the emigrant, was descended from Richard Corbion or Corbin, who gave lands to the Abbey of Talesworth in the reign of Henry II, between the years 1154 and 1161. His descendant, Nicholas Corbin, was seized of Hall End and other lands in the county of Warwickshire—*jure uxoris*—in the reigns of Richard III and Henry VIII. From this time Hall End became the residence of the Corbins.

Henry Corbin came over to Virginia about the year 1650. He was the third son of Thomas Corbin, of Hall End, who married Winifred Grosvenor, of Sutton Colfield, County Warwickshire. Henry Corbin married, July 25th, 1645, Alice, daughter of Richard Eltonhead, of Eltonhead, County Lancaster; and, on his arrival in Virginia, resided first in the parish of Stratton Major, in King and Queen, and afterwards at Buckingham House, in Middlesex, where the ruins of a chapel, said to have been attached to his residence, are still visible. Henry Corbin was an influential member of the King's Council, and his portrait, by an eminent artist, in his robes of office, is still preserved at Mount Airy, the family seat of the Tayloes.

Henry Corbin was probably born in 1624. He was a prominent member of the Episcopal Church in Virginia.

Henry Corbin.

In the vestry-book of Christ Church in Middlesex, under date 1663, the first entry, according to Bishop Meade, records the appointment of Henry Corbin to keep the register of the parish. In 1666, Major-General Robert Smith and Henry Corbin were directed to write to Richard Perot, then in England, for a minister. Bishop Meade also publishes the following record in his valuable work on the "Old Families and Churches of Virginia:"

"John Lee, Henry Corbin, Thomas Gerrard, and Isaac Allerton, entered into a compact, dated 30th of March, 1670 (recorded 27th of March, 1674), to build a banqueting-house at the corner of their respective lands."

This banqueting-house was probably in Westmoreland, where Lee and Allerton resided, and where Corbin owned a tract called Peekatone. Henry Corbin died in Virginia, January 8th, 1676. Through the marriage of his daughter, Ann, to William Taylor, he became the maternal ancestor of the Tayloes. He left large estates in England and Virginia, and two sons,—Thomas, a merchant in London, who died unmarried, and Gawen, of King and Queen, who married, first, a daughter of Ralph Wormeley, of Middlesex; and second, a daughter of John Lane, of Laneville, on the York River. Of the five daughters of Henry Corbin, Letitia married Richard Lee, of Westmoreland, the ancestor of the Lees of the Revolution, a graduate of Oxford, and distinguished for his classical attainments; Alice, Philip Lightfoot, of Middlesex; Winifred, Le Roy Griffin, of Richmond; Ann, William Taylor, of London; and Frances, Ed. Jennings, of Ripon, county of York, in England, and Ripon, in Virginia.

Family.

The will of Henry Corbin is dated 25th July, 1675, and commences in the following impressive manner:

Will.

"In the name of God. Amen. I, Henry Corbin, of the Rappahannock River, in Virginia, blessed be God, in reasonable health and sound memory, make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following:

"My body I commit to the earth, and soul to God, my Creator, and to Jesus Christ, my beloved Saviour and Redeemer."

By this will he devises to his children large estates, and appoints as guardians to his minor children Sir Henry Threshley, Thomas Ludwell, Esq., Major Richard Lee, and Captain Ralph Wormeley, with others.

The eldest son of Gawen Corbin, and grandson of Henry, was Colonel Richard Corbin, of Laneville, in King and Queen, born about the year 1708. He was a gentleman of the first eminence in the colony, and lived in great state at his elegant seat, Laneville, inherited from his mother. In 1776 he was President of the King's Council and Receiver of the King's Quitrents in Virginia. Colonel Richard Corbin married his relative, Elizabeth, daughter of the first Colonel John Tayloe, "a lady of great beauty and fortune," as announced in the "Williamsburg Gazette" of July 27th, 1737, and left a large family, the most distinguished member being "Francis Corbin, sometime of the Temple, London, and afterwards of the Reeds, Caroline County, Virginia." Francis Corbin was educated in England, and is described by Mr. Ogle Tayloe, who knew him intimately, as a gentleman "whose cultivation of mind and manners, with graces that would have charmed a Chesterfield, would have made him an ornament and a man of mark in any court of Europe." He married Ann Monford, daughter of Colonel Robert Beverley, of Blandfield, in Essex, and died in 1820 at the Reeds, at the age of sixty years, leaving a large family of sons and daughters,—one of whom, Francis Porteous Corbin, born at the Reeds in 1801, married Agnes Hamilton, of St. Simon's Island, Georgia, and has resided for many years in Paris, where he is highly esteemed as an intelligent and accomplished gentleman.



